





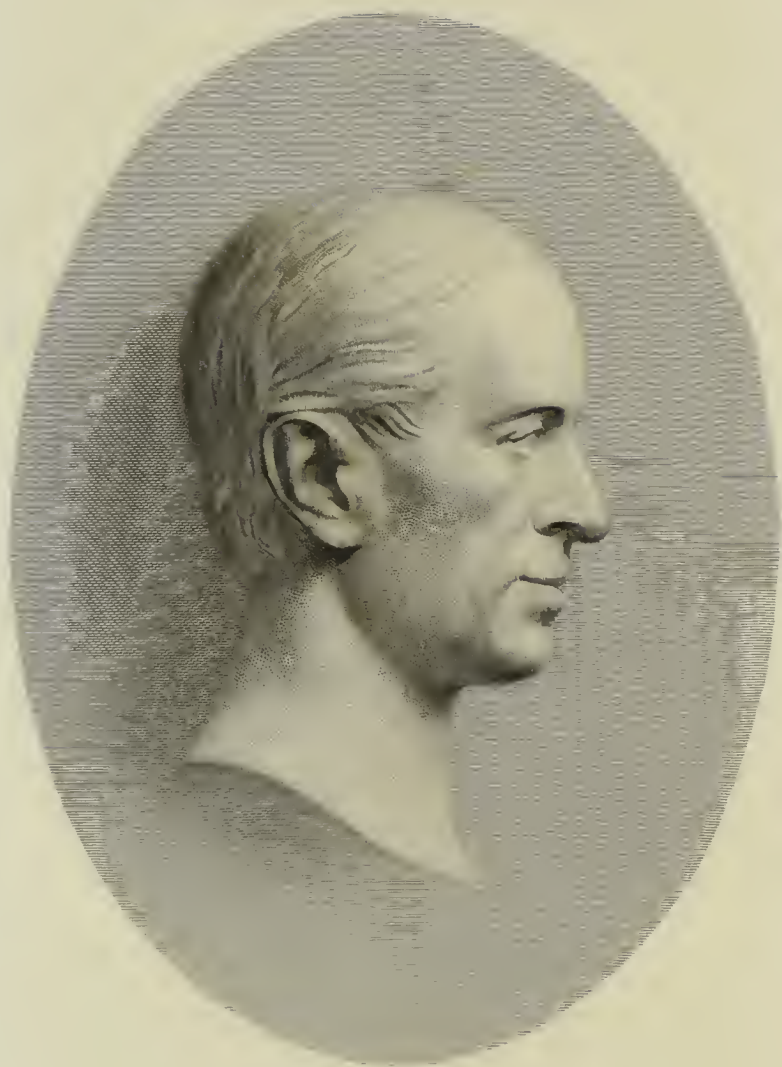
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H O O D'S P O E M S.

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COMIC.



THE COMIC POEMS

OF

THOMAS HOOD.

WITH A PREFACE BY

THOMAS HOOD THE YOUNGER.

A NEW EDITION.



LONDON:

E. MOXON, SON, & CO., 44 DOVER STREET

1870.

PREFACE.

IF the general public, acquainted only with the comic works of THOMAS HOOD, were taken by surprise when they found how he could handle serious and solemn themes; those who saw him in the flesh must have been equally astonished to learn how grave and melancholy a man the famous wit was to all appearance. The chronic ill health, which gave this expression to his countenance, was, however, powerless to affect the tone of his mind. "Here lies one who spat more blood and made more puns than any man living," was the epitaph he half-jestingly proposed for himself. The connection between the disease and the comic faculty is not so unreasonable as it appears at

first. The invalid, who could supply mirth for millions while he himself was propped up with pillows on the bed of sickness, was not a jester whose sole stock in trade consisted in mere animal spirits—which are too often mistaken for wit, but have in common with other spirits a tendency to evaporate somewhat rapidly. HOOD's wit was the fruit of an even temperament, a cheery and contented mind endowed with a keen appreciation of the ludicrous. This acute perception of what is ridiculous is the foundation of all wit, but it may influence the mind in two ways. It may render its possessor as indifferent to the feelings as it makes him alive to the failings of others. How often does the wit, delighting in the flash and report of his jest, forget the wound it may inflict !

But, on the other hand, the shrewd appreciation of the weaknesses of others assists a kindly and well-balanced mind to avoid the infliction of pain ; and the wit of THOMAS HOOD was of this nature. It was all the brighter because it was never stained by a tear wantonly caused. Even

the temptations of practical joking—and they have a strong influence on those who enjoy the comic side of things—never betrayed him into any freak that could give pain. He worked away industriously with wood, paint, and glue to send his friend FRANCK a new and killing bait for the early spring—a veritable *poisson d’Avril*, constructed to come in half after a brief immersion, and reveal the inscription, “Oh, you April Fool!” He could gravely persuade his young wife, when she was first learning the mysteries of housekeeping, that she must never purchase plaice with red spots, for they were a proof that the fish were not fresh. But he was incapable of any of the cruel pleasantries for which THEODORE HOOK was famous; indeed, the only person he ever frightened, even, with a practical joke, was himself: when as a boy he traced with the smoke of a candle on the ceiling of a passage outside his bedroom a diabolical face, which was intended to startle his brother, but which so alarmed the artist himself, when he was going to bed forgetful of his own feat, that he ran

downstairs—in a panic and his night-dress—into the presence of his father's guests assembled in the drawing-room. He used to enjoy so heartily and chuckle so merrily over his innocent practical jokes and hoaxes (he was never more delighted than when a friend of his was completely imposed on by a sham account of a survey of the Heavens through Lord Rosse's "monster telescope") that the tenderness he showed for the feelings of others is more remarkable. The same forbearance characterises his writings. In spite of many and great provocations, he seldom, or never, wrote a bitter word, though that he could have been severe is amply indicated in his "Ode to RAE WILSON," or still more in certain letters on "Copyright and Copywrong," which he was spurred on by injustice and ill-usage to address to the *Athenæum*. He was a Shandean, who carried out in his life as well as his writings the principles which STERNE confined to the latter.

The first appearance of THOMAS HOOD as a comic writer was in the year 1826, when he published the First Series of

“Whims and Oddities.” The critics in many instances took offence at his puns, as might have been expected, for his style was new and startling. His book was full of word-play, and it is easy to conceive—as he wrote in his address to the Second Edition—“how gentlemen with one idea were perplexed with a double meaning.” However, the public approved if the critics did not, and called for a second and soon after a third edition. Finally, after the publication of a second series, a fourth issue, containing the two series in one volume, was demanded. “Come what may,” said Hood, “this little book will now leave four imprints behind it—and a horse could do no more !”

He had by this time commenced the *Comic Annuals*, a series which he carried on for many years, and by which he established his fame as the first wit and humourist of his day. When this publication ceased he wrote first for *Colburn's New Monthly* of which he was appointed Editor on Hook's death; and subsequently, and up to the time of his death, in his own periodical, *Hood's Magazine*.

Puns have been styled the lowest form of wit, and the critics have fallen foul of them from time immemorial until the present day. But a pun proper—and there should be a strict definition of a pun—is, it is humbly submitted, of so complicated a nature as to be anything but a low form of wit. A mere jingle of similar sounds, or a distortion of pronunciation does not constitute a pun—a double meaning is essential to its existence—a play of sense as well as of sound. That the latter was in Hood's opinion the more important feature of the two is to be inferred from his statement that "a pun is something like a cherry: though there may be a slight outward indication of partition—of duplicity of meaning yet no gentleman need make two bites at it against his own pleasure." In other words, the sense is complete without any reference to the second meaning. Tested by this rule, the majority of so-called puns, which have brought discredit on punning, would be immediately condemned, the only excuse for the form in which they are written

being the endeavour to tack on a second meaning, or too often only an echo of sound without meaning.

Perhaps the best defence of punning is to be found in the following stanzas of "Miss Kilmansegg":

"There's strength in double joints, no doubt,
In double X Ale, and Dublin Stout,
That the single sorts know nothing about—
And the fist is strongest when doubled—
And double aqua-fortis, of course,
And double soda-water, perforce,
Are the strongest that ever bubbled !

"There's double beauty whenever a Swan
Swims on a Lake, with her double thereon ;
And ask the gardener, Luke or John,
Of the beauty of double-blowing—
A double dahlia delights the eye ;
And it's far the loveliest sight in the sky
When a double rainbow is glowing !

"There's warmth in a pair of double soles ;
As well as a double allowance of coals—
In a coat that is double-breasted—
In double windows and double doors ;
And a double U wind is blest by scores
For its warmth to the tender-chested.

“There’s a twofold sweetness in double pipes ;
And a double barrel and double snipes
Give the sportsman a duplicate pleasure :
There’s double safety in double locks ;
And double letters bring cash for the box ;
And all the world knows that double knocks
Are gentility’s double measure.

“There’s double sweetness in double rhymes,
And a double at Whist and a double Times
In profit are certainly double—
By doubling, the hare contrives to escape ;
And all seamen delight in a doubled Cape,
And a double-reef’d topsail in trouble.

“There’s a double chuck at a double chin,
And of course there’s a double pleasure therein,
If the parties were brought to telling :
And however our Denises take offence,
A double meaning shows double sense ;
And if proverbs tell truth,
A double tooth
Is Wisdom’s adopted dwelling !”

The reputation of THOMAS HOOD as a wit and humourist rests on his writings chiefly. His recorded sayings are few, for in general society he was shy and reserved, seldom making a joke, or doing

it with so grave a face that the witticism seemed an accident, and was in many cases possibly allowed to pass unnoticed, for a great number of people do not recognise a joke that is not prefaced by a jingle of the cap and bells. When in the company of a few intimate friends, however, he was full of fun and good spirits. Unfortunately, on such occasions the good things were not "set in a note-book," and so were for the most part lost; though at times an anecdote, well-authenticated, turns up to make us regret that more have not been preserved.

One such anecdote, which has not hitherto appeared in print, may not be out of place here. HOOD and "PETER PRIGGINS"—the Rev. Mr. HEWLETT—went on a visit to a friend of the latter's, residing near Ramsgate. As they drove out of the town they passed a board on which was printed in large letters

BEWARE THE DOG.

A glance at the premises which the announcement was intended to guard showed that the quadruped was not forthcoming,

whereupon HOOD jumped out of the gig. and, picking up a bit of chalk (plentiful enough in the neighbourhood), wrote under the warning—

WARE BE THE DOG ?

These introductory remarks cannot be better wound-up than by a quotation from a preface to “Hood’s Own,” in which is laid down the system of “Practical Cheerful Philosophy,” which is reflected in his writings and which influenced his life. The reader will more thoroughly appreciate the comic writings of THOMAS HOOD after its perusal :

In the absence of a certain thin “blue and yellow” visage, and attenuated figure,—whose effigies may one day be affixed to the present work,—you will not be prepared to learn that some of the merriest effusions in the forthcoming numbers have been the relaxations of a gentleman literally enjoying bad health—the carnival, so to speak, of a personified *Jour Maigre*. The very fingers so aristocratically slender, that now hold the pen, hint plainly of the “*ills that flesh is heir to* :”—my coats have become great coats, my pantaloons are turned into trowsers, and, by a worse bargain than Peter Schemihl’s, I seem to have retained my shadow

and sold my substance. In short, as happens to prematurely old port wine, I am of a bad colour with very little body. But what then? That emaciated hand still lends a hand to embody in words and sketches the creations or recreations of a Merry Fancy: those gaunt sides yet shake heartily as ever at the Grotesques and Arabesques and droll Picturesques that my good Genius (a Pantagrueian Familiar) charitably conjures up to divert me from more sombre realities. It was the whim of a late pleasant Comedian, to suppose a set of spiteful imps sitting up aloft, to aggravate all his petty mundane annoyances; whereas I prefer to believe in the ministry of kindlier Elves that "nod to me and do me courtesies." Instead of scaring away these motes in the sunbeam, I earnestly invoke them, and bid them welcome; for the tricky spirits make friends with the animal spirits, and do not I, like a father romping with its own urchins,—do not I forget half my cares whilst partaking in their airy gambols? Such sports are as wholesome for the mind as the other frolics for the body. For on our own treatment of that excellent Friend or terrible Enemy the Imagination, it depends whether we are to be scared and haunted by a Scratching Fanny, or tended by an affectionate Invisible Girl—like an unknown Love, blessing us with "favours secret, sweet, and precious," and fondly stealing us from this worky-day world to a sunnysphere of her own.

This is a novel version, Reader, of "Paradise and the

Peri," but it is as true as it is new. How else could I have converted a serious illness into a comic wellness—by what other agency could I have transported myself, as a Cockney would say, from *Dullage* to *Grinnage*? It was far from a practical joke to be laid up in ordinary in a foreign land, under the care of Physicians quite as much abroad as myself with the case; indeed the shades of the gloaming were stealing over my prospect; but I resolved, that like the sun, so long as my day lasted, I would look on the bright side of everything. The raven croaked, but I persuaded myself that it was the nightingale: there was the smell of the mould, but I remembered that it nourished the violets. However my body might cry craven, my mind luckily had no mind to give in. So, instead of mounting on the black long-tailed coach horse, she vaulted on her old Hobby that had capered in the Morris-Dance, and began to exhort from its back. To be sure, said she, matters look darkly enough; but the more need for the lights. Allons! Courage! Things may take a turn, as the pig said on the spit. Never throw down your cards, but play out the game. The more certain to lose, the wiser to get all the play you can for your money. Come—give us a song! chirp away like that best of cricket-players, the cricket himself. Be bowled out or caught out, but never throw down the bat. As to Health, it's the weather of the body—it hails, it rains, it blows, it snows, at present. but it may clear up by-and-by. You

cannot eat, you say, and you must not drink ; but laugh and make believe, like the Barber's wise brother at the Barmecide's feast. Then, as to thinness, not to flatter, you look like a lath that has had a split with the carpenter and a fall out with the plaster ; but so much the better : remember how the smugglers trim the sails of the lugger to escape the notice of the cutter. Turn your edge to the old enemy, and mayhap he won't see you ! Come—be alive ! You have no more right to slight your life than to neglect your wife—they are the two better halves that make a man of you ! Is not life your means of living ? so stick to thy business and thy business will stick to thee. Of course, continued my mind, I am quite disinterested in this advice—for I am aware of my own immortality—but for that very reason, take care of the mortal body, poor body, and give it as long a day as you can !

Now, my mind seeming to treat the matter very pleasantly as well as profitably, I followed her counsel, and instead of calling out for relief according to the fable, I kept along on my journey, with my bundle of sticks,—*i.e.* my arms and legs. Between ourselves it would have been “extremely inconvenient,” as I once heard the opium-eater declare, to pay the debt of nature at that particular juncture ; nor do I quite know, to be candid, when it would altogether suit me to settle it, so, like other persons in narrow circumstances, I laughed, and gossipped, and played the agreeable with all my

might, and as such pleasant behaviour sometimes obtains a respite from a human creditor, who knows but that it may prove successful with the Universal Mortgagee? At all events, here I am, humming "Jack's Alive!" and my own dear skilful native physician gives me hopes of a longer lease than appeared from the foreign reading of the covenants. He declares indeed, that, anatomically, my heart is lower hung than usual—but what of that? *The more need to keep it up!*

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HOOD'S POEMS.

MISS KILMANSEGG AND HER PRECIOUS LEG.

A GOLDEN LEGEND.

HER PEDIGREE.

To trace the Kilmansegg pedigree
To the very root of the family tree
Were a task as rash as ridiculous :
Through antediluvian mists as thick
As London fog such a line to pick
Were enough, in truth, to puzzle old Nick,—
Not to name Sir Harris Nicolas.

It wouldn't require much verbal strain
To trace the Kill-man, perchance, to Cain
But, waiving all such digressions,
Suffice it, according to family lore,
A Patriarch Kilmansegg lived of yore,
Who was famed for his great possessions.

Tradition said he feather'd his nest
Through an Agricultural Interest
In the Golden Age of Farming ;
When golden eggs were laid by the geese,
And Colchian sheep wore a golden fleece,
And golden pippins—the sterling kind
Of Hesperus—now so hard to find—
Made Horticulture quite charming !

A Lord of Land, on his own estate,
He lived at a very lively rate,
But his income would bear carousing ;
Such acres he had of pasture and heath,
With herbage so rich from the ore beneath,
The very ewe's and lambkin's teeth
Were turn'd into gold by browsing.

He gave, without any extra thrift,
A flock of sheep for a birthday gift
To each son of his loins, or daughter :
And his debts—if debts he had—at will
He liquidated by giving each bill
A dip in Pactolian water.

'Twas said that even his pigs of lead,
By crossing with some by Midas bred,
Made a perfect mine of his piggery.

And as for cattle, one yearling bull
Was worth all Smithfield-market full
Of the Golden Bulls of Pope Gregory.

The high-bred horses within his stud,
Like human creatures of birth and blood,
Had their Golden Cups and flagons :
And as for the common husbandry nags,
Their noses were tied in money-bags,
When they stopp'd with the carts and waggons.

Moreover, he had a Golden Ass,
Sometimes at stall, and sometimes at grass,
That was worth his own weight in money—
And a golden hive, on a Golden Bank,
Where golden bees, by alchemical prank,
Gather'd gold instead of honey.

Gold ! and gold ! and gold without end !
He had gold to lay by, and gold to spend,
Gold to give, and gold to lend,
And reversions of gold *in futuro*.
In wealth the family revell'd and roll'd,
Himself and wife and sons so bold ;—
And his daughters sang to their harps of gold
“ O bella eta del' oro !”

Such was the tale of the Kilmansegg Kin,
In golden text on a vellum skin,
Though certain people would wink and grin,
And declare the whole story a parable—
That the Ancestor rich was one Jacob Ghrimes,
Who held a long lease, in prosperous times,
Of acres, pasture and arable.

That as money makes money, his golden bees
Were the Five per Cents., or which you please
When his cash was more than plenty—
That the golden cups were racing affairs ;
And his daughters, who sang Italian airs,
Had their golden harps of Clementi.

That the Golden Ass, or Golden Bull,
Was English John, with his pockets full,
Then at war by land and water :
While beef, and mutton, and other meat,
Were almost as dear as money to eat,
And Farmers reaped Golden Harvests of wheat
At the Lord knows what per quarter !

HER BIRTH.

WHAT different dooms our birthdays bring
For instance, one little manikin thing
Survives to wear many a wrinkle ;

While Death forbids another to wake,
And a son that it took nine moons to make
Expires without even a twinkle !

Into this world we come like ships,
Launch'd from the docks, and stocks, and slips,
For fortune fair or fatal ;
And one little craft is cast away
In its very first trip in Babbicome Bay,
While another rides safe at Port Natal.

What different lots our stars accord !
This babe to be hail'd and woo'd as a Lord !
And that to be shunn'd like a leper !
One, to the world's wine, honey, and corn,
Another, like Colchester native, born
To its vinegar, only, and pepper.

One is litter'd under a roof
Neither wind nor water proof—
That's the prose of Love in a Cottage—
A puny, naked, shivering wretch,
The whole of whose birthright would not fetch,
Though Robins himself drew up the sketch
The bid of "a mess of pottage."

Born of Fortunatus's kin,
Another comes tenderly ushered in
To a prospect all bright and burnish'd :

No tenant he for life's back slums—
He comes to the world, as a gentleman comes
To a lodging ready furnish'd.

And the other sex—the tender—the fair—
What wide reverses of fate are there !
Whilst Margaret, charm'd by the Bulbul rare,
In a garden of Gul reposes—
Poor Peggy hawks nosegays from street to street
Till—think of that, who find life so sweet !—
She hates the smell of roses !

Not so with the infant Kilmansegg !
She was not born to steal or beg,
Or gather cresses in ditches ;
To plait the straw, or bind the shoe,
Or sit all day to hem and sew,
As females must—and not a few—
To fill their insides with stitches !

She was not doom'd, for bread to eat,
To be put to her hands as well as her feet—
To carry home linen from mangles—
Or heavy-hearted, and weary-limb'd,
To dance on a rope in a jacket trimm'd
With as many blows as spangles.

She was one of those who by Fortune's boon
Are born, as they say, with a silver spoon

In her mouth, not a wooden ladle :
To speak according to poet's wont,
Plutus as sponsor stood at her font,
And Midas rock'd the cradle.

At her first *debut* she found her head
On a pillow of down, in a downy bed,
With a damask canopy over.
For although, by the vulgar popular saw,
All mothers are said to be "in the straw,"
Some children are born in clover.

Her very first draught of vital air,
It was not the common chameleon fare
Of plebeian lungs and noses,—
No—her earliest sniff
Of this world was a whiff
Of the genuine Otto of Roses !

When she saw the light, it was no mere ray
Of that light so common—so everyday—
That the sun each morning launches—
But six wax tapers dazzled her eyes,
From a thing—a gooseberry bush for size—
With a golden stem and branches.

She was born exactly at half-past two,
As witness'd a time-piece in or-molu
That stood on a marble table—
Showing at once the time of day,
And a team of *Gildings* running away
As fast as they were able,
With a golden God, with a golden Star,
And a golden Spear, in a golden Car,
According to Grecian fable.

Like other babes, at her birth she cried ;
Which made a sensation far and wide—
Ay, for twenty miles around her :
For though to the ear 'twas nothing more
Than an infant's squall, it was really the roar
Of a Fifty-thousand Pounder !
It shook the next heir
In his library chair,
And made him cry, " Confound her !"

Of signs and omens there was no dearth,
Any more than at Owen Glendower's birth,
Or the advent of other great people :
Two bullocks dropp'd dead,
As if knock'd on the head,
And barrels of stout
And ale ran about,
And the village-bells such a peal rang out,
That they crack'd the village-steeple.

In no time at all, like mushroom spawn,
Tables sprang up all over the lawn ;
Not furnish'd scantily or shabbily,
But on scale as vast
As that huge repast,
With its loads and cargoes
Of drink and botargoes,
At the birth of the Babe in Rabelais.

Hundreds of men were turn'd into beasts,
Like the guests at Circe's horrible feasts,
By the magic of ale and cider :
And each country lass, and each country lad,
Began to caper and dance like mad,
And ev'n some old ones appear'd to have had
A bite from the Naples Spider.

Then as night came on,
It had scared King John
Who considered such signs not risible,
To have seen the maroons,
And the whirling moons,
And the serpents of flame,
And wheels of the same,
That according to some were "whizzable."

Oh, happy Hope of the Kilmanseggs !
Thrice happy in head, and body, and legs,
That her parents had such full pockets !

For had she been born of Want and Thrift,
For care and nursing all adrift,
It's ten to one she had had to make shift
With rickets instead of rockets!

And how was the precious baby drest?
In a robe of the East, with lace of the West,
Like one of Cræsus's issue—
Her best bibs were made
Of rich gold brocade,
And the others of silver tissue.

And when the Baby inclined to nap
She was lull'd on a Gros de Naples lap,
By a nurse in a modish Paris cap,
Of notions so exalted,
She drank nothing lower than Curaçoa,
Maraschino, or pink Noyau,
And on principle never malted.

From a golden boat, with a golden spoon,
The babe was fed night, morning, and noon;
And altho' the tale seems fabulous,
'Tis said her tops and bottoms were gilt,
Like the oats in that Stable-yard Palace built
For the horse of Heliogabalus.

And when she took to squall and kick—
For pain will ring, and pins will prick,
E'en the wealthiest nabob's daughter—

They gave her no vulgar Dalby or gin,
But a liquor with leaf of gold therein,
Videlicet,—Dantzic Water.

In short, she was born, and bred, and nurst,
And drest in the best from the very first,
To please the genteelest censor—
And then, as soon as strength would allow,
Was vaccinated, as babes are now,
With virus ta'en from the best-bred cow
Of Lord Althorpe's—now Earl Spencer.

HER CHRISTENING.

THOUGH Shakespeare asks us, “What’s in a name?”
(As if cognomens were much the same),

There’s really a very great scope in it.
A name?—why, wasn’t there Doctor Dodd,
That servant at once of Mammon and God,
Who found four thousand pounds and odd,
A prison—a cart—and a rope in it?

A name?—if the party had a voice,
What mortal would be a Bugg by choice?
As a Hogg, a Grubb, or a Chubb rejoice?
Or any such nauseous blazon?
Not to mention many a vulgar name,
That would make a door-plate blush for shame,
If door-plates were not so brazen!

A name?—it has more than nominal worth,
And belongs to good or bad luck at birth—

As dames of a certain degree know.
In spite of his Page's hat and hose,
His Page's jacket, and buttons in rows,
Bob only sounds like a page in prose
Till turn'd into Rupertino.

Now to christen the infant Kilmansegg,
For days and days it was quite a plague,
To hunt the list in the Lexicon:
And scores were tried, like coin, by the ring,
Ere names were found just the proper thing
For a minor rich as a Mexican.

Then cards were sent the presence to beg
Of all the kin of Kilmansegg,
White, yellow, and brown relations:
Brothers, Wardens of City Halls,
And Uncles—rich as three Golden Balls
From taking pledges of nations.

Nephews, whom Fortune seem'd to bewitch,
Rising in life like rockets—
Nieces, whose doweries knew no hitch—
Aunts, as certain of dying rich
As candles in golden sockets—

Cousins German and Cousin's sons,
All thriving and opulent—some had tons
Of Kentish hops in their pockets !

For money had stuck to the race through life
(As it did to the bushel when cash so rife
Posed Ali Baba's brother's wife)—

And down to the Cousins and Coz-lings,
The fortunate brood of the Kilmanseggs,
As if they had come out of golden eggs,
Were all as wealthy as "Goslings."

It would fill a Court Gazette to name
What East and West End people came
To the rite of Christianity :
The lofty Lord, and the titled Dame,
All di'monds, plumes, and urbanity :
His Lordship the May'r with his golden chain,
And two Gold Sticks, and the Sheriffs twain,
Nine foreign Counts, and other great men
With their orders and stars, to help "M. or N."
To renounce all pomp and vanity.

To paint the maternal Kilmansegg
The pen of an Eastern Poet would beg,
And need an elaborate sonnet ;

How she sparkled with gems whenever she stirr'd,
And her head niddle-noddled at every word,
And seem'd so happy, a Paradise Bird
Had nidificated upon it.

And Sir Jacob the Father strutted and bow'd,
And smiled to himself, and laugh'd aloud,
To think of his heiress and daughter—
And then in his pockets he made a grope,
And then, in the fulness of joy and hope,
Seem'd washing his hands with invisible soap
In imperceptible water.

He had roll'd in money like pigs in mud,
Till it seem'd to have enter'd into his blood
By some occult projection :
And his cheeks instead of a healthy hue,
As yellow as any guinea grew,
Making the common phrase seem true,
About a rich complexion.

And now came the nurse, and during a pause,
Her dead-leaf satin would fitly cause
A very autumnal rustle—
So full of figure, so full of fuss,
As she carried about the babe to buss,
She seem'd to be nothing but bustle.

A wealthy Nabob was Godpapa,
And an Indian Begum was Godmamma,
Whose jewels a Queen might covet—
And the Priest was a Vicar, and Dean withal
Of that Temple we see with a Golden Ball,
And a Golden Cross above it.

The Font was a bowl of American gold,
Won by Raleigh in days of old,
In spite of Spanish bravado ;
And the Book of Pray'r was so overrun
With gilt devices, it shone in the sun
Like a copy—a presentation one—
Of Humboldt's "El Dorado."

Gold! and gold! and nothing but gold!
The same auriferous shine behold
Wherever the eye could settle!
On the walls—the sideboard—the ceiling-sky—
On the gorgeous footmen standing by,
In coats to delight a miner's eye
With seams of the precious metal.

Gold! and gold! and besides the gold,
The very robe of the infant told
A tale of wealth in every fold,
It lapp'd her like a vapour!

So fine ! so thin ! the mind at a loss
Could compare it to nothing except a cross
Of cobweb with bank-note paper.

Then her pearls—'twas a perfect sight, forsooth,
To see them, like "the dew of her youth,"
In such a plentiful sprinkle.
Meanwhile, the Vicar read through the form,
And gave her another, not overwarm,
That made her little eyes twinkle.

Then the babe was cross'd and bless'd amain !
But instead of the Kate, or Ann, or Jane,
Which the humbler female endorses—
Instead of one name, as some people prefix,
Kilmansegg went at the tails of six,
Like a carriage of state with its horses.

Oh, then the kisses she got and hugs !
The golden mugs and the golden jugs
That lent fresh rays to the midges !
The golden knives, and the golden spoons,
The gems that sparkled like fairy boons,
It was one of the Kilmansegg's own saloons,
But look'd like Rundell and Bridge's !

Gold ! and gold ! the new and the old,
The company ate and drank from gold,
They revell'd, they sang, and were merry ;

And one of the Gold Sticks rose from his chair,
And toasted "the Lass with the golden hair"
In a bumper of Golden Sherry.

Gold ! still gold ! it rain'd on the nurse,
Who—un-like Danæ—was none the worse !
There was nothing but guineas glistening !
Fifty were given to Doctor James,
For calling the little Baby names,
And for saying, Amen !
The Clerk had ten,
And that was the end of the Christening.

HER CHILDHOOD.

OUR youth ! our childhood ! that spring of springs !
'Tis surely one of the blessedest things
That nature ever invented !
When the rich are wealthy beyond their wealth,
And the poor are rich in spirits and health,
And all with their lots contented !

There's little Phelim, he sings like a thrush,
In the selfsame pair of patchwork plush,
With the selfsame empty pockets,
That tempted his daddy so often to cut
His throat, or jump in the water-butt—
But what cares Phelim ? an empty nut
Would sooner bring tears to their sockets.

Give him a collar without a skirt,
(That's the Irish linen for shirt)
And a slice of bread with a taste of dirt,
(That's Poverty's Irish butter),
And what does he lack to make him blest?
Some oyster-shells, or a sparrow's nest,
A candle-end, and a gutter.

But to leave the happy Phelim alone,
Gnawing, perchance, a marrowless bone,
For which no dog would quarrel—
Turn we to little Miss Kilmansegg
Cutting her first little toothy-peg
With a fifty-guinea coral—
A peg upon which
About poor and rich
Reflection might hang a moral.

Born in wealth, and wealthily nursed,
Capp'd, papp'd, napp'd, and lapp'd from the first
On the knees of Prodigality,
Her childhood was one eternal round
Of the game of going on Tickler's ground
Picking up gold—in reality.

With extempore carts she never play'd,
Or the odds and ends of a Tinker's trade,
Or little dirt pies and puddings made,
Like children happy and squalid ;

The very puppet she had to pet,
Like a bait for the "Nix my Dolly" set,
Was a Dolly of gold—and solid!

Gold! and gold! 'twas the burden still!
To gain the Heiress's early goodwill
There was much corruption and bribery—
The yearly cost of her golden toys
Would have given half London's Charity Boys
And Charity Girls the annual joys
Of a holiday dinner at Highbury.

Bon-bons she ate from the gilt *coronet*;
And gilded queens on St. Bartlemy's day;
Till her fancy was tinged by her presents—
And first a Goldfinch excited her wish,
Then a spherical bowl with its Golden fish,
And then two Golden Pheasants.

Nay, once she squall'd and scream'd like wild—
And it shows how the bias we give to a child
Is a thing most weighty and solemn:—
But whence was wonder or blame to spring
If little Miss K.—after such a swing—
Made a dust for the flaming gilded thing
On the top of the Fish Street column?

HER EDUCATION.

ACCORDING to metaphysical creed,
To the earliest books that children read
For much good or much bad they are debtors—
But before with their A B C they start,
There are things in morals, as well as art,
That play a very important part—
“ Impressions before the letters.”

Dame Education begins the pile,
Mayhap in the graceful Corinthian style,
But alas for the elevation!
If the Lady's maid or Gossip the Nurse
With a load of rubbish, or something worse,
Have made a rotten foundation.

Even thus with little Miss Kilmansegg,
Before she learnt her E for egg,
Ere her Governess came, or her masters—
Teachers of quite a different kind
Had “cramm'd” her beforehand, and put her mind
In a go-cart on golden castors.

Long before her A B and C,
They had taught her by heart her L. S. D.
And as how she was born a great Heiress;

And as sure as London is built of bricks,
My Lord would ask her the day to fix,
To ride in a fine gilt coach and six,
Like Her Worship the Lady May'ress.

Instead of stories from Edgeworth's page,
The true golden lore for our golden age,
Or lessons from Barbauld and Trimmer,
Teaching the worth of Virtue and Health,
All that she knew was the Virtue of Wealth,
Provided by vulgar nursery stealth
With a Book of Leaf Gold for a Primer.

The very metal of merit they told,
And praised her for being as "good as gold!"
Till she grew as a peacock haughty;
Of money they talk'd the whole day round,
And weigh'd desert, like grapes, by the pound,
Till she had an idea from the very sound
That people with nought were naughty.

They praised—poor children with nothing at all!
Lord! how you twaddle and waddle and squall
Like common-bred geese and ganders!
What sad little bad little figures you make
To the rich Miss K., whose plainest seed-cake
Was stuff'd with corianders!

They praised her falls, as well as her walk,
Flatterers make cream cheese of chalk,
They praised—how they praised—her very small talk,
As if it fell from a Solon;
Or the girl who at each pretty phrase let drop
A ruby comma, or pearl full-stop,
Or an emerald semi-colon.

They praised her spirit, and now and then
The Nurse brought her own little “nevy” Ben,
To play with the future May’ress,
And when he got raps, and taps, and slaps,
Scratches, and pinches, snips, and snaps,
As if from a Tigress, or Bearess,
They told him how Lords would court that hand,
And always gave him to understand,
While he rubb’d, poor soul,
His caroty poll,
That his hair had been pull’d by “a *Hairess*.”

Such were the lessons from maid and nurse,
A Governess help’d to make still worse,
Giving an appetite so perverse
Fresh diet whereon to batten—
Beginning with A B C to hold
Like a royal playbill printed in gold
On a square of pearl-white satin

The books to teach the verbs and nouns,
And those about countries, cities, and towns,
Instead of their sober drabs and browns,
Were in crimson silk, with gilt edges ;—
Her Butler, and Enfield, and Entick—in short
Her “Early Lessons” of every sort,
Look’d like Souvenirs, Keepsakes, and Pledges.

Old Johnson shone out in as fine array
As he did one night when he went to the play ;
Chambaud like a beau of King Charles’s day—
Lindley Murray in like conditions—
Each weary, unwelcome, irksome task,
Appear’d in a fancy dress and a mask ;—
If you wish for similar copies, ask
For Howell and James’s Editions.

Novels she read to amuse her mind,
But always the affluent match-making kind
That ends with Promessi Sposi,
And a father-in-law so wealthy and grand,
He could give cheque-mate to Coutts in the Strand ;
So, along with a ring and posy,
He endows the Bride with Golconda off hand,
And gives the Groom Potosi.

Plays she perused—but she liked the best
Those comedy gentlefolks always possess’d
Of fortunes so truly romantic—

Of money so ready that right or wrong
It always is ready to go for a song,

Throwing it, going it, pitching it strong—
They ought to have purses as green and long
As the cucumber call'd the Gigantic.

Then Eastern Tales she loved for the sake
Of the Purse of Oriental make,

And the thousand pieces they put in it—
But Pastoral scenes on her heart fell cold,
For Nature with her had lost its hold,
No field but the Field of the Cloth of Gold
Would ever have caught her foot in it.

What more? She learnt to sing, and dance,
To sit on a horse, although he should prance,
And to speak a French not spoken in France
Any more than at Babel's building—
And she painted shells, and flowers, and Turks,
But her great delight was in Fancy Works
That are done with gold or gilding.

Gold! still gold!—the bright and the dead,
With golden beads, and gold lace, and gold thread
She work'd in gold, as if for her bread;
The metal had so undermined her,
Gold ran in her thoughts and fill'd her brain,
She was golden-headed as Peter's cane
With which he walk'd behind her.

HER ACCIDENT.

THE horse that carried Miss Kilmansegg,
And a better never lifted leg,
Was a very rich bay, call'd Banker—
A horse of a breed and a mettle so rare,—
By Bullion out of an Ingot mare,—
That for action, the best of figures, and air,
It made many good judges hanker.

And when she took a ride in the Park,
Equestrian Lord, or pedestrian Clerk,
Was thrown in an amorous fever,
To see the Heiress how well she sat,
With her groom behind her, Bob or Nat,
In green, half smother'd with gold, and a hat
With more gold lace than beaver.

And then when Banker obtain'd a pat,
To see how he arch'd his neck at that!
He snorted with pride and pleasure!
Like the Steed in the fable so lofty and grand,
Who gave the poor Ass to understand,
That *he* didn't carry a bag of sand,
But a burden of golden treasure.

A load of treasure!—alas! alas!
Had her horse but been fed upon English grass,
And shelter'd in Yorkshire spinneys,

Had he scour'd the sand with the Desert Ass,
Or where the American whinnies—
But a hunter from Erin's turf and gorse,
A regular thorough-bred Irish horse,
Why, he ran away, as a matter of course,
With a girl worth her weight in guineas!

Mayhap 'tis the trick of such pamper'd nags
To shy at the sight of a beggar in rags,—
But away, like the bolt of a rabbit,—
Away went the horse in the madness of fright,
And away went the horsewoman mocking the sight—
Was yonder blue flash a flash of blue light,
Or only the skirt of her habit?

Away she flies, with the groom behind,—
It looks like a race of the Calmuck kind,
When Hymen himself is the starter,
And the Maid rides first in the fourfooted strife,
Riding, striding, as if for her life.
While the Lover rides after to catch him a wife,
Although it's catching a Tartar.

But the Groom has lost his glittering hat!
Though he does not sigh and pull up for that—
Alas! his horse is a tit for Tat
To sell to a very low bidder—

His wind is ruin'd, his shoulder is sprung,
Things, though a horse be handsome and young,
A purchaser *will* consider.

But still flies the Heiress through stones and dust,
Oh, for a fall, if fall she must,
On the gentle lap of Flora !
But still, thank Heaven ! she clings to her seat—
Away ! away ! she could ride a dead heat
With the Dead who ride so fast and fleet,
In the Ballad of Leonora !

Away she gallops,—it's awful work !
It's faster than Turpin's ride to York,
On Bess that notable clipper !
She has circled the Ring !—she crosses the Park !
Mazeppa, although he was stripp'd so stark,
Mazeppa couldn't outstrip her !

The fields seem running away with the folks !
The Elms are having a race for the Oaks
At a pace that all Jockeys disparages !
All, all is racing ! the Serpentine
Seems rushing past like the "arrowy Rhine,"
The houses have got on a railway line,
And are off like the first-class carriages !

She'll lose her life! she is losing her breath!
A cruel chase, she is chasing Death,
As female shriekings forewarn her:
And now—as gratis as blood of Guelph—
She clears that gate, which has clear'd itself
Since then, at Hyde Park Corner!

Alas! for the hope of the Kilmanseggs!
For her head, her brains, her body, and legs,
Her life's not worth a copper!
Willy-nilly,
In Piccadilly,
A hundred hearts turn sick and chilly,
A hundred voices cry, "Stop her!"
And one old gentleman stares and stands,
Shakes his head and lifts his hands,
And says, "How very improper!"

On and on!—what a perilous run!
The iron rails seem all mingling in one,
To shut out the Green Park scenery!
And now the Cellar its dangers reveals,
She shudders—she shrieks—she's doom'd, she feels,
To be torn by powers of horses and wheels,
Like a spinner by steam machinery!

Sick with horror she shuts her eyes,
But the very stones seem uttering cries,
As they did to that Persian daughter,

When she climb'd up the steep vociferous hill,
Her little silver flagon to fill
With the magical Golden Water!

“Batter her! shatter her!
Throw and scatter her!”
Shouts each stony-hearted chatterer!
“Dash at the heavy Dover!
Spill her! kill her! tear and tatter her!
Smash her! crash her!” (the stones didn't flatter her!
“Kick her brains out! let her blood spatter her!
Roll on her over and over!”

For so she gather'd the awful sense
Of the street in its past unmacadamized tense,
As the wild horse overran it,—
His four heels making the clatter of six,
Like a Devil's tattoo, play'd with iron sticks
On a kettle-drum of granite!

On! still on! she's dazzled with hints
Of oranges, ribbons, and colour'd prints,
A Kaleidoscope jumble of shapes and tints,
And human faces all flashing,
Bright and brief as the sparks from the flints,
That the desperate hoof keeps dashing!

On and on! still frightfully fast!
Dover-street, Bond-street, all are past!
But—yes—no—yes!—they're down at last

The Furies and Fates have found them !
 Down they go with sparkle and crash,
 Like a Bark that's struck by the lightning flash—
 There's a shriek—and a sob—
 And the dense dark mob
 Like a billow closes around them !

* * * * *

* * * * *

“ She breathes ! ”

“ She don't ! ”

“ She'll recover ! ”

“ She won't ! ”

“ She's stirring ! she's living, by Nemesis ! ”
 Gold, still gold ! on counter and shelf !
 Golden dishes as plenty as delf ;
 Miss Kilmansegg's coming again to herself
 On an opulent Goldsmith's premises !

Gold ! fine gold !—both yellow and red,
 Beaten, and molten—polish'd, and dead—
 To see the gold with profusion spread
 In all forms of its manufacture !
 But what avails gold to Miss Kilmansegg,
 When the femoral bone of her dexter leg
 Has met with a compound fracture ?

Gold may soothe Adversity's smart ;
Nay, help to bind up a broken heart ;
But to try it on any other part
Were as certain a disappointment,
As if one should rub the dish and plate,
Taken out of a Staffordshire crate—
In the hope of a Golden Service of State—
With Singleton's "Golden Ointment."

HER PRECIOUS LEG.

"As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined,"
Is an adage often recall'd to mind,
Referring to juvenile bias :
And never so well is the verity seen,
As when to the weak, warp'd side we lean,
While Life's tempests and hurricanes try us.

Even thus with Miss K. and her broken limb :
By a very, very remarkable whim,
She show'd her early tuition :
While the buds of character came into blow
With a certain tinge that served to show
The nursery culture long ago,
As the graft is known by fruition !

For the King's Physician, who nursed the case,
His verdict gave with an awful face,
 And three others concurr'd to egg it;
That the Patient to give old Death the slip,
Like the Pope, instead of a personal trip,
 Must send her Leg as a Legate.

The limb was doom'd—it couldn't be saved!
And like other people the patient behaved,
Nay, bravely that cruel parting braved,
 Which makes some persons so falter,
They rather would part, without a groan,
With the flesh of their flesh, and bone of their bone,
 They obtain'd at St. George's altar.

But when it came to fitting the stump
With a proxy limb—then flatly and plump
 She spoke, in the spirit olden;
She couldn't—she shouldn't—she wouldn't have wood
Nor a leg of cork, if she never stood,
And she swore an oath, or something as good,
 The proxy limb should be golden!

A wooden leg! what, a sort of peg,
 For your common Jockeys and Jennies!
No, no, her mother might worry and plague—
Weep, go down on her knees, and beg,

But nothing would move Miss Kilmansegg!
She could—she would have a Golden Leg,
If it cost ten thousand guineas!

Wood indeed, in Forest or Park,
With its sylvan honours and feudal bark,
Is an aristocratic article:
But split and sawn, and hack'd about town,
Serving all needs of pauper or clown,
Trod on! stagger'd on! Wood cut down
Is vulgar—fibre and particle

And Cork!—when the noble Cork Tree shades
A lovely group of Castilian maids,
'Tis a thing for a song or sonnet!—
But cork, as it stops the bottle of gin,
Or bungs the beer—the *small* beer—in,
It pierced her heart like a corking-pin,
To think of standing upon it!

A Leg of Gold—solid gold throughout,
Nothing else, whether slim or stout,
Should ever support her, God willing!
She must—she could—she would have her whim,
Her father, she turn'd a deaf ear to him—
He might kill her—she didn't mind killing!
He was welcome to cut off her other limb—
He might cut her all off with a shilling!

All other promised gifts were in vain,
Golden Girdle, or Golden Chain,
She writhed with impatience more than pain,
And utter'd "pshaws!" and "pishes!"
But a Leg of Gold as she lay in bed,
It danced before her—it ran in her head!
It jump'd with her dearest wishes!

"Gold—gold—gold! Oh, let it be gold!"
Asleep or awake that tale she told,
And when she grew delirious:
Till her parents resolved to grant her wish,
If they melted down plate, and goblet, and dish,
The case was getting so serious.

So a Leg was made in a comely mould,
Of Gold, fine virgin glittering gold,
As solid as man could make it—
Solid in foot, and calf, and shank,
A prodigious sum of money it sank;
In fact 'twas a Branch of the family Bank,
And no easy matter to break it.

All sterling metal—not half-and-half,
The Goldsmith's mark was stamp'd on the calf—
'Twas pure as from Mexican barter!

And to make it more costly, just over the knee,
Where another ligature used to be,
Was a circle of jewels, worth shillings to see,
A new-fangled Badge of the Garter!

'Twas a splendid, brilliant, beautiful Leg,
Fit for the Court of Scander-Beg, .
That Precious Leg of Miss Kilmansegg!
For, thanks to parental bounty,
Secure from Mortification's touch,
She stood on a Member that cost as much
As a Member for all the County!

HER FAME.

To gratify stern ambition's whims,
What hundreds and thousands of precious limbs
On a field of battle we scatter!
Sever'd by sword, or bullet, or saw,
Off they go, all bleeding and raw,—
But the public seems to get the lock-jaw
So little is said on the matter!

Legs, the tightest that ever were seen,
The tightest, the lightest, that danced on the green,
Cutting capers to sweet Kitty Clover;

Shatter'd, scatter'd, cut, and bowl'd down,
Off they go, worse off for renown,
A line in the *Times*, or a talk about town,
Than the leg that a fly runs over !

But the Precious Leg of Miss Kilmansegg,
That gowden, goolden, golden leg,
Was the theme of all conversation !
Had it been a Pillar of Church and State,
Or a prop to support the whole Dead Weight,
It could not have furnish'd more debate
To the heads and tails of the nation !

East and west, and north and south,
Though useless for either hunger or drouth,—
The Leg was in everybody's mouth,
To use a poetical figure,
Rumour, in taking her ravenous swim,
Saw, and seized on the tempting limb,
Like a shark on the leg of a nigger.

Wilful murder fell very dead ;
Debates in the House were hardly read ;
In vain the Police Reports were fed
With Irish riots and *rumpuses*—
The Leg ! the Leg ! was the great event,
Through every circle in life it went,
Like the leg of a pair of compasses.

The last new Novel seem'd tame and flat,
The Leg, a novelty newer than that,
Had tripp'd up the heels of Fiction !
It Burked the very essays of Burke,
And, alas ! how Wealth over Wit plays the Turk !
As a regular piece of goldsmith's work,
Got the better of Goldsmith's diction.

" A leg of gold ! what of solid gold !"
Cried rich and poor, and young and old,—
And Master and Miss and Madam—
'Twas the talk of 'Change—the Alley—the Bank—
And with men of scientific rank,
It made as much stir as the fossil shank
Of a Lizard coeval with Adam !

Of course with Greenwich and Chelsea elves,
Men who had lost a limb themselves,
Its interest did not dwindle—
But Bill, and Ben, and Jack, and Tom
Could hardly have spun more yarns therefrom,
If the leg had been a spindle.

Meanwhile the story went to and fro,
Till, gathering like the ball of snow,
By the time it got to Stratford-le-Bow,
Through Exaggeration's touches,

The Heiress and Hope of the Kilmanseggs
Was propp'd on *two* fine Golden Legs,
And a pair of Golden Crutches!

Never had Leg so great a run!
'Twas the "go" and the "Kick" thrown into one!
The mode—the new thing under the sun,
The rage—the fancy—the passion!
Bonnets were named, and hats were worn,
A la Golden Leg instead of Leghorn,
And stockings and shoes,
Of golden hues,
Took the lead in the walks of fashion!

The Golden Leg had a vast career,
It was sung and danced—and to show how near
Low Folly to lofty approaches,
Down to society's very dregs,
The Belles of Wapping wore "Kilmanseggs,"
And St. Giles's Beaux sported Golden Legs
In their pinchbeck pins and brooches!

HER FIRST STEP.

SUPPOSING the Trunk and Limbs of Man
Shared, on the allegorical plan,
By the Passions that mark Humanity,

Whichever might claim the head, or heart,
The stomach, or any other part,
The Legs would be seized by Vanity.

There's Bardus, a six-foot column of fop,
A lighthouse without any light atop,
Whose height would attract beholders,
If he had not lost some inches clear
By looking down at his kerseymere,
Ogling the limbs he holds so dear,
Till he got a stoop in his shoulders.

Talk of Art, of Science, or Books,
And down go the everlasting looks,
To his crural beauties so wedded !
Try him, wherever you will, you find
His mind in his legs, and his legs in his mind,
All prongs and folly—in short a kind
Of fork—that is fiddle-headed.

What wonder, then, if Miss Kilmansegg,
With a splendid, brilliant, beautiful leg,
Fit for the court of Scander-Beg,
Disdain'd to hide it like Joan or Meg,
In petticoats stuff'd or quilted ?
Not she ! 'twas her convalescent whim
To dazzle the world with her precious limb,—
Nay, to go a little high-kilted.

So cards were sent for that sort of mob
Where Tartars and Africans hob-and-nob,
And the Cherokee talks of his cab and cob
 To Polish or Lapland lovers—
Cards like that hieroglyphical call
To a geographical Fancy Ball
 On the recent Post-Office covers.

For if Lion-hunters—and great ones too—
Would mob a savage from Latakoo,
Or squeeze for a glimpse of Prince Lee Boo,
 That unfortunate Sandwich scion—
Hundreds of first-rate people, no doubt,
Would gladly, madly, rush to a rout,
 That promised a Golden Lion!

HER FANCY BALL.

Of all the spirits of evil fame,
That hurt the soul or injure the frame,
 And poison what's honest and hearty,
There's none more needs a Matthew to preach
A cooling, antiphlogistic speech,
 To praise and enforce
 A temperate course,
Than the Evil Spirit of Party.

Go to the House of Commons, or Lords,
And they seem to be busy with simple words
In their popular sense or pedantic—
But, alas! with their cheers, and sneers, and jeers,
They're really busy, whatever appears,
Putting peas in each other's ears,
To drive their enemies frantic!

Thus Tories like to worry the Whigs,
Who treat them in turn like Schwalbach pigs,
Giving them lashes, thrashes, and digs,
With their writhing and pain delighted—
But after all that's said, and more,
The malice and spite of Party are poor
To the malice and spite of a party next door,
To a party not invited.

On with the cap and out with the light,
Weariness bids the world good night,
At least for the usual season ;
But hark! a clatter of horses' heels!
And Sleep and Silence are broken on wheels,
Like Wilful Murder and Treason!

Another crash—and the carriage goes—
Again poor Weariness seeks the repose
That Nature demands, imperious ;

But Echo takes up the burden now,
With a rattling chorus of row-de-dow-dow,
Till Silence herself seems making a row,
Like a Quaker gone delirious!

'Tis night—a winter night—and the stars
Are shining like winkin'—Venus and Mars
Are rolling along in their golden cars
Through the sky's serene expansion—
But vainly the stars dispense their rays,
Venus and Mars are lost in the blaze
Of the Kilmanseggs' luminous mansion!

Up jumps Fear in a terrible fright!
His bedchamber windows look so bright,—
With light all the Square is glutted!
Up he jumps, like a sole from the pan,
And a tremor sickens his inward man,
For he feels as only a gentleman can,
Who thinks he's being "guttet."

Again Fear settles, all snug and warm
But only to dream of a dreadful storm
From Autumn's sulphurous locker;
But the only electrical body that falls,
Wears a negative coat, and positive smalls,
And draws the peal that so appals
From the Kilmanseggs' brazen knocker!

"Tis Curiosity's Benefit night—
And perchance 'tis the English-Second-Sight,
But whatever it be, so be it—
As the friends and guests of Miss Kilmansegg
Crowd in to look at her Golden Leg,
As many more
Mob round the door,
To see them going to see it!

In they go—in jackets, and cloaks,
Plumes, and bonnets, turbans, and toques,
As if to a Congress of Nations:
Greeks and Malays, with daggers and dirks,
Spaniards, Jews, Chinese, and Turks—
Some like original foreign works,
But mostly like bad translations.

In they go, and to work like a pack,
Juan, Moses, and Shacabac—
Tom, and Jerry, and Springheel'd Jack,—
For some of low Fancy are lovers—
Skirting, zigzagging, casting about,
Here and there, and in and out,
With a crush, and a rush, for a full-bodied rout
In one of the stiffest of covers.

In they went, and hunted about,
Open mouth'd like chub and trout,
And some with the upper lip thrust out,

Like that fish for routing, a barbel—
While Sir Jacob stood to welcome the crowd,
And rubb'd his hands, and smiled aloud,
And bow'd, and bow'd, and bow'd, and bow'd,
Like a man who is sawing marble.

For Princes were there, and Noble Peers;
Dukes descended from Norman spears;
Earls that dated from early years;
And Lords in vast variety—
Besides the Gentry both new and old—
For people who stand on legs of gold,
Are sure to stand well with society.

“But where—where—where?” with one accord
Cried Moses and Mufti, Jack and my Lord,
Wang-Fong and Il Bondocani—
When slow, and heavy, and dead as a dump,
They heard a foot begin to stump,
Thump! lump!
Lump! thump!
Like the Spectre in “Don Giovanni!”

And lo! the Heiress, Miss Kilmansegg,
With her splendid, brilliant, beautiful leg,
In the garb of a Goddess olden—

Like chaste Diana going to hunt,
With a golden spear—which of course was blunt,
And a tunic loop'd up to a gem in front,
To show the Leg that was Golden!

Gold! still gold; her Crescent behold,
That should be silver, but would be gold;
And her robe's auriferous spangles!
Her golden stomacher—how she would melt!
Her golden quiver, and golden belt,
Where a golden bugle dangles!

And her jewell'd Garter! Oh, Sin, oh, Shame!
Let Pride and Vanity bear the blame,
That bring such blots on female fame!
But to be a true recorder,
Besides its thin transparent stuff,
The tunic was loop'd quite high enough
To give a glimpse of the Order!

But what have sin or shame to do
With a Golden Leg—and a stout one too?
Away with all Prudery's panics!
That the precious metal, by thick and thin,
Will cover square acres of land or sin,
Is a fact made plain
Again and again,
In Morals as well as Mechanics.

A few, indeed, of her proper sex,
Who seem'd to feel her foot on their necks,
And fear'd their charms would meet with checks
From so rare and splendid a blazon—
A few cried "fie!"—and "forward"—and "bold!"
And said of the Leg it might be gold,
But to them it look'd like brazen!

'Twas hard they hinted for flesh and blood,
Virtue and Beauty, and all that's good,
To strike to mere dross their topgallants—
But what were Beauty, or Virtue, or Worth,
Gentle manners, or gentle birth,
Nay, what the most talented head on earth
To a Leg worth fifty Talents!

But the men sang quite another hymn
Of glory and praise to the precious Limb—
Age, sordid Age, admired the whim,
And its indecorum pardon'd—
While half of the young—ay, more than half—
Bow'd down and worshipp'd the Golden Calf,
Like the Jews when their hearts were harden'd.

A Golden Leg!—what fancies it fired!
What golden wishes and hopes inspired!
To give but a mere abridgment—

What a leg to leg-bail Embarrassment's serf!

What a leg for a Leg to take on the turf!

What a leg for a marching regiment!

A golden Leg!—whatever Love sings,

'Twas worth a bushel of "Plain Gold Rings"

With which the Romantic wheedles.

'Twas worth all the legs in stockings and socks—

'Twas a leg that might be put in the Stocks,

N.B.—Not the parish beadle's!

And Lady K. nid-nodded her head,

Lapp'd in a turban fancy-bred,

Just like a love-apple, huge and red,

Some Mussul-womanish mystery;

But whatever she meant

To represent,

She talk'd like the Muse of History.

She told how the filial leg was lost;

And then how much the gold one cost,

With its weight to a Trojan fraction:

And how it took off, and how it put on;

And call'd on Devil, Duke, and Don,

Mahomet, Moses, and Prester John,

To notice its beautiful action.

And then of the Leg she went in quest;
And led it where the light was best;
And made it lay itself up to rest

 In postures for painter's studies:
It cost more tricks and trouble by half,
Than it takes to exhibit a six-legg'd Calf
 To a boothful of country Cuddies.

Nor yet did the Heiress herself omit
The arts that help to make a hit,
 And preserve a prominent station,
She talk'd and laugh'd far more than her share;
And took a part in "Rich and Rare
Were the gems she wore"—and the gems were there
 Like a Song with an Illustration.

She even stood up with a Count of France
To dance—alas!—the measures we dance
 When Vanity plays the Piper!
Vanity, Vanity, apt to betray,
And lead all sorts of legs astray,
Wood, or metal, or human clay,—
 Since Satan first play'd the Viper!

But first she doff'd her hunting gear,
And favour'd Tom Tug with her golden spear
 To row with down the river—

A Bonze had her golden bow to hold ;
A Hermit her belt and bugle of gold ;
And an Abbot her golden quiver.

And then a space was clear'd on the floor,
And she walk'd the Minuet de la Cour.
With all the pomp of a Pompadour,
But although she began *andante*,
Conceive the faces of all the Rout,
When she finished off with a whirligig bout,
And the Precious Leg stuck stiffly out
Like the leg of a *Figuranté*.

So the courtly dance was goldenly done,
And golden opinions, of course, it won
From all different sorts of people—
Chiming, ding-dong, with flattering phrase,
In one vociferous peal of praise,
Like the peal that rings on Royal days
From Loyalty's parish-steeple.

And yet, had the leg been one of those
That danced for bread in flesh-colour'd hose,
With Rosina's pastoral bevy,
The jeers it had met,—the shouts ! the scoff !
The cutting advice to "take itself off,"
For sounding but half so heavy.

Had it been a leg like those, perchance,
That teach little girls and boys to dance,
To set, poussette, recede, and advance,

With the steps and figures most proper,—
Had it hopp'd for a weekly or quarterly sum,
How little of praise or grist would have come
To a mill with such a hopper!

But the Leg was none of those limbs forlorn—
Bartering capers and hops for corn—
That meet with public hisses and scorn,

Or the morning journal denounces—
Had it pleased to caper from morn till dusk,
There was all the music of "Money Musk"
In its ponderous bangs and bounces.

But hark ;—as slow as the strokes of a pump,
Lump, thump!

Thump, lump!

As the Giant of Castle Otranto might stump,

To a lower room from an upper—
Down she goes with a noisy dint,
For taking the crimson turban's hint,
A noble Lord at the Head of the Mint
Is leading the Leg to supper!

But the supper, alas! must rest untold,
With its blaze of light and its glitter of gold,
For to paint that scene of glamour,

It would need the Great Enchanter's charm,
Who waves over Palace, and Cot, and Farm,
An arm like the Goldbeater's Golden Arm
That wields a Golden Hammer.

He—only HE—could fitly state
THE MASSIVE SERVICE OF GOLDEN PLATE,
With the proper phrase and expansion—
The Rare Selection of FOREIGN WINES—
The ALPS OF ICE and MOUNTAINS OF PINES,
The punch in OCEANS and sugary shrines,
The TEMPLE OF TASTE from GUNTER'S DESIGNS—
In short, all that WEALTH with A FEAST combines,
In a SPLENDID FAMILY MANSION.

Suffice it each mask'd outlandish guest
Ate and drank of the very best,
According to critical conners—
And then they pledged the Hostess and Host,
But the Golden Leg was the standing toast,
And as somebody swore,
Walk'd off with more
Than its share of the ' Hips ! ' and honours !

“ Miss Kilmansegg !—
Full glasses I beg !—
Miss Kilmansegg and her Precious Leg ! ”
And away went the bottle careering !

Wine in bumpers ! and shouts in peals !
Till the Clown didn't know his head from his heels
The Mussulman's eyes danced two-some reels,
And the Quaker was hoarse with cheering !

HER DREAM.

Miss KILMANSEGG took off her leg,
And laid it down like a cribbage-peg,
For the Rout was done and the riot :
The Square was hush'd ; not a sound was heard.
The sky was gray, and no creature stirr'd,
Except one little precocious bird,
That chirp'd—and then was quiet.

So still without,—so still within ;—
It had been a sin
To drop a pin—
So intense is silence after a din,
It seem'd like Death's rehearsal !
To stir the air no eddy came ;
And the taper burnt with as still a flame,
As to flicker had been a burning shame,
In a calm so universal.

The time for sleep had come at last ;
And there was the bed, so soft, so vast,
Quite a field of Bedfordshire clover ;

Softer, cooler, and calmer, no doubt,
From the piece of work just ravell'd out,
For one of the pleasures of having a rout
Is the pleasure of having it over.

No sordid pallet, or truckle mean,
Of straw, and rug, and tatters unclean;
But a splendid, gilded, carved machine,
That was fit for a Royal Chamber.
On the top was a gorgeous golden wreath;
And the damask curtains hung beneath,
Like clouds of crimson and amber;

Curtains, held up by two little plump things,
With golden bodies and golden wings,—
Mere fins for such solidities—
Two Cupids, in short,
Of the regular sort,
But the housemaid call'd them "Cupidities."

No patchwork quilt, all seams and scars,
But velvet, powder'd with golden stars,
A fit mantle for *Night-Commanders*!
And the pillow, as white as snow undimm'd
And as cool as the pool that the breeze has skimm'd,
Was cased in the finest cambric, and trimm'd
With the costliest lace of Flanders.

And the bed—of the Eider's softest down,
'Twas a place to revel, to smother, to drown
In a bliss inferr'd by the Poet ;
For if Ignorance be indeed a bliss,
What blessed ignorance equals this,
To sleep—and not to know it ?

Oh, bed ! oh, bed ! delicious bed !
That heaven upon earth to the weary head ;
But a place that to name would be ill-bred,
To the head with a wakeful trouble—
'Tis held by such a different lease !
To one, a place of comfort and peace,
All stuff'd with the down of stubble geese,
To another with only the stubble !

To one, a perfect Halcyon nest,
All calm, and balm and quiet, and rest,
And soft as the fur of the cony—
To another, so restless for body and head,
That the bed seems borrow'd from Nettlebed,
And the pillow from Stratford the Stony !

To the happy, a first-class carriage of ease,
To the Land of Nod, or where you please ;
But alas ! for the watchers and weepers,
Who turn, and turn, and turn again,

But turn, and turn, and turn in vain,
 With an anxious brain,
 And thoughts in a train,
That does not run upon *sleepers*!

Wide awake as the mousing owl,
Night-hawk, or other nocturnal fowl,—
 But more profitless vigils keeping,—
Wide awake in the dark they stare,
Filling with phantoms the vacant air,
As if that Crook-back'd Tyrant Care
 Had plotted to kill them sleeping.

And oh ! when the blessed diurnal light
Is quench'd by the providential night,
 To render our slumber more certain !
Pity, pity the wretches that weep,
For they must be wretched, who cannot sleep
 When God himself draws the curtain !

The careful Betty the pillow beats,
And airs the blankets, and smooths the sheets,
 And gives the mattress a shaking—
But vainly Betty performs her part,
If a ruffled head and a rumpled heart,
 As well as the couch, want making.

There's Morbid, all bile, and verjuice, and nerves,
Where other people would make preserves,

He turns his fruits into pickles :
Jealous, envious, and fretful by day,
At night, to his own sharp fancies a prey,
He lies like a hedgehog roll'd up the wrong way,
Tormenting himself with his prickles.

But a child—that bids the world good night,
In downright earnest and cuts it quite—

A Cherub no Art can copy,—
'Tis a perfect picture to see him lie
As if he had supp'd on a dormouse pie,
(An ancient classical dish, by the by)
With a sauce of syrup of poppy.

Oh, bed ! bed ! bed ! delicious bed !
That heaven upon earth to the weary head,
Whether lofty or low its condition !
But instead of putting our plagues on shelves,
In our blankets how often we toss ourselves,
Or are toss'd by such allegorical elves
As Pride, Hate, Greed, and Ambition !

The independent Miss Kilmansegg
Took off her independent Leg
And laid it beneath her pillow,

And then on the bed her frame she cast,
The time for repose had come at last,
But long, long, after the storm is past
Rolls the turbid, turbulent billow.

No part she had in vulgar cares
That belong to common household affairs--
Nocturnal annoyances such as theirs,
Who lie with a shrewd surmising,
That while they are couchant (a bitter cup!)
Their bread and butter are getting up,
And the coals, confound them, are rising.

No fear she had her sleep to postpone,
Like the crippled Widow who weeps alone
And cannot make a doze her own,
For the dread that mayhap on the morrow,
The true and Christian reading to baulk,
A broker will take up her bed and walk,
By way of curing her sorrow.

No cause like these she had to bewail
But the breath of applause had blown a gale,
And winds from that quarter seldom fail
To cause some human commotion;
But whenever such breezes coincide
With the very spring-tide
Of human pride,
There's no such swell on the ocean!

Peace, and ease, and slumber lost,
She turn'd, and roll'd, and tumbled and toss'd,
 With a tumult that would not settle :
A common case, indeed, with such
As have too little, or think too much,
 Of the precious and glittering metal.

Gold!—she saw at her golden foot
The Peer whose tree had an olden root,
The Proud, the Great, the Learned to boot,
 The handsome, the gay, and the witty—
The Man of Science—of Arms—of Art,
The man who deals but at Pleasure's mart,
 And the man who deals in the City.

Gold, still gold—and true to the mould !
In the very scheme of her dream it told ;
 For, by magical transmutation,
From her Leg through her body it seem'd to go,
Till, gold above, and gold below,
She was gold, all gold, from her little gold toe
 To her organ of Veneration !

And still she retain'd through Fancy's art.
The Golden Bow, and Golden Dart,
With which she had play'd a Goddess's part
 In her recent glorification :

And still, like one of the self-same brood,
On a Plinth of the self-same metal she stood
For the whole world's adoration.

And hymns and incense around her roll'd,
From Golden Harps and Censers of Gold,—
For Fancy in dreams is as uncontroll'd
As a horse without a bridle :
What wonder, then, from all checks exempt,
If, inspired by the Golden Leg, she dreamt
She was turn'd to a Golden Idol ?

HER COURTSHIP.

WHEN leaving Eden's happy land
The grieving Angel led by the hand
Our banish'd Father and Mother,
Forgotten amid their awful doom,
The tears, the fears, and the future's gloom,
On each brow was a wreath of Paradise bloom,
That our Parents had twined for each other.

It was only while sitting like figures of stone,
For the grieving Angel had skyward flown,
As they sat, those Two in the world alone,
With disconsolate hearts nigh cloven,

That scenting the gust of happier hours,
They look'd around for the precious flow'rs,
And lo!—a last relic of Eden's dear bow'rs—
The chaplet that Love had woven !

And still, when a pair of Lovers meet,
There's a sweetness in air, unearthly sweet,
That savours still of that happy retreat
Where Eve by Adam was courted :
Whilst the joyous Thrush, and the gentle Dove,
Woo'd their mates in the boughs above,
And the Serpent, as yet, only sported.

Who hath not felt that breath in the air,
A perfume and freshness strange and rare,
A warmth in the light, and a bliss everywhere,
When young hearts yearn together ?
All sweets below, and all sunny above,
Oh! there's nothing in life like making love,
Save making hay in fine weather !

Who hath not found amongst his flow'rs
A blossom too bright for this world of ours,
Like a rose among snows of Sweden ?
But to turn again to Miss Kilmansegg,
Where must Love have gone to beg,
If such a thing as a Golden Leg
Had put its foot in Eden !

And yet—to tell the rigid truth—
Her favour was sought by Age and Youth—
For the prey will find a prowler!
She was follow'd, flatter'd, courted, address'd,
Woo'd, and coo'd, and wheedled, and press'd,
By suitors from North, South, East, and West,
Like that Heiress, in song, Tibbie Fowler!

But, alas! alas! for the Woman's fate,
Who has from a mob to choose a mate!
'Tis a strange and painful mystery!
But the more the eggs, the worse the hatch;
The more the fish, the worse the catch;
The more the sparks, the worse the match,
Is a fact in Woman's history.

Give her between a brace to pick,
And mayhap, with luck to help the trick,
She will take the Faustus, and leave the Old Nick—
But her future bliss to baffle,
Amongst a score let her have a voice,
And she'll have as little cause to rejoice,
As if she had won the "Man of her choice"
In a matrimonial raffle!

Thus, even thus, with the Heiress and Hope,
Fulfilling the adage of too much rope,
With so ample a competition,

She chose the least worthy of all the group,
Just as the vulture makes a stoop,
And singles out from the herd or troop
The beast of the worst condition.

A Foreign Count—who came incog.,
Not under a cloud, but under a fog,
In a Calais packet's fore-cabin,
To charm some lady British-born,
With his eyes as black as the fruit of the thorn,
And his hooky nose, and his beard half-shorn,
Like a half-converted Rabbin.

And because the Sex confess a charm
In the man who has slash'd a head or arm,
Or has been a throat's undoing,
He was dress'd like one of the glorious trade,
At least when Glory is off parade,
With a stock, and a frock, well trimm'd with braid,
And frogs—that went a-woosing.

Moreover, as Counts are apt to do,
On the left-hand side of his dark surtout,
At one of those holes that buttons go through,
(To be a precise recorder,)
A ribbon he wore, or rather a scrap,
About an inch of ribbon mayhap,
That one of his rivals, whimsical chap,
Described as his "Retail Order."

And then—and much it help'd his chance—
He could sing, and play first fiddle, and dance,
Perform charades, and Proverbs of France—

Act the tender, and do the cruel;
For amongst his other killing part,
He had broken a brace of female hearts,
And murder'd three men in duel !

Savage at heart, and false of tongue,
Subtle with age, and smooth to the young,
Like a snake in his coiling and curling—
Such was the Count—to give him a niche—
Who came to court that Heiress rich,
And knelt at her foot—one needn't say which—
Besieging her castle of *Sterling*.

With pray'rs and vows he open'd his trench,
And plied her with English, Spanish, and French
In phrases the most sentimental :
And quoted poems in High and Low Dutch,
With now and then an Italian touch,
Till she yielded, without resisting much,
To homage so continental.

And then—the sordid bargain to close—
With a miniature sketch of his hooky nose,
And his dear dark eyes, as black as sloes,
And his beard and whiskers as black as those,
The lady's consent he requited—

And instead of the lock that lovers beg,
The count received from Miss Kilmansegg
A model, in small, of her Precious leg—
And so the couple were plighted !

But, oh ! the love that gold must crown !
Better—better, the love of the clown,
Who admires his lass in her Sunday gown,
As if all the fairies had dress'd her !
Whose brain to no crooked thought gives birth,
Except that he never will part on earth
With his true love's crooked tester !

Alas ! for the love that's link'd with gold !
Better—better a thousand times told—
More honest, happy, and laudable,
The downright loving of pretty Cis,
Who wipes her lips, though there's nothing amiss,
And takes a kiss, and gives a kiss,
In which her heart is audible !

Pretty Cis, so smiling and bright,
Who loves—as she labours—with all her might,
And without any sordid leaven !
Who blushes as red as haws and hips,
Down to her very finger-tips,
For Roger's blue ribbons—to her, like strips
Cut out of the azure of Heaven !

HER MARRIAGE.

'Twas morn—a most auspicious one !
From the Golden East, the Golden Sun
Came forth his glorious race to run,
Through clouds of most splendid tinges ;
Clouds that lately slept in shade,
But now seem'd made
Of gold brocade,
With magnificent golden fringes.

Gold above, and gold below,
The earth reflected the golden glow,
From river, and hill, and valley
Gilt by the golden light of morn,
The Thames—it look'd like the Golden Horn.
And the Barge, that carried coal or corn.
Like Cleopatra's Galley!

Bright as clusters of Golden-rod,
Suburban poplars began to nod,
With extempore splendour furnish'd ;
While London was bright with glittering clocks,
Golden dragons, and Golden cocks,
And above them all,
The dome of St. Paul,
With its Golden Cross and its Golden Ball,
Shone out as if newly burnish'd !

And lo ! for Golden Hours and Joys,
Troops of glittering Golden Boys
Danced along with a jocund noise,
And their gilded emblems carried !
In short, 'twas the year's most Golden Day,
By mortals call'd the First of May,
When Miss Kilmansegg,
Of the Golden Leg,
With a Golden Ring was married !

And thousands of children, women, and men,
Counted the clock from eight till ten.
From St. James's sonorous steeple ;
For next to that interesting job,
The hanging of Jack, or Bill, or Bob,
There's nothing so draws a London mob
As the noosing of very rich people.

And a treat it was for the mob to behold
The Bridal Carriage that blazed with gold !
And the Footman tall and the Coachman bold.
In liveries so resplendent—
Coats you wonder'd to see in place,
They seem'd so rich with golden lace,
That they might have been independent.

Coats, that made those menials proud
Gaze with scorn on the dingy crowd,
From their gilded elevations :

Not to forget that saucy lad
(Ostentation's favourite cad),
The Page, who look'd so splendidly clad,
Like a Page of the "Wealth of Nations."

But the Coachman carried off the state,
With what was a Lancashire body of late
Turn'd into a Dresden Figure ;
With a bridal Nosegay of early bloom,
About the size of a birchen broom,
And so huge a White Favour, had Gog been Groom
He need not have worn a bigger.

And then to see the Groom ! the Count !
With Foreign Orders to such an amount,
And whiskers so wild—nay, bestial ;
He seem'd to have borrow'd the shaggy hair
As well as the Stars of the Polar Bear,
To make him look celestial !

And then—Great Jove!—the struggle, the crush,
The screams, the heaving, the awful rush,
The swearing, the tearing, and fighting,—
The hats and bonnets smash'd like an egg—
To catch a glimpse of the Golden Leg,
Which between the steps and Miss Kilmansegg,
Was fully display'd in alighting !

From the Golden Ankle up to the Knee
There it was for the mob to see !
A shocking act had it chanced to be
 A crooked leg or a skinny :
But although a magnificent veil she wore,
Such as never was seen before,
In case of blushes, she blush'd no more
 Than George the First on a guinea !

Another step, and lo ! she was launched !
All in white, as Brides are *blanched*
 With a wreath of most wonderful splendour—
Diamonds, and pearls, so rich in device,
That, according to calculation nice,
Her head was worth as royal a price,
 As the head of the Young Pretender.

Bravely she shone—and shone the more
As she sail'd through the crowd of squalid and poor,
 Thief, beggar, and tatterdemalion—
Led by the Count, with his sloe-black eyes
Bright with triumph, and some surprise,
Like Anson on making sure of his prize
 The famous Mexican Galleon !

Anon came Lady K., with her face
Quite made up to act with grace,
 But she cut the performance shorter ;

For instead of pacing stately and stiff,
At the stare of the vulgar she took a miff,
And ran, full speed, into Church, as if
To get married before her daughter.

But Sir Jacob walk'd more slowly, and bow'd
Right and left to the gaping crowd,
Wherever a glance was seizable ;
For Sir Jacob thought he bow'd like a Guelph,
And therefore bow'd to imp and elf,
And would gladly have made a bow to himself,
Had such a bow been feasible.

And last—and not the least of the sight,
Six “ Handsome Fortunes,” all in white,
Came to help in the marriage rite,—
And rehearse their own hymeneals ;
And then the bright procession to close,
They were followed by just as many Beaux
Quite fine enough for Ideals.

Glittering men, and splendid dames,
Thus they enter'd the porch of St. James',
Pursued by a thunder of laughter ;
For the Beadle was forced to intervene,
For Jim the Crow, and his Mayday Queen,
With her gilded ladle, and Jack i' the Green,
Would fain have follow'd after !

Beadle-like he hush'd the shout;
But the temple was full "inside and out,"
And a buzz kept buzzing all round about
Like bees when the day is sunny—
A buzz universal, that interfered
With the rite that ought to have been revered,
As if the couple already were smear'd
With Wedlock's treacle and honey!

Yet Wedlock's a very awful thing!
'Tis something like that feat in the ring,
Which requires good nerve to do it—
When one of a "Grand Equestrian Troop"
Makes a jump at a gilded hoop,
Not certain at all
Of what may befall
After his getting through it!

But the count he felt the nervous work
No more than any polygamous Turk,
Or bold piratical skipper,
Who, during his buccaneering search,
Would as soon engage a hand in church
As a hand on board his clipper!

And how did the Bride perform her part?
Like any bride who is cold at heart,
Mere snow with the ice's glitter;

What but a life of winter for her!
Bright but chilly, alive without stir,
So splendidly comfortless,—just like a Fir
When the frost is severe and bitter.

Such were the future man and wife!
Whose bale or bliss to the end of life
A few short words were to settle—
“Wilt thou have this woman?”
“I will”—and then,
“Wilt thou have this man?”
“I will,” and “Amen.”—
And those Two were one Flesh, in the Angels’ ken,
Except one Leg—that was metal.

Then the names were sign’d—and kiss’d the kiss:
And the Bride, who came from her coach a Miss,
As a Countess walk’d to her carriage—
Whilst Hymen preen’d his plumes like a dove,
And Cupid flutter’d his wings above,
In the shape of a fly—as little a Love
As ever look’d in at a marriage!

Another crash—and away they dash’d,
And the gilded carriage and footman flash’d
From the eyes of the gaping people—

Who turn'd to gaze at the toe-and-heel
Of the Golden Boys beginning a reel,
To the merry sound of a wedding-peal
From St. James's musical steeple.

Those wedding-bells! those wedding-bells!
How sweetly they sound in pastoral dells
From a tow'r in an ivy-green jacket!
But town-made joys how dearly they cost;
And after all are tumbled and tost,
Like a peal from a London steeple, and lost
In town-made riot and racket.

The wedding-peal, how sweetly it peals
With grass or heather beneath our heels,—
For bells are Music's laughter!—
But a London peal, well mingled, be sure,
With vulgar noises and voices impure,—
What a harsh and discordant overture
To the Harmony meant to come after!

But hence with Discord—perchance, too soon
To cloud the face of the honeymoon
With a dismal occultation!—
Whatever Fate's concerted trick,
The Countess and Count, at the present nick,
Have a chicken, and not a crow, to pick
At a sumptuous Cold Collation.

A Breakfast—no unsubstantial mess,
But one in the style of Good Queen Bess,
Who,—heartly as hippocampus,—
Broke her fast with ale and beef,
Instead of toast and the Chinese leaf,
And—in lieu of anchovy—grampus.

A breakfast of fowl, and fish, and flesh,
Whatever was sweet, or salt, or fresh ;
With wines the most rare and curious—
Wines, of the richest flavour and hue ;
With fruits from the worlds both Old and New ;
And fruits obtain'd before they were due
At a discount most usurious.

For wealthy palates there be, that scout
What is *in* season, for what is *out*,
And prefer all precocious savour :
For instance, early green peas, of the sort
That costs some four or five guineas a quart ;
Where the *Mint* is the principal flavour.

And many a wealthy man was there,
Such as the wealthy City could spare,
To put in a portly appearance—
Men, whom their fathers had help'd to gild :
And men, who had had their fortunes to build
And—much to their credit—had richly fill'd
Their purses by *pursy-verance*.

Men, by popular rumour at least,
Not the last to enjoy a feast!
And truly they were not idle!
Luckier far than the chesnut tits,
Which, down at the door, stood champing their bits,
At a different sort of bridle.

For the time was come—and the whisker'd Count
Help'd his Bride in the carriage to mount,
And fain would the Muse deny it,
But the crowd, including two butchers in blue,
(The regular killing Whitechapel hue,)
Of her Precious Calf had as ample a view,
As if they had come to buy it!

Then away! away! with all the speed
That golden spurs can give to the steed,—
Both Yellow Boys and Guineas, indeed,
Concurr'd to urge the cattle—
Away they went, with favours white,
Yellow jackets, and panels bright,
And left the mob, like a mob at night,
Agape at the sound of a rattle.

Away! away! they rattled and roll'd,
The Count, and his Bride, and her Leg of Gold—
That faded charm to the charmer!

Away, through old Brentford rang the din,
Of wheels and heels, on their way to win
That hill, named after one of her kin,
The Hill of the Golden Farmer!

Gold, still gold—it flew like dust!
It tipp'd the post-boy, and paid the trust;
In each open palm it was freely thrust;
There was nothing but giving and taking!
And if gold could insure the future hour,
What hopes attended that Bride to her bow'r,
But alas! even hearts with a four-horse pow'r
Of opulence end in breaking!

HER HONEYMOON.

THE moon—the moon, so silver and cold,
Her fickle temper has oft been told,
Now shady—now bright and sunny—
But of all the lunar things that change,
The one that shows most fickle and strange,
And takes the most eccentric range
Is the moon—so call'd—of honey!

To some a full-grown orb reveal'd,
As big and as round as Norval's shield,
And as bright as a burner Bude-lighted;

To others as dull, and dingy, and damp,
As any oleaginous lamp,
Of the regular old parochial stamp,
In a London fog benighted.

To the loving, a bright and constant sphere,
That makes earth's commonest things appear
All poetic, romantic, and tender :
Hanging with jewels a cabbage-stump,
And investing a common post, or a pump,
A currant-bush, or a gooseberry clump,
With a halo of dreamlike splendour.

A sphere such as shone from Italian skies,
In Juliet's dear, dark liquid eyes,
Tipping trees, with its argent braveries—
And to couples not favour'd with Fortune's boons
One of the most delightful of moons,
For it brightens their pewter platters and spoons
Like a silver service of Savory's !

For all is bright, and beauteous, and clear,
And the meanest thing most precious and dear
When the magic of love is present :
Love, that lends a sweetness and grace,
To the humblest spot and the plainest face—
That turns Wilderness Row into Paradise Place,
And Garlick Hill to Mount Pleasant !

Love that sweetens sugarless tea,
And makes contentment and joy agree
 With the coarsest boarding and bedding :
Love, that no golden ties can attach,
But nestles under the humblest thatch,
And will fly away from an Emperor's match
 To dance at a Penny Wedding !

Oh, happy, happy, thrice happy state,
When such a bright Planet governs the fate
 Of a pair of united lovers !
'Tis theirs, in spite of the Serpent's hiss,
To enjoy the pure primeval kiss,
With as much of the old original bliss
 As mortality ever recovers !

There's strength in double joints, no doubt,
In double X Ale, and Dublin Stout,
That the single sorts know nothing about—
 And the fist is strongest when doubled—
And double aqua-fortis of course,
And double soda-water, perforce,
 Are the strongest that ever bubbled !

There's double beauty whenever a Swan
Swims on a Lake, with her double thereon ;
And ask the gardener, Luke or John,
 Of the beauty of double-blowing—

A double dahlia delights the eye ;
And it's far the loveliest sight in the sky
When a double rainbow is glowing !

There's warmth in a pair of double soles ;
As well as a double allowance of coals—
In a coat that is double-breasted—
In double windows and double doors ;
And a double U wind is blest by scores
For its warmth to the tender-chested.

There's a twofold sweetness in double pipes ;
And a double barrel and double snipes
Give the sportsman a duplicate pleasure :
There's double safety in double locks ;
And double letters bring cash for the box ;
And all the world knows that double knocks
Are gentility's double measure.

There's double sweetness in double rhymes,
And a double at Whist and a double Times
In profit are certainly double—
By doubling, the Hare contrives to escape ;
And all seamen delight in a doubled Cape,
And a double-reef'd topsail in trouble.

There's a double chuck at a double chin,
And of course there's a double pleasure therein,
If the parties were brought to telling :

And however our Dennises take offence,
A double meaning shows double sense ;
 And if proverbs tell truth,
 A double tooth
Is Wisdom's adopted dwelling !

But double wisdom, and pleasure, and sense,
Beauty, respect, strength, comfort and thence
 Through whatever the list discovers,
They are all in the double blessedness summ'd,
Of what was formerly double-drumm'd,
 The Marriage of two true Lovers !

Now the Kilmansegg Moon, it must be told—
Though instead of silver it tipp'd with gold—
Shone rather wan, and distant, and cold,
 And before its days were at thirty,
Such gloomy clouds began to collect,
With an ominous ring of ill effect,
As gave but too much cause to expect
 Such weather as seamen call dirty !

And yet the moon was the "Young May Moon,"
And the scented hawthorn had blossom'd soon,
 And the thrush and the blackbird were singing—
The snow-white lambs were skipping in play,
And the bee was humming a tune all day
To flowers, as welcome as flowers in May,
 And the trout in the stream was springing !

But what were the hues of the blooming earth,
Its scents—its sounds—or the music and mirth

Of its furr'd or its feather'd creatures,
To a Pair in the world's last sordid stage,
Who had never look'd into Nature's page,
And had strange ideas of a Golden Age,
Without any Arcadian features?

And what were joys of the pastoral kind
To a Bride—town-made—with a heart and a mind
With simplicity ever at battle?
A bride of an ostentatious race,
Who, thrown in the Golden Farmer's place,
Would have trimm'd her shepherds with golden lace,
And gilt the horns of her cattle.

She could not please the pigs with her whim,
And the sheep wouldn't cast their eyes at a limb
For which she had been such a martyr :
The deer in the park, and the colts at grass,
And the cows unheeded let it pass ;
And the ass on the common was such an ass,
That he wouldn't have swapp'd
The thistle he cropp'd
For her Leg, including the Garter !

She hated lanes and she hated fields—
She hated all that the country yields—
And barely knew turnips from clover ;

She hated walking in any shape,
And a country stile was an awkward scrape,
Without the bribe of a mob to gape
At the Leg in clambering over !

O blessed nature, " O rus ! O rus !"
Who cannot sigh for the country thus,
Absorb'd in a worldly torpor—
Who does not yearn for its meadow-sweet breath,
Untainted by care, and crime, and death,
And to stand sometimes upon grass or heath—
That soul, spite of gold, is a pauper !

But to hail the pearly advent of morn,
And relish the odour fresh from the thorn,
She was far too pamper'd a madam,
Or to joy in the daylight waxing strong,
While, after ages of sorrow and wrong,
The scorn of the proud, the misrule of the strong,
And all the woes that to man belong,
The Lark still carols the self-same song
That he did to the uncurs'd Adam !

The Lark ! she had given all Leipsic's flocks
For a Vauxhall tune in a musical box ;
And as for the birds in the thicket,

Thrush or ousel in leafy niche,
The linnet or finch, she was far too rich
To care for a Morning Concert, to which
She was welcome without any ticket.

Gold, still gold, her standard of old,
All pastoral joys were tried by gold,
Or by fancies golden and crural—
Till ere she had pass'd one week unblest,
As her agricultural Uncle's guest,
Her mind was made up, and fully imprest,
That felicity could not be rural!

And the Count?—to the snow-white lambs at play
And all the scents and the sights of May,
And the birds that warbled their passion,
His ears and dark eyes, and decided nose,
Were as deaf and as blind and as dull as those
That overlooked the Bouquet de Rose,
The Huille Antique,
And Parfum Unique,
In a Barber's Temple of Fashion.

To tell, indeed, the true extent
Of his rural bias so far it went
As to covet estates in ring fences—
And for rural lore he had learn'd in town
That the country was green, turn'd up with brown,
And garnish'd with trees that a man might cut down
Instead of his own expenses.

And yet had that fault been his only one,
The Pair might have had few quarrels or none,
For their tastes thus far were in common ;
But faults he had that a haughty bride
With a Golden Leg could hardly abide—
Faults that would even have roused the pride
Of a far less metalsome woman !

It was early days indeed for a wife,
In the very spring of her married life,
To be chill'd by its wintry weather—
But instead of sitting as Love-Birds do,
On Hymen's turtles that bill and coo—
Enjoying their "moon and honey for two"
They were scarcely seen together ?

In vain she sat with her Precious Leg
A little exposed, *à la* Kilmansegg,
And roll'd her eyes in their sockets !
He left her in spite of her tender regards,
And those loving murmurs described by bards,
For the rattling of dice and the shuffling of cards,
And the poking of balls into pockets !

Moreover he loved the deepest stake
And the heaviest bets the players would make ;
And he drank—the reverse of sparely,—
And he used strange curses that made her fret ;
And when he play'd with herself at piquet,

She found, to her cost,
For she always lost,
That the Count did not count quite fairly.

And then came dark mistrust and doubt,
Gather'd by worming his secrets out,
And slips in his conversations—
Fears, which all her peace destroy'd,
That his title was null—his coffers were void—
And his French Château was in Spain, or enjoy'd
The most airy of situations.

But still his heart—if he had such a part—
She—only she—might possess his heart,
And hold his affections in fetters—
Alas! that hope, like a crazy ship,
Was forced its anchor and cable to slip
When, seduced by her fears, she took a dip
In his private papers and letters.

Letters that told of dangerous leagues ;
And notes that hinted as many intrigues
As the Count's in the "Barber of Seville"—
In short such mysteries came to light,
That the Countess-Bride, on the thirtieth night,
Woke and started up in affright,
And kick'd and scream'd with all her might,
And finally fainted away outright,
For she dreamt she had married the Devil!

HER MISERY.

Who hath not met with home-made bread,
A heavy compound of putty and lead—
And home-made wines that rack the head,
And home-made liqueurs and waters ?
Home-made pop that will not foam,
And home-made dishes that drive one from home,
Not to name each mess,
For the face or dress,
Home-made by the homely daughters ?

Home-made physic that sickens the sick ;
Thick for thin and thin for thick ;—
In short each homogeneous trick
For poisoning domesticity ?
And since our Parents, call'd the First,
A little family squabble nurst,
Of all our evils the worst of the worst
Is home-made infelicity.

There's a Golden Bird that claps its wings,
And dances for joy on its perch, and sings
With a Persian exultation :
For the Sun is shining into the room,
And brightens up the carpet-bloom,
As if it were new, bran new, from the loom,
Or the lone Nun's fabrication.

And thence the glorious radiance flames
On pictures in massy gilded frames—
Enshrining, however, no painted Dames,
But portraits of colts and fillies—
Pictures hanging on walls, which shine,
In spite of the bard's familiar line,
With clusters of "Gilded lilies."

And still the flooding sunlight shares
Its lustre with gilded sofas and chairs,
That shine as if freshly burnish'd—
And gilded tables, with glittering stocks
Of gilded china, and golden clocks,
Toy, and trinket, and musical box,
That Peace and Paris have furnish'd.

And lo! with the brightest gleam of all
The glowing sunbeam is seen to fall
On an object as rare as splendid—
The golden foot of the Golden Leg
Of the Countess—once Miss Kilmansegg---
But there all sunshine is ended.

Her cheek is pale, and her eye is dim,
And downward cast, yet not at the limb,
Once the centre of all speculation ;
But downward drooping in comfort's dearth,
As gloomy thoughts are drawn to the earth—
Whence human sorrows derive their birth—
By a moral gravitation.

Her golden hair is out of its braids,
And her sighs betray the gloomy shades
That her evil planet revolves in—
And tears are falling that catch a gleam
So bright as they drop in the sunny beam,
That tears of *aqua regia* they seem,
The water that gold dissolves in ;

Yet, not filial grief were shed
Those tears for a mother's insanity ;
Nor yet because her father was dead,
For the bowing Sir Jacob had bow'd his head
To Death—with his usual urbanity ;
The waters that down her visage rill'd
Were drops of unrectified spirit distill'd
From the limbeck of Pride and Vanity.

Tears that fell alone and unchecked,
Without relief, and without respect,
Like the fabled pearls that the pigs neglect,
When pigs have that opportunity—
And of all the griefs that mortals share,
The one that seems the hardest to bear
Is the grief without community.

How bless'd the heart that has a friend
A sympathising ear to lend
To troubles too great to smother !

For as ale and porter, when flat, are restored
Till a sparkling bubbling head they afford,
So sorrow is cheer'd by being pour'd
From one vessel into another.

But friend or gossip she had not one
To hear the vile deeds that the Count had done,
How night after night he rambled;
And how she had learnt by sad degrees
That he drank, and smoked, and worse than these,
That he "swindled, intrigued, and gambled."

How he kiss'd the maids, and sparr'd with John!
And came to bed with his garments on;
With other offences as heinous—
And brought *strange* gentlemen home to dine,
That he said were in the Fancy Line,
And they fancied spirits instead of wine,
And call'd her lap-dog "Wenus."

Of "making a book" how he made a stir,
But never had written a line to her,
Once his idol and Cara Sposa:
And how he had storm'd, and treated her ill,
Because she refused to go down to a mill,
She didn't know where, but remember'd still
That the Miller's name was Mendoza.

How often he waked her up at night,
And oftener still by the morning light,
 Reeling home from his haunts unlawful ;
Singing songs that shouldn't be sung,
Except by beggars and thieves unhung—
Or volleying oaths that a foreign tongue
 Made still more horrid and awful !

How oft, instead of otto of rose,
With vulgar smells he offended her nose,
 From gin, tobacco, and onion !
And then how wildly he used to stare !
And shake his fist at nothing, and swear,—
And pluck by the handful his shaggy hair,
Till he look'd like a study of Giant Despair
 For a new Edition of Bunyan !

For dice will run the contrary way,
As well is known to all who play,
 And cards will conspire as in treason :
And what with keeping a hunting-box,
 Following fox—
 Friends in flocks,
 Burgundies, Hocks,
 From London Docks ;
 Stultz's frocks,
 Manton and Nock's
 Barrels and locks,
 Shooting blue rocks,

Trainers and jocks,
Buskins and socks,
Pugilistical knocks,
And fighting-cocks,
If he found himself short in funds and stocks,
These rhymes will furnish the reason !

His friends, indeed, were falling away—
Friends who insist on play or pay—
And he fear'd at no very distant day
To be cut by Lord and by cadger,
As one, who has gone, or is going, to smash,
For his checks no longer drew the cash,
Because, as his comrades explain'd in flash,
“He had overdrawn his badger.”

Gold, gold—alas ! for the gold
Spent where souls are bought and sold,
In Vice's Walpurgis revel !
Alas ! for muffles, and bulldogs, and guns,
The leg that walks, and the leg that runs,—
All real evils, though Fancy ones,
When they lead to debt, dishonour, and duns,
Nay, to death, and perchance the devil !

Alas ! for the last of a Golden race !
Had she cried her wrongs in the market-place,
She had warrant for all her clamour—

For the worst of rogues, and brutes, and rakes,
Was breaking her heart by constant aches,
With as little remorse as the Pauper, who breaks
A flint with a parish hammer!

HER LAST WILL.

Now the Precious Leg while cash was flush,
Or the Count's acceptance worth a rush,
Had never excited dissension ;
But no sooner the stocks began to fall,
Than, without any ossification at all,
The limb became what people call
A perfect bone of contention.

For alter'd days brought alter'd ways,
And instead of the complimentary phrase,
So current before her bridal—
The Countess heard, in language low,
That her Precious Leg was precious slow,
A good 'un to look at but bad to go,
And kept quite a sum lying idle.

That instead of playing musical airs,
Like Colin's foot in going up-stairs—
As the wife in the Scottish ballad declares—
It made an infernal stumping.

Whereas a member of cork, or wood,
Would be lighter and cheaper and quite as good,
Without the unbearable thumping.

P'rhaps she thought it a decent thing
To show her calf to cobbler and king,
But nothing could be absurder—
While none but the crazy would advertise
Their gold before their servants' eyes,
Who of course some night would make it a prize,
By a Shocking and Barbarous Murder.

But spite of hint, and threat, and scoff,
The Leg kept its situation .
For legs are not to be taken off,
By a verbal amputation.
And mortals when they take a whim.
The greater the folly the stiffer the limb
That stand upon it or by it—
So the Countess, then Miss Kilmansegg,
At her marriage refused to stir a peg,
Till the Lawyers had fasten'd on her Leg
As fast as the Law could tie it.

Firmly then—and more firmly yet—
With scorn for scorn, and with threat for threat,
The Proud One confronted the Cruel :

And loud and bitter the quarrel arose
Fierce and merciless—one of those,
With spoken daggers, and looks like blows,
In all but the bloodshed a duel!

Rash, and wild, and wretched, and wrong,
Were the words that came from Weak and Strong,
Till madden'd for desperate matters,
Fierce as tigress escaped from her den,
She flew to her desks—'twas open'd—and then,
In the time it takes to try a pen,
Or the clerk to utter his slow Amen,
Her Will was in fifty tatters!

But the Count, instead of curses wild,
Only nodded his head and smiled,
As if at the spleen of an angry child;
But the calm was deceitful and sinister!
A lull like the lull of the treacherous sea—
For Hate in that moment had sworn to be
The Golden Leg's sole Legatee,
And that very night to administer!

HER DEATH.

'Tis a stern and startling thing to think
How often mortality stands on the brink
Of its grave without any misgiving:

And yet in this slippery world of strife,
In the stir of human bustle so rife,
There are daily sounds to tell us that Life
Is dying, and Death is living !

Ay, Beauty the Girl, and Love the Boy,
Bright as they are with hope and joy,
How their souls would sadden instanter,
To remember that one of those wedding bells,
Which ring so merrily through the dells,
Is the same that knells
Our last farewells,
Only broken into a canter !

But breath and blood set doom at nought—
How little the wretched Countess thought,
When at night she unloosed her sandal,
That the Fates had woven her burial-cloth,
And that Death, in the shape of a Death's Head Moth,
Was fluttering round her candle !

As she look'd at her clock of or-molu,
For the hours she had gone so wearily through
At the end of a day of trial—
How little she saw in her pride of prime
The dart of Death in the Hand of Time—
That hand which moved on the dial !

As she went with her taper up the stair,
How little her swollen eye was aware
That the Shadow which follow'd was double!
Or when she closed her chamber door,
It was shutting out, and for evermore,
The world—and its worldly trouble.

Little she dreamt, as she laid aside
Her jewels—after one glance of pride—
They were solemn bequests to Vanity—
Or when her robes she began to doff,
That she stood so near to the putting off
Of the flesh that clothes humanity,

And when she quench'd the taper's light,
How little she thought as the smoke took flight,
That her day was done—and merged in a night
Of dreams and duration uncertain—
Or along with her own,
That a Hand of Bone
Was closing mortality's curtain!

But life is sweet, and mortality blind,
And youth is hopeful, and Fate is kind
In concealing the day of sorrow ;
And enough is the present tense of toil—
For this world is, to all, a stiffish soil—
And the mind flies back with a glad recoil
From the debts not due till to-morrow.

Wherefore else does the Spirit fly
And bid its daily cares good-bye,
 Along with its daily clothing?
Just as the felon condemn'd to die—
 With a very natural loathing—
Leaving the Sheriff to dream of ropes,
From his gloomy cell in a vision elopes
To a caper on sunny gleams and slopes,
 Instead of the dance upon nothing.

Thus, even thus, the Countess slept,
While Death still nearer and nearer crept,
 Like the Thane who smote the sleeping—
But her mind was busy with early joys,
Her golden treasures and golden toys;
 That flash'd a bright
 And golden light
Under lids still red with weeping.

The golden doll that she used to hug!
Her coral of gold, and the golden mug!
 Her godfather's golden presents!
The golden service she had at her meals,
The golden watch, and chain, and seals,
Her golden scissors, and thread, and reels,
 And her golden fishes and pheasants!

The golden guineas in silken purse—
And the Golden Legends she heard from her nurse

Of the Mayor in his gilded carriage—
And London streets that were paved with gold—
And the Golden Eggs that were laid of old—
 With each golden thing
 To the golden ring
At her own auriferous Marriage?

And still the golden light of the sun
Through her golden dream appear'd to run,
Though the night, that roared without, was one
 To terrify seamen or gipsies—
While the moon, as if in malicious mirth,
Kept peeping down at the ruffled earth,
As though she enjoy'd the tempest's birth,
 In revenge of her old eclipses.

But vainly, vainly, the thunder fell,
For the soul of the Sleeper was under a spell
 That time had lately embitter'd—
 The Count, as once at her foot he knelt—
That foot, which now he wanted to melt!
But—hush!—'twas a stir at her pillow she felt—
 And some object before her glitter'd.

'Twas the Golden Leg!—she knew its gleam!
And up she started and tried to scream,—
 But ev'n in the moment she started—

Down came the limb with a frightful smash,
 And, lost in the universal flash
 That her eyeballs made at so mortal a crash,
 The Spark, call'd Vital, departed !

* * * * *

Gold, still gold ! hard, hard yellow, and cold,
 For gold she had lived, and she died for gold—
 By a golden weapon—not oaken ;
 In the morning they found her all alone—
 Stiff, and bloody, and cold as stone—
 But her Leg, the Golden Leg, was gone,
 And the “ Golden Bowl was broken ! ”

Gold—still gold ! it haunted her yet—
 At the Golden Lion the Inquest met—
 Its foreman, a carver and gilder—
 And the Jury debated from twelve till three
 What the Verdict ought to be,
 And they brought it in as Felo de Se,
 “ Because her own Leg had kill'd her ! ”

HER MORAL.

GOLD ! Gold ! Gold ! Gold !
 Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
 Molten, graven, hammer'd and roll'd ;
 Heavy to get, and light to hold ;

Hoarded, barter'd, bought, and sold,
Stolen, borrow'd, squander'd, doled :
Spurn'd by the young, but hugg'd by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mould ;
Price of many a crime untold ;
Gold ! Gold ! Gold ! Gold :
Good or bad a thousand-fold !

How widely its agencies vary—
To save—to ruin—to curse—to bless—
As even its minted coins express,
Now stamp'd with the image of Good Queen Bess,
And now of a Bloody Mary.

FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN

AN OLD BALLAD

YOUNG Ben he was a nice young man,
A carpenter by trade ;
And he fell in love with Sally Brown,
That was a lady's maid.

But as they fetch'd a walk one day,
They met a press-gang crew ;
And Sally she did faint away,
Whilst Ben he was brought to.

The Boatswain swore with wicked words,
Enough to shock a saint,
That though she did seem in a fit,
'Twas nothing but a feint.

"Come, girl," said he, "hold up your head,
He'll be as good as me ;
For when your swain is in our boat,
A boatswain he will be."

So when they'd made their game of her,
And taken off her elf,
She roused, and found she only was
A-coming to herself.

"And is he gone, and is he gone ?"
She cried, and wept outright :
"Then I will to the water side,
And see him out of sight."

A waterman came up to her,
"Now, young woman," said he,
"If you weep on so, you will make
Eye-water in the sea."

"Alas! they've taken my beau Ben
To sail with old Benbow ;"
And her woe began to run afresh,
As if she'd said Gee woe !

Says he, "They've only taken him
To the Tender ship, you see ;"
"The Tender ship," cried Sally Brown,
"What a hard-ship that must be !

"O ! would I were a mermaid now
For then I'd follow him ;
But oh !—I'm not a fish-woman,
And so I cannot swim.

"Alas ! I was not born beneath
The Virgin and the Scales,
So I must curse my cruel stars,
And walk about in Wales."

Now Ben had sail'd to many a place
That's underneath the world ;
But in two years the ship came home,
And all her sails were furl'd.

But when he call'd on Sally Brown,
To see how she got on,
He found she'd got another Ben,
Whose Christian name was John.

"O Sally Brown, O Sally Brown,
How could you serve me so ?
I've met with many a breeze before,
But never such a blow."

Then reading on his 'bacco-box,
He heaved a bitter sigh,
And then began to eye his pipe,
And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing "All's Well,"
But could not though he tried;
His head was turn'd, and so he chew'd
His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happen'd in his berth,
At forty-odd befell:
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton toll'd the bell.

FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

BEN BATTLE was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms:
But a cannon-ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms!

Now as they bore him off the field,
Said he, "Let others shoot,
For here I leave my second leg,
And the Forty-second Foot!"

The army-surgeons made him limbs :
Said he,—“ They’re only pegs :
But there’s as wooden Members quite,
As represent my legs !”

Now Ben he loved a pretty maid,
Her name was Nelly Gray ;
So he went to pay her his devours,
When he’d devoured his pay !

But when he called on Nelly Gray,
She made him quite a scoff ;
And when she saw his wooden legs,
Began to take them off !

“ Oh, Nelly Gray ! Oh, Nelly Gray !
Is this your love so warm ?
The love that loves a scarlet coat
Should be more uniform !”

Said she, “ I loved a soldier once,
For he was blythe and brave ;
But I will never have a man
With both legs in the grave !

“ Before you had those timber toes,
Your love I did allow,
But then, you know, you stand upon
Another footing now !”

“Oh, Nelly Gray ! Oh, Nelly Gray !
For all your jeering speeches,
At duty’s call, I left my legs,
In Badajos’s *breaches* !”

“Why then,” said she, “you’ve lost the feet
Of legs in war’s alarms,
And now you cannot wear your shoes
Upon your feats of arms !”

“Oh, false and fickle Nelly Gray !
I know why you refuse :—
Though I’ve no feet—some other man
Is standing in my shoes !

“I wish I ne’er had seen your face ;
But, now, a long farewell !
For you will be my death ;—alas !
You will not be my *Nell* !”

Now when he went from Nelly Gray,
His heart so heavy got—
And life was such a burthen grown,
It made him take a knot !

So round his melancholy neck,
A rope he did entwine,
And, for his second time in life,
Enlisted in the Line !

One end he tied around a beam,
And then removed his pegs,
And, as his legs were off,—of course,
He soon was off his legs!

And there he hung, till he was dead
As any nail in town,—
For, though distress had cut him up,
It could not cut him down!

A dozen men sat on his corpse,
To find out why he died—
And they buried Ben in four cross-roads.
With a *stake* in his inside!



THE GREEN MAN.



TOM SIMPSON was as nice a kind of man
As ever lived—at least at number Four,
In Austin Friars, in Mrs. Brown's first floor,
At fifty pounds,—or thereabouts,—per ann.
The Lady reckon'd him her best of lodgers,
His rent so punctually paid each quarter,—
He did not smoke like nasty foreign codgers—
Nor play French horns like Mr. Rogers—
Or talk his flirting nonsense to her daughter—
Not that the girl was light behaved or courtable—

Still on one failing tenderly to touch,
 The Gentleman did like a drop too much,
 (Tho' there are many such)
 And took more Port than was exactly portable.
 In fact,—to put the cap upon the nipple,
 And try the charge,—Tom certainly *did* tipple.
 He thought the motto was but sorry stuff
 On Cribb's Prize Cup—Yes, wrong in ev'ry letter—
 That "D—d be he who first cries *Hold Enough!*"
 The more cups hold, and if enough, the better.
 And so to set example in the eyes
 Of Fancy's lads, and give a broadish hint to them,
 All his cups were of such ample size
 That he got into them.

Once in the company of merry mates,
 In spite of Temperance's ifs and buts,
 So sure as Eating is set off with *plates*,
 His Drinking always was bound up with *cuts!*

Howbeit, such Bacchanalian revels
 Bring very sad catastrophes about ;
 Palsy, Dyspcpsy, Dropsy, and Blue Devils,
 Not to forget the Gout.
 Sometimes the liver takes a spleenful whim
 To grow to Strasbourg's regulation size,
 As if for those hepatical goose pies—
 Or out of depth the head begins to swim—

Poor Simpson! what a thing occurred to him!
Twas Christmas—he had druik the night before,—
Like Baxter, who “so went beyond his last”—
One bottle more, and then *one* bottle more,
Till, oh! the red-wine *Ruby-con* was pass’d!
And homeward, by the short small chimes of day,
With many a circumbendibus to spare,
For instance, twice round Finsbury Square,
To use a fitting phrase, he *wound* his way.

Then comes the rising, with repentance bitter,
And all the nerves—(and sparrows)—in a twitter,
Till settled by the sober Chinese cup:
The hands, o’er all, are members that make motions,
A sort of wavering just like the ocean’s,
Which has its swell, too, when it’s getting up—
An awkward circumstance enough for elves

Who shave themselves;
And Simpson just was ready to go thro’ it
When lo! the first short glimpse within the glass—
He jump’d—and who alive would fail to do it?—
To see, however it had come to pass,
One section of his face as green as grass!

In vain each eager wipe,
With soap—without—wet—hot or cold—or dry,
Still, still, and still, to his astonished eye
One cheek was green, the other cherry ripe!

Plump in the nearest chair he sat him down,
Quaking, and quite absorb'd in a deep study,—
 But verdant and not brown,
What could have happened to a tint so ruddy?
Indeed it was a very novel case,
By way of penalty for being jolly,
To have that evergreen stuck in his face.
Just like the windows with their Christmas holly.

“All claret marks,”—thought he—“Tom knew his
 forte—

“Are red—this colour CANNOT come from Port!”

One thing was plain? with such a face as his,
’Twas quite impossible to ever greet
Good Mrs. Brown; nay, any party meet,
Altho’ ’twas such a parti-coloured phiz!
As for the public, fancy Sarcy Ned,
The coachman, flying, dog-like, at his head,
With “Ax your pardon, Sir, but if you please—
 Unless it comes too high—
Vere ought a fellow, now, to go to buy
The t’other half, Sir, of that ’ere green cheese!”
His mind recoil’d—so he tied up his head,
As with a raging tooth, and took to bed;
Of course with feelings far from the serene,
For all his future prospects seemed to be,
 To match his customary tea,
 Black mixt with green.

Meanwhile, good Mrs. Brown
Wondered at Mr. S. not coming down,
And sent the maid up-stairs to learn the why ;
To whom poor Simpson, half delirious,
Returned an answer so mysterious
That curiosity began to fry ;
The more, as Betty, who had caught a snatch
By peeping in upon the patient's bed,
Reported a most bloody, tied-up head,
Got over-night of course—"Harm watch, harm catch,"
From Watchmen in a boxing-match.

So, liberty or not,—
Good lodgers are too scarce to let them off in
A suicidal coffin—
The dame ran up as fast as she could trot ;
"Appearance,—fiddlesticks!" should not deter
From going to the bed,
And looking at the head :
"La! Mister S—, he need not care for her !
A married woman that had had
Nine boys and gals, and none had turned out bad—
Her own dear late would come home late at night,
And liquor always got him in a fight,
She'd been in Hospitals—she wouldn't faint
At gores and gashes fingers wide and deep ;
She knew what's good for bruises and what ain't—
Turlington's Drops she made a p'int to keep.

Cases she'd seen beneath the surgent's hand—
Such skulls japann'd—she meant to say trepann'd!
Poor wretches! you would think they'd been in battle,
 And hadn't hours to live,
From tearing horses' kicks or Smithfield cattle,
 Shamefully over-driv'!—
Heads forced to have a silver plate atop,
 To get the brains to stop.
At imputations of the legs she'd been,
 And neither screech'd nor cried—
Hereat she pluck'd the white cravat aside,
And lo! the whole phenomenon was seen—
“Preserve us all! He's going to gangrene!”

Alas! through Simpson's brain
Shot the remark, like ball, with mortal pain;
It tallied truly with his own misgiving,
 And brought a groan,
 To move a heart of stone—
A sort of farewell to the land of living!
And as the case was imminent and urgent,
He did not make a shadow of objection
To Mrs. B.'s proposal for a “surgent,”
But merely gave a sight of deep dejection,
While down the verdant cheek a tear of grief
Stole, like a dew-drop on a cabbage-leaf.

Swift flew the summons,—it was life or death!
And in as short a time as he could race it,

Came Doctor Puddicome as short of breath,
To try his Latin charms against *Hic Jacet*.
He took a seat beside the patient's bed,
Saw tongue—felt pulse—examined the bad cheek,—
Poked, stroked, pinch'd, kneaded it—hemm'd—shook
his head—

Took a long solemn pause the cause to seek,
(Thinking, it seem'd, in Greek,)
Then ask'd — 'twas Christmas — “ Had he eaten
grass,

Or greens—and if the cook was so improper
To boil them up with copper,
Or farthings made of brass ;
Or if he drank his Hock from dark green glass,
Or dined at City Festivals, whereat
There's turtle, and green fat ? ”

To all of which, with serious tone of woe,
Poor Simpson answered “ No.”

Indeed he might have said in form auricular,
Supposing Puddicome had been a monk—

He had not eaten (he had only drunk)
Of any thing “ Particular.”

The Doctor was at fault ;

A thing so new quite brought him to a halt.

Cases of other colours came in crowds,

He could have found their remedy, and soon ;

But green—it sent him up among the clouds,

As if he had gone up with Green's balloon !

Black with Black Jaundice he had seen the skin ;
 From Yellow Jaundice yellow,
 From saffron tints to sallow ;—
Then retrospective memory lugg'd in
Old Purple Face, the Host at Kentish Town—
 East Indians, without number,
He knew familiarly, by heat done Brown,
 From tan to a burnt umber,
 Ev'n those eruptions he had never seen
Of which the Caledonian Poet spoke,
 As "*rashes* growing green !"
 "Pooh ! pooh ! a rash grow green !"
Nothing of course but a broad Scottish joke !"
Then as to flaming visages, for those
The Scarlet Fever answer'd, or the Rose—
But verdant that was quite a novel stroke !
Men turn'd to blue, by Cholera's last stage,
 In common practice he had really seen ;
But green—he was too old, and grave, and sage,
 To think of the last stage to 'Turnham Green !
So matters stood in-doors—meanwhile without,
 Growing in going like all other rumours,
The modern miracle was buzz'd about,
 By People of all humours,
 Native or foreign in their dialecticals ;
Till all the neighbourhood, as if their noses
Had taken the odd gross from little Moses,
 Seem'd looking thro' green spectacles.

“Green faces!” so they all began to comment—

“Yes—opposite to Druggist’s lighted shops,
But that’s a flying colour—never stops—
A bottle-green that’s vanish’d in a moment.

Green! nothing of the sort occurs to mind,
Nothing at all to match the present piece;

Jack in the Green has nothing of the kind—
Green-grocers are not green—nor yet green geese! ’
The oldest Supercargoes of Old Sailors

Of such a case had never heard,

From Emerald Isle to Cape de Verd;

“Or Greenland!” cried the whalers.

All tongues were full of the Green man, and still
They could not make him out, with all their skill;
No soul could shape the matter, head or tail—
But truth steps in where all conjectures fail.

A long half hour, in needless puzzle,
Our Galen’s cane had rubbed against his muzzle:
He thought, and thought, and thought, and thought, and
thought—

And still it came to nought,

When up rush’d Betty, loudest of Town Criers,

“Lord, Ma’am, the new Police is at the door!

It’s B, ma’am, Twenty-four,—

As brought home Mr. S. to Austin Friars,

And says there’s nothing but a simple case—

He got that ’ere green face

By sleeping in the kennel near the Dyer’s!”

THE EPPING HUNT,

“HUNT’S ROASTED ——.”

“On Monday they began to hunt.”—*Chevy Chase.*

JOHN HUGGINS was as bold a man
As trade did ever know,
A warehouse good he had, that stood
Hard by the church of Bow.

There people bought Dutch cheeses round
And single Glos’ter flat ;
And English butter in a lump,
And Irish—in a *pat*.

Six days a week beheld him stand,
His business next his heart,
At *counter*, with his apron tied
About his *counter-part*.

The seventh, in a Sluice-house box
He took his pipe and pot ;
On Sundays, for *eel-piety*,
A very noted spot.

Ah, blest if he had never gone
Beyond its rural shed !
One Easter-tide, some evil guide
Put Epping in his head !

Epping, for butter justly famed,
And pork in sausage popp'd ;
Where, winter time or summer time,
Pig's flesh is always *chopp'd*.

But famous more as annals tell,
Because of Easter chase ;
There every year, 'twixt dog and deer,
There is a gallant race.

With Monday's sun John Huggins rose,
And slapped his leather thigh,
And sang the burden of the song,
"This day a stag must die."

For all the live-long day before,
And all the night in bed,
Like Beckford, he had nourished "Thoughts
On Hunting" in his head.

Of horn and morn, and hark and bark,
And echo's answering sounds,
All poets' wit hath every writ
In *dog-rel* verse of *bounds*.

Alas ! there was no warning voice
To whisper in his ear,
Thou art a fool in leaving *Cheap*
To go and hunt the *dear*

No thought he had of twisted spine,
Or broken arms or legs ;
Not *chicken-hearted* he, although
'Twas whispered of his *eggs* !

Ride out he would, and hunt he would,
Nor dreamt of ending ill ;
Mayhap with Dr. *Ridout's* fee,
And Surgeon *Hunter's* bill.

So he drew on his Sunday boots,
Of lustre superfine ;
The liquid black they wore that day
Was *Warren*-ted to shine.

His yellow buckskins fitted close,
As erst upon a stag ;
Thus well equipped he gayly skipped,
At once upon his nag.

But first to him that held the rein
A crown he nimbly flung ;
For holding of the horse ?—why, no,
For holding of his tongue.

To say the horse was Huggins' own
Would only be a brag ;
His neighbour Fig and he went halves,
Like Centaurs, in a nag.

And he that day had got the gray,
Unknown to brother cit ;
The horse he knew would never tell,
Although it was a *tit*.

A well-bred horse he was, I wis,
As he began to show,
By quickly "rearing up within
The way he ought to go."

But Huggins, like a wary man,
Was ne'er from saddle cast ;
Resolved, by going very slow,
On sitting very fast.

And so he jogged to Tot'n'am Cross,
An ancient town well known,
Where Edward wept for Eleanor
In mortar and in stone.

A royal game of fox and goose,
To play on such a loss ;
Wherever she set down her *orts*,
Thereby he put a *cross*.

Now Huggins had a crony here,
That lived beside the way ;
One that had promised sure to be
His comrade for the day.

Whereas the man had changed his mind
 Meanwhile upon the case !
And meaning not to hunt at all,
 Had gone to Enfield Chase !

For why, his spouse had made him vow
 To let a game alone,
Where folks that ride a bit of blood.
 May break a bit of bone.

“ Now, be his wife a plague for life !
 A coward sure is he ! ”
Then Huggins turned his horse's head,
 And crossed the bridge of Lea.

Thence slowly on through Laytonstone,
 Past many a Quaker's box—
No Friends to hunters after deer,
 Though followers of a *Fox*.

And many a score behind—before—
 The self-same rout inclined ;
And, minded all to march one way,
 Made one great march of mind.

Gentle and simple, he and she,
 And swell, and blood, and prig ;
And some had carts, and some a chaise,
 According to their gig.

Some long-eared jacks, some knacker's hacks
(However odd it sounds),
Let out that day *to hunt*, instead
Of going to the bounds !

And some had horses of their own,
And some were forced to job it .
And some, while they inclined to *Hunt*,
Betook themselves to *Cob-it*.

All sorts of vehicles and vans,
Bad, middling, and the smart ;
Here rolled along the gay barouche,
And there a dirty cart !

And lo ! a cart that held a squad
Of costermonger line ;
With one poor hack, like Pegasus,
That slaved for all the Nine !

Yet marvel not at any load
That any horse might drag ;
When all, that morn, at once were drawn
Together by a stag.

Now when they saw John Huggins go
At such a sober pace ;
"Hallo !" cried they ; " come trot away,
You'll never see the chase ! "

But John, as grave as any judge,
Made answer quite as blunt ;
“ It will be time enough to trot,
When I begin to hunt ! ”

And so he paced to Woodford Wells,
Where many a horseman met,
And letting go the *reins* of course,
Prepared for *heavy wet*.

And lo ! within the crowded door,
Stood Rounding, jovial elf ;
Here shall the Muse frame no excuse,
But frame the man himself.

A snow-white head, a merry eye,
A cheek of jolly blush ;
A claret tint laid on by health,
With master Reynard's brush ;

A hearty frame, a courteous bow,
The prince he learned it from ;
His age about threescore and ten,
And there you have Old Tom.

In merriest key I trow was he,
So many guests to boast ;
So certain congregations meet,
And elevate the host.

"Now welcome lads," quoth he, "and prads,
You're all in glorious luck :
Old Robin has a run to-day,
A noted forest buck.

Fair Mead's the place, where Bob and Tom,
In red already ride ;
'Tis but a *step*, and on a horse,
You soon may go *a-stride*."

So off they scampered, man and horse,
As time and temper pressed—
But Huggins, hitching on a tree,
Branched off from all the rest,

Howbeit he tumbled down in time
To join with Tom and Bob,
All in Fair Mead, which held that day
Its own fair meed of mob.

Idlers to wit—no Guardians some,
Of Tattlers in a squeeze ;
Ramblers in heavy carts and vans,
Spectators up in trees.

Butchers on backs of butchers' hacks,
That *shambled* to and fro !
Bakers intent upon a buck,
Neglectful of the *dough* !

Change Alley Bears to speculate,
As usual for a fall ;
And green and scarlet runners, such
As never climbed a wall !

'Twas strange to think what difference
A single creature made ;
A single stag had caused a whole
Stagnation in their trade.

Now Huggins from his saddle rose,
And in the stirrups stood ;
And lo ! a little cart that came
Hard by a little wood.

In shape like half a hearse—though not
For corpses in the least ;
For this contained the *deer alive*,
And not the *dear deceased* !

And now began a sudden stir,
And then a sudden shout,
The prison doors were opened wide,
And Robin bounded out !

His antlered head shone blue and red,
Bedecked with ribbons fine ;
Like other bucks that come to 'list
The hawbucks in the line.

One curious gaze of mild amaze,
He turned and shortly took :
Then gently ran adown the mead,
And bounded o'er the brook.

Now Huggins, standing far aloof,
Had never seen the deer,
Till all at once he saw the beast
Come charging in his rear.

Away he went, and many a score
Of riders did the same,
On horse and ass—like High and Low
And Jack pursuing game !

Good Lord ! to see the riders now,
Thrown off with sudden whirl,
A score within the purling brook,
Enjoyed their "early purl."

A score were sprawling on the grass,
And beavers fell in showers ;
There was another *Floorer* there,
Beside the Queen of Flowers !

Some lost their stirrups, some their whips,
Some had no caps to show :
But few, like Charles at Charing Cross,
Rode on in *Statue quo*. •

“O dear! O dear!” now might you hear,
“I’ve surely broke a bone;”
“My head is sore”—with many more
Such Speeches from the *Thrown*.

Howbeit their wailings never moved
The wide Satanic clan,
Who grinned, as once the Devil grinned,
To see the fall of Man.

And hunters good that understood,
Their laughter knew no bounds,
To see the horses “throwing off”
So long before the hounds.

For deer must have due course of law,
Like men the Courts among;
Before those Barristers the dogs
Proceed to “giving tongue.”

But now Old Robin’s foes were set
That fatal taint to find,
That always is scent after him,
Yet always left behind.

And here observe how dog and man
A different temper shows:
What hound resents that he is sent
To follow his own nose?

Towler and Jowler—howlers all,
No single tongue was mute ;
The stag had led a hart, and lo !
The whole pack followed suit.

No spur he lacked ; fear stuck a knife
And fork in either haunch ;
And every dog he knew had got
An eye-tooth to his paunch !

Away, away ! he scudded like
A ship before the gale ;
Now flew to "*bills* we know not of,
Now, nun-like, took the vale.

Another squadron charging now,
Went off at furious pitch ;—
A perfect Tam O'Shanter mob,
Without a single witch.

But who was he with flying skirts,
A hunter did endorse,
And, like a poet, seemed to ride
Upon a wingèd horse ?

A whipper-in ? no whipper-in :
A huntsman ? no such soul :
A connoisseur, or amateur ?
Why, yes—a horse patrol.

A member of police, for whom
The county found a nag,
And, like Actæon in the tale,
He found himself in stag !

Away they went, then, dog and deer,
And hunters all away ;
The maddest horses never knew
Mad staggers such as they !

Some gave a shout, some rolled about,
And anticked as they rode ;
And butchers whistled on their curs,
And milkmen *Tally-bo'd !*

About two score there were, or more,
That galloped in the race ;
The rest, alas ! lay on the grass,
As once in Chevy Chase !

But even those that galloped on
Were fewer every minute ;
The field kept getting more select,
Each thicket served to thin it.

For some pulled up, and left the hunt
Some fell in miry bogs,
And vainly rose and "ran a muck,"
To overtake the dogs.

And some, in charging hurdle stakes,
Were left bereft of sense ;
What else could be premised of blades
That never learned to fence ?

But Roundings, Tom and Bob, no gate,
Nor hedge, nor ditch could stay ;
O'er all they went, and did the work
Of leap-years in a day !

And by their side see Huggins ride,
As fast as he could speed ;
For, like Mazeppa, he was quite
At mercy of his steed.

No means he had, by timely check,
The gallop to remit,
For firm and fast, between his teeth,
The biter held the bit.

Trees raced along, all Essex fled
Beneath him as he sate ;
He never saw a county go
At such a county rate !

“ Hold hard ! hold hard ! you'll lame the dogs ! ”
Quoth Huggins, “ so I do ;
I've got the saddle well in hand,
And hold as hard as you ! ”

Good Lord ! to see him ride along,
And throw his arms about,
As if with stitches in the side
That he was drawing out !

And now he bounded up and down.
Now like a jelly shook ;
Till bumped and galled—yet not where Gall
For bumps did ever look !

And rowing with his legs the while,
As tars are apt to ride ;
With every kick he gave a prick
Deep in the horse's side !

But soon the horse was well avenged
For cruel smart of spurs,
For, riding through a moor, he pitched
His master in a furze !

Where, sharper set than hunger is,
He squatted all forlorn ;
And, like a bird, was singing out
While sitting on a thorn !

Right glad was he, as well might be,
Such cushion to resign :
“ Possession is nine points,” but his
Seems more than ninety-nine.

Yet worse than all the prickly points
That entered in his skin,
His nag was running off the while
The thorns were running in !

Now had a Papist seen his sport,
Thus laid upon the shelf,
Although no horse he had to cross,
He might have crossed himself.

Yet surely still the wind is ill
That none can say is fair ;
A jolly wight there was, that rode
Upon a sorry mare !

A sorry mare, that surely came
Of pagan blood and bone ;
For down upon her knees she went
To many a stock and stone !

Now seeing Huggins' nag adrift,
This farmer, shrewd and sage,
Resolved, by changing horses here,
To hunt another stage !

Though felony, yet who would let
Another's horse alone,
Whose neck is placed in jeopardy
By riding on his own ?

And yet the conduct of the man
Seemed honest-like and fair;
For he seemed willing, horse and all,
To go before the *mare*!

So up on Huggins' horse he got,
And swiftly rode away,
While Huggins mounted on the mare
Done brown upon a bay!

And off they set in double chase,
For such was fortune's whim,
The farmer rode to hunt the stag,
And Huggins hunted him!

Alas! with one that rode so well
In vain it was to strive;
A dab was he, as dabs should be—
All leaping and alive

And here of Nature's kindly care
Behold a curious proof,
As nags are meant to leap, she puts
A frog in every hoof!

Whereas the mare, although her share
She had of hoof and frog,
On coming to a gate stopped short
As stiff as any log;

While Huggins in the stirrup stood
With neck like neck of crane,
As sings the Scottish song—"to see
The *gate* his *bart* had gane."

And, lo! the dim and distant hunt
Diminished in a trice:
The steeds, like Cinderella's team,
Seemed dwindling into mice;

And, far remote, each scarlet coat
Soon flitted like a spark—
Though still the forest murmured back
An echo of the bark!

But sad at soul John Huggins turned:
No comfort could he find;
While thus the "Hunting Chorus" sped,
To stay five bars behind.

For though by dint of spur he got
A leap in spite of fate—
Howbeit there was no toll at all—
They could not clear the *gate*.

And like Fitzjames, he cursed the hunt,
And sorely cursed the day,
And mused a New Gray's elegy
On his departed gray.

Now many a sign at Woodford town
Its Inn-vitation tells :
But Huggins, full of ills, of course
Betook him to the Wells.

Where Rounding tried to cheer him up
With many a merry laugh :
But Huggins thought of neighbour Fig,
And called for half-and-half.

Yet, spite of drink, he could not blink
Remembrance of his loss ;
To drown a care like his, required
Enough to drown a horse.

When thus forlorn, a merry horn
Struck up without the door—
The mounted mob were all returned ;
The Epping Hunt was o'er !

And many a horse was taken out
Of saddle, and of shaft ;
And men, by dint of drink, became
The only "*beasts of draught*."

For now begun a harder run
On wine, and gin, and beer ;
And overtaken men diseussed
The overtaken deer.

How far he ran, and eke how fast,
And how at bay he stood,
Deerlike, resolved to sell his life
As dearly as he could :—

And how the hunters stood aloof,
Regardful of their lives,
And shunned a beast, whose very horns
They knew could *handle* knives !

How Huggins stood when he was rubbed
By help and ostler kind,
And when they cleaned the clay before,
How worse “ remained behind.”

And one, how he had found a horse
Adrift—a goodly gray !
And kindly rode the nag, for fear
The nag should go astray ;

Now Huggins, when he heard the tale,
Jumped up with sudden glee ;
“ A goodly gray ! why, then, I say,
That gray belongs to me !

“ Let me endorse again my horse,
Delivered safe and sound ;
And gladly I will give the man
A bottle and a pound ! ”

The wine was drunk—the money paid,
Though not without remorse,
To pay another man so much
For riding on his horse ;—

And let the chase again take place
For mang a long, long year—
John Huggins will not ride again
To hunt the Epping Deer !

MORAL.

Thus pleasure oft eludes our grasp
Just when we think to grip her ;
And hunting after Happiness,
We only hunt the slipper.

LIEUTENANT LUFF.A COMIC BALLAD.

ALL you that are too fond of wine,
Or any other stuff,
Take warning by the dismal fate
Of one Lieutenant Luff.
A sober man he might have been,
Except in one regard,
He did not like *soft* water,
So he took to *drinking hard* !

Said ne, "Let others fancy slops,
And talk in praise of Tea,
But I am no *Bohemian*,
So do not like *Bohea*.
If wine's a poison, so is Tea,
Though in another shape ;
What matter whether one is kill'd
By *canister* or *grape* ! "

According to this kind of taste
Did he indulge his drouth,
And being fond of *Port*, he made
A *port*-hole of his mouth !
A single pint he might have sipp'd
And not been out of sorts,
In geologic phrase—the rock
He split upon was *quarts* !

To "hold the mirror up to vice"
With him was hard, alas !
The worse for wine he often was,
But not "before a glass."
No kind and prudent friend had he
To bid him drink no more,—
The only *chequers* in his course
Were at a tavern door !

Full soon the sad effects of this
His frame began to show,
For that old enemy the gout
Had taken him in *toe* !
And join'd with this an evil came
Of quite another sort,—
For while he drank, himself, his purse
Was getting "*something short*."

For want of cash he soon had pawn'd
One half that he possess'd,
And drinking show'd him *duplicates*
Beforehand of the rest !
So now his creditors resolved
To seize on his assets
For why,—they found that his *half-pay*
Did not *half-pay* his debts.

But Luff contrived a novel mode
His Creditors to chouse ;
For his own *execution* he
Put into his own house !
A pistol to the muzzle charged
He took devoid of fear !
Said he, " This *barrel* is my last,
So now for my last *bier* ! "

Against his lungs he aimed the slugs,
And not against his brain,
So he blew out his *lights*—and none
Could blow them in again !
A Jury for a Verdict met
And gave it in these terms :—
“ We find as how as certain *slugs*
Has sent him to the *worms* ! ”

BEN BLUFF.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

“ Pshaw, you are not on a whaling voyage, where everything
that offers is game.”—*The Pilot*.

BEN BLUFF was a whaler, and many a day
Had chased the huge fish about Baffin's old Bay ;
But time brought a change his diversion to spoil,
And that was when Gas took the shine out of Oil.

He turn'd up his nose at the fumes of the coke,
And swore the whole scheme was a bottle of smoke :
As to London he briefly deliver'd his mind,
“ Sparma-city,” said he—but the City declined.

So Ben cut his line in a sort of a huff,
As soon as his Whales had brought profits enough,
And hard by the Docks settled down for his life,
But, true to his text, went to Wales for a wife.

A big one she was, without figure or waist,
More bulky than lovely, but that was his taste ;
In fat she was lapp'd from her sole to her crown,
And, turn'd into oil would have lighted a town.

But Ben like a Whaler was charm'd with the match,
And thought, very truly, his spouse a great catch ;
A flesh-and-blood emblem of Plenty and Peace,
And would not have changed her for Helen of Greece.

For Greenland was green in his memory still ;
He'd quitted his trade, but retain'd the good-will ;
And often, when soften'd by bumbo and flip,
Would cry—till he blubber'd—about his old ship.

No craft like the Grampus could work through a floe,
What knots she could run, and what tons she could stow
And then that rich smell he preferr'd to the rose,
By just nosing the whole without holding his nose !

Now Ben he resolved, one fine Saturday night,
A snug Arctic Circle of friends to invite,
Old Tars in the trade, who related old tales,
And drank, and blew clouds that were “ very like
whales.”

Of course with their grog there was plenty of chat
Of canting, and flinching, and cutting up fat ;
And how Gun Harpoons into fashion had got,
And if they were meant for the Gun-whale or not ?

At last they retired, and left Ben to his rest,
By fancies cetaceous, and drink, well possess'd,
When, lo ! as he lay by his partner in bed,
He heard something blow through two holes in its head

“ A start ! ” mutter'd Ben, in the Grampus afloat,
And made but one jump from the deck to the boat !
“ Huzza ! pull away for the blubber and bone—
I look on that whale as already my own ! ”

Then groping about by the light of the moon,
He soon laid his hand on his trusty harpoon ;
A moment he poised it, to send it more pat,
And then made a plunge to imbed it in fat !

“ Starn all ! ” he sang out, “ as you care for your lives—
Starn all, as you hope to return to your wives—
Stand by for the flurry ! she throws up the foam !
Well done, my old iron, I've sent you right home ! ”

And scarce had he spoken, when lo ! bolt upright
The Leviathan rose in a great sheet of white,
And swiftly advanced for a fathom or two,
As only a fish out of water could do.

“ Starn all ! ” echoed Ben, with a movement aback,
But too slow to escape from the creature's attack ;
If flippers it had, they were furnish'd with nails,—
“ You willin, I'll teach you that Women an't Whales ! ”

"Avast!" shouted Ben, with a sort of a screech,
"I've heard a Whale spouting, but *here* is a speech!"
"A-spouting, indeed!—very pretty," said she;
"But it's you I'll blow up, not the froth of the sea!"

"To go to pretend to take *me* for a fish!
You great Polar Bear—but I know what you wish—
You're sick of a wife, that your hankering baulks,—
You want to go back to some young Esquimaux!"

"O dearest," cried Ben, frighten'd out of his life,
"Don't think I would go for to murder a wife
I must long have bewail'd"—But she only cried "Stuff!
Don't name it, you brute, you've *be-whaled* me
enough!"

"Lord, Polly!" said Ben, "such a deed could I do?
I'd rather have murder'd all Wapping than you!
Come, forgive what is passed," "O you monster!"
she cried,
"It was none of your fault that it passed of one side!"

However, at last she inclined to forgive:
"But, Ben, take this warning as long as you live—
If the love of harpooning so strong must prevail,
Take a whale for a wife, not a wife for a whale."

AN OPEN QUESTION.

“It is the king’s highway that we are in, and in this way it is that thou hast placed the lions.”—BUNYAN.

WHAT ! shut the gardens ! lock the latticed gate !

Refuse the shilling and the fellow’s ticket !

And hang a wooden notice up to state,

“On Sundays no admittance at this wicket !”

The birds, the beasts, and all the reptile race

Denied to friends and visitors till Monday !

Now, really this appears the common case

Of putting too much Sabbath into Sunday—

But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?

The Gardens,—so unlike the ones we dub

Of Tea, wherein the artisan carouses,—

Mere shrubberies without one drop of shrub,—

Wherefore should they be closed like public-houses ?

No ale is vended at the wild Deer’s Head,—

Nor rum—nor gin—not even of a Monday—

The Lion is not carved—or gilt—or red,

And does not send out porter of a Sunday—

But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?

The bear denied ! the leopard under locks !

As if his spots would give contagious fevers ;

The beaver close as hat within its box ;

So different from other Sunday beavers

The birds invisible—the gnaw-way rats—
The seal hermetically seal'd till Monday—
The monkey tribe—the family of cats,—
We visit other families on Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

What is the brute profanity that shocks
The super-sensitively serious feeling?
The Kangaroo—is he not orthodox
To bend his legs, the way he does, in kneeling?
Was strict Sir Andrew, in his sabbath coat.
Struck all a heap to see a *Coati Mundi*?
Or did the Kentish Plumtree faint to note
The pelicans presenting bills on Sunday?—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

What feature has repulsed the serious set?
What error in the bestial birth or breeding,
To put their tender fancies on the fret?
One thing is plain—it is not in the feeding!
Some stiffish people think that smoking joints
Are carnal sins 'twixt Saturday and Monday—
But then the beasts are pious on these points,
For they all eat cold dinners on a Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

What change comes o'er the spirit of the place,
As if transmuted by some spell organic?
Turns fell hyæna of the ghoulish race?
The snake, *pro tempore*, the true Satanic?

Do Irish minds,—(whose theory allows
That now and then Good Friday falls on Monday)—
Do Irish minds suppose that Indian Cows
Are wicked Bulls of Bashan on a Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

There are some moody fellows, not a few,
Who, turn'd by Nature with a gloomy bias,
Renounce black devils to adopt the blue,
And think when they are dismal they are pious;
Is't possible that Pug's untimely fun
Has sent the brutes to Coventry till Monday—
Or p'rhaps some animal, no serious one,
Was overheard in laughter on a Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

What dire offence have serious fellows found
To raise their spleen against the Regent's spinney?
Were charitable boxes handed round,
And would not guinea pigs subscribe their guinea?
Perchance the Demoiselle refused to moult
The feathers in her head—at least till Monday;
Or did the elephant, unseemly, bolt
A tract presented to be read on Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

At whom did Leo struggle to get loose?
Who mourns through monkey tricks his damaged
clothing?

Who has been hiss'd by the Canadian goose?

On whom did Llama spit in utter loathing?
Some Smithfield saint did jealous feelings tell

To keep the Puma out of sight till Monday,
Because he prey'd extempore as well

As certain wild Itinerants on Sunday—

But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

To me it seems that in the oddest way

(Begging the pardon of each rigid Socius)

Our would-be keepers of the Sabbath-day

Are like the keepers of the brutes ferocious—

As soon the tiger might expect to stalk

About the grounds from Saturday till Monday,

As any harmless man to take a walk,

If saints could clap him in a cage on Sunday—

But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

In spite of all hypocrisy can spin,

As surely as I am a Christian scion,

I cannot think it is a mortal sin—

(Unless he's loose) to look upon a lion.

I really think that one may go, perchance,

To see a bear, as guiltless as on Monday—

(That is, provided that he did not dance)

Bruin's no worse than baking on a Sunday—

But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

In spite all the fanatic compiles,
I cannot think the day a bit diviner,
Because no children, with forestalling smiles,
Throng, happy, to the gates of Eden Minor—
It is not plain, to my poor faith at least,
That what we christen "Natural" on Monday,
The wondrous History of bird and beast,
Can be unnatural because it's Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

Whereon is sinful fantasy to work
The dove, the wing'd Columbus of man's haven?
The tender love-bird—or the filial stork?
The punctual crane—the providential raven?
The pelican whose bosom feeds her young?
Nay, must we cut from Saturday till Monday
That feather'd marvel with a human tongue,
Because she does not preach upon a Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

The busy beaver—that sagacious beast!
The sheep that own'd an Oriental Shepherd—
That desert-ship the camel of the East,
The horn'd rhinoceros—the spotted leopard—
The creatures of the Great Creator's hand
Are surely sights for better days than Monday—
The elephant, although he wears no band,
Has he no sermon in his trunk for Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

What harm if men who burn the midnight-oil,
Weary of frame, and worn and wan in feature,
Seek once a-week their spirits to assoil,
And snatch a glimpse of "Animated Nature?"
Better it were if, in his best of suits,
The artisan, who goes to work on Monday,
Should spend a leisure hour amongst the brutes,
Than make a beast of his own self on Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

Why, zounds! what raised so Protestant a fuss
(Omit the zounds! for which I make apology)
But that the Papists, like some fellows, thus
Had somehow mixed up *Dens* with their theology?
Is Brahma's bull—a Hindoo god at home—
A papal bull to be tied up till Monday—
Or Leo, like his namesake, Pope of Rome,
That there is such a dread of them on Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

Spirit of Kant! have we not had enough
To make religion sad, and sour, and snubbish,
But saints zoological must cant their stuff,
As vessels cant their ballasts—rattling rubbish!
Once let the sect, triumphant to their text,
Shut Nero up from Saturday till Monday,
And sure as fate they will deny us next
To see the dandelions on a Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

EPIGRAM.

ON THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE STATUES IN TRAFALGAR
SQUARE.

IF Nelson looks down on a couple of Kings,
However it pleases the Loyals ;
'Tis after the fashion of nautical things,
A sky-scraper over the Royals.

A NOCTURNAL SKETCH.

EVEN is come ; and from the dark Park, hark,
The signal of the setting sun—one gun !
And six is sounding from the chime, prime time
To go and see the Drury-Lane Dane slain,—
Or hear Othello's jealous doubt spout out,—
Or Macbeth raving at that shade-made blade,
Denying to his frantic clutch much touch ;—
Or else to see Ducrow with wide stride ride
Four horses as no other man can span ;
Or in the small Olympic Pit, sit split
Laughing at Liston, while you quiz his phiz.

Anon Night comes, and with her wings brings thing,
Such as, with his poetic tongue, Young sung ;

The gas up-blazes with its bright white light,
And paralytic watchmen prowl, howl, growl,
About the streets and take up Pall-Mal Sal,
Who, hasting to her nightly jobs, robs fobs.

Now thieves to enter for your cash, smash, crash,
Past drowsy Charley, in a deep sleep, creep,
But frighten'd by Policemen B. 3, flee,
And while they're going, whisper low, "No go!"

Now puss, while folks are in their beds treads leads,
And sleepers waking, grumble—"Drat that cat!"
Who in the gutter caterwauls, squalls, mauls
Some feline foe, and screams in shrill ill-will.

Now Bulls of Bashan, of a prize size, rise
In childish dreams, and with a roar gore poor
Georgy, or Charley, or Billy, willy-nilly;—
But Nursemaid in a nightmare rest, chest-press'd,
Dreameth of one of her old flames, James Games,

And that she heats—what faith is man's Ann's banns
And his, from Reverend Mr. Rice, twice, thrice:
White ribbons flourish, and a stout shout out,
That upward goes, shows Rose knows those bows'
 voes!



DOMESTIC ASIDES ; OR, TRUTH IN
PARENTHESES.

“ I REALLY take it very kind
This visit, Mrs. Skinner !
I have not seen you such an age—
(The wretch has come to dinner !)

“ Your daughters, too, what loves of girls—
What heads for painters’ easels !
Come here and kiss the infant, dears,—
(And give it perhaps the measles !)

“ Your charming boys I see are home
From Reverend Mr. Russel’s ;
’Twas very kind to bring them both,—
(What boots for my new Brussels !)

“ What ! little Clara left at home ?
Well now I call that shabby :
I should have lov’d to kiss her so,—
(A flabby, dabby, babby !)

“ And Mr. S., I hope he’s well,
Ah ! though he lives so handy,
He never now drops in to sup,—
(The better for our brandy !)

“Come, take a seat—I long to hear
About Matilda’s marriage;
You’re come of course to spend the day!—
(Thank Heav’n, I hear the carriage!)

“What! must you go? next time I hope
You’ll give me longer measure;
Nay—I shall see you down the stairs—
(With most uncommon pleasure!)

“Good-bye! good-bye! remember all,
Next time you’ll take your dinners!
(Now, David, mind I’m not at home
In future to the Skinners!)”

JOHN DAY.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

JOHN DAY he was the biggest man
Of all the coachman-kind,
With back too broad to be conceiv’d
By any narrow mind.

The very horses knew his weight
When he was in the rear,
And wish’d his box a Christmas-box
To come but once a year.

Alas ! against the shafts of love,
What armour can avail ?
Soon Cupid sent an arrow through
His scarlet coat of mail.

The bar-maid of the Crown he lov'd,
From whom he never ranged,
For tho' he changed his horses there,
His love he never changed.

He thought her fairest of all fares,
So fondly love prefers ;
And often, among twelve outsides,
Deemed no outside like hers.

One day as she was sitting down
Beside the porter-pump—
He came, and knelt with all his fat,
And made an offer plump.

Said she, my taste will never learn
To like so huge a man,
So I must beg you will come here
As little as you can.

But still he stoutly urged his suit,
With vows, and sighs, and tears,
Yet could not pierce her heart, altho'
He drove the Dart for years.

In vain he wooed, in vain he sued ;
The maid was cold and proud,
And sent him off to Coventry,
While on his way to Stroud.

He fretted all the way to Stroud,
And thence all back to town,
The course of love was never smooth,
So his went up and down.

At last her coldness made him pine
To merely bones and skin :
But still he loved like one resolved
To love through thick and thin.

Oh Mary, view my wasted back,
And see my dwindled calf ;
'Tho' I have never had a wife,
I've lost my better half.

Alas, in vain he still assail'd,
Her heart withstood the dint ;
Though he had carried sixteen stone
He could not move a flint.

Worn out, at last he made a vow
To break his being's link ;
For he was so reduced in size
At nothing he could shrink.

Now some will talk in water's praise
And waste a deal of breath,
But John, tho' he drank nothing else—
He drank himself to death.

The cruel maid that caused his love,
Found out the fatal close,
For looking in the butt, she saw,
The butt-end of his woes.

Some say his spirit haunts the Crown,
But that is only talk—
For after riding all his life,
His ghost objects to walk.

SALLY SIMPKIN'S LAMENT;

OR, JOHN JONES'S KIT-CAT-ASTROPHE.

“OH! what is that comes gliding in,
And quite in middling haste?
It is the picture of my Jones,
And painted to the waist.

“It is not painted to the life,
For where's the trowsers blue?
Oh Jones, my dear!—Oh dear! my Jones,
What is become of you?”

" Oh! Sally dear, it is too true,—
The half that you remark
Is come to say my other half
Is bit off by a shark !

" Oh! Sally, sharks do things by halves,
Yet most completely do !
A bite in one place seems enough,
But I've been bit in two.

" You know I once was all your own
But now a shark must share !
But let that pass—for now to you
I'm neither here nor there.

" Alas! death has a strange divorce
Effected in the sea,
It has divided me from you,
And even me from me.

" Don't fear my ghost will walk o' nights
To haunt, as people say ;
My ghost *can't* walk, for, oh! my legs
Are many leagues away !

" Lord! think when I am swimming round,
And looking where the boat is,
A shark just snaps away a *half*,
Without 'a *quarter's* notice.'

“One half is here, the other half
Is near Columbia placed;
Oh! Sally, I have got the whole
Atlantic for my waist.

“But now, adieu—a long adieu!
I’ve solved death’s awful riddle,
And would say more, but I am doomed
To break off in the middle!”



I'M GOING TO BOMBAY.



My hair is brown, my eyes are blue,
And reckon'd rather bright;
I'm shapely, if they tell me true,
And just the proper height;
My skin has been admired in verse,
And called as fair as day—
If I *am* fair, so much the worse,
I'm going to Bombay!

At school I passed with some éclat;
I learn'd my French in France;
De Wint gave lessons how to draw,
And D'Egville how to dance;—

Crevelli taught me how to sing,
And Cramer how to play—
It really is the strangest thing—
I'm going to Bombay!

I've been to Bath and Cheltenham Wells,
But not their springs to sip—
To Ramsgate—not to pick up shells,—
To Brighton—not to dip.
I've tour'd the Lakes, and scour'd the coast
From Scarboro' to Torquay—
But tho' of time I've made the most,
I'm going to Bombay!

By Pa and Ma I'm daily told
To marry now's my time,
For though I'm very far from old,
I'm rather in my prime.
They say while we have any sun,
We ought to make our hay—
And India has so hot an one,
I'm going to Bombay!

My cousin writes from Hyderapot
My only chance to snatch,
And says the climate is so hot,
It's sure to light a match.—

She's married to a son of Mars,
With very handsome pay,
And swears I ought to thank my stars
I'm going to Bombay!

She says that I shall much delight
To taste their Indian treats,
But what she likes may turn me quite,
Their strange outlandish meats.—
If I can eat rupees, who knows?
Or dine, the Indian way,
On doolies and on bungalows—
I'm going to Bombay!

She says that I shall much enjoy,—
I don't know what she means,—
To take the air and buy some toy
In my own palankeens,—
I like to drive my pony-chair,
Or ride our dapple grey—
But elephants are horses there—
I'm going to Bombay!

Farewell, farewell, my parents dear,
My friends, farewell to them!
And oh, what costs a sadder tear
Good bye, to Mr. M!—

If I should find an Indian vault,
Or fall a tiger's prey,
Or steep in salt, it's all *his* fault,
I'm going to Bombay!

That fine new teak-built ship, the Fox
A. I.—Commander Bird,
Now lying in the London Docks,
Will sail on May the Third;
Apply for passage or for freight,
To Nichol, Scott, and Gray—
Pa has applied and seal'd my fate—
I'm going to Bombay!

My heart is full—my trunks as well;
My mind and caps made up,
My corsets shap'd by Mrs. Bell,
Are promised ere I sup;
With boots and shoes, Rivarta's best,
And dresses by Ducé,
And a special license in my chest—
I'm going to Bombay!

EPIGRAM.

AFTER such years of dissension and strife,
Some wonder that Peter should weep for his wife:
But his tears on her grave are nothing surprising,—
He's laying her dust, for fear of its rising.

A PARENTAL ODE TO MY SON, AGED
THREE YEARS AND FIVE MONTHS.

Thou happy, happy elf!
(But stop,—first let me kiss away that tear)—
Thou tiny image of myself!
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear!)
Thou merry, laughing sprite!
With spirits feather-light,
Untouch'd by sorrow, and unsoil'd by sin—
(Good heav'ns the child is swallowing a pin!)

Thou little tricky Puck!
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing bird that wings the air—
(The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)
Thou darling of thy sire!
(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore a-fire!)
Thou imp of mirth and joy!
In Love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents—(Drat the boy!
There goes my ink!)

Thou cherub—but of earth;
Fit playfellow for Fays, by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth,
(That dog will bite him if he pulls its tail!)

Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
 From ev'ry blossom in the world that blows,
 Singing in Youth's Elysium ever sunny,
 (Another tumble!—that's his precious nose!)

Thy father's pride and hope!
 (He'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope)
 With pure heart newly stamp'd from Nature's mint—
 Where *did* he learn that squint?)

Thou young domestic dove!
 (He'll have that jug off, with another shove!)
 Dear nurseling of the hymeneal nest
 (Are those torn clothes his best!)
 Little epitome of man!
 (He'll climb upon the table, that's his plan!)
 Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life—
 (He's got a knife!)

Thou enviable being!
 No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
 Play on, play on,
 My elfin John!
 Toss the light ball—bestride the stick—
 (I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)
 With fancies, buoyant as the thistle-down,
 Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,
 With many a lamb-like frisk,
 (He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown!)

Thou pretty opening rose!
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)
Balmy and breathing music like the South,
(He really brings my heart into my mouth!)
Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star,—
(I wish that window had an iron bar!)
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove,—
 (I tell you what, my love,
I cannot write unless he's sent above!)

JOHN JONES.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

JOHN JONES he was a builder's clerk,
On ninety pounds a year,
Before his head was engine-turn'd
To be an engineer!

For, finding that the iron roads
Were quite the public tale,
Like Robin Redbreast, all his heart
Was set upon a rail.

But oh! his schemes all ended ill,
As schemes must come to nought,
With men who try to make short cuts,
When cut with something short.

His altitudes he did not take,
Like any other elf:
But first a spirit-level took,
That levelled him, himself.

Then getting up, from left to right
So many tacks he made,
The ground he meant to go upon
Got very well survey'd.

How crows may fly he did not care
A single fig to know ;—
He wish'd to make an iron road,
And not an iron crow.

So, going to the Rose and Crown,
To cut his studies short,
The nearest way from *pint* to *pint*,
He found was through a quart.

According to this rule he plann'd
His railroad o'er a cup ;
But when he came to lay it down,
No soul would take it up !

Alas ! not his the wily arts
Of men as shrewd as rats,
Who out of one sole *level* make
A precious lot of *flats* !

In vain from Z to crooked S,
His devious line he show'd ;
Directors even seem'd to wish
For some directer road.

The writers of the public press
All sneered at his design ;
And penny-a-liners wouldn't give
A penny for his line.

Yet still he urged his darling scheme,
In spite of all the fates ;
Until at last his zigzag ways
Quite brought him into *straits*.

His money gone, of course he sank
In debt from day to day,—
His way would not pay *him*—and so
He could not pay his way.

Said he, " All parties run me down—
How bitter is my cup !
My landlord is the only man
That ever runs me up !

" And he begins to talk of scores,
And will not draw a cork ;"—
And then he rail'd at Fortune, since
He could not rail at York !

The morrow, in a fatal noose
They found him hanging fast ;
This sentence scribbled on the wall,—
“I've got my line at last !”

Twelve men upon the body sate,
And thus, on oath, did say,
“We find he got his *gruel*, 'cause
He couldn't have his *way* !”



THE SAUSAGE MAKER'S GHOST.

A LONDON LEGEND



SOMEWHERE in Leather Lane—

I wonder that it was not Mincing,
And for this reason most convincing,
That Mr. Brain
Dealt in those well-minced cartridges of meat
Some people like to eat—
However, all such quibbles overstepping,
In Leather Lane he lived ; and drove a trade
In porcine sausages, though London made,
Call'd “Epping.”

Right brisk was the demand,
Seldom his goods stay'd long on hand,

For out of all adjacent courts and lanes,
 Young Irish ladies and their swains—
 Such soups of girls and broths of boys!—
 Sought his delicious chains,
 Preferr'd to all polonies, saveloys,
 And other foreign toys—
 The mere chance passengers
 Who saw his "sassengers,"
 Of sweetness undeniable,
 So sleek, so mottled, and so "friable,"
 Stepp'd in, forgetting ev'ry other thought,
 And bought.

Meanwhile a constant thumping
 Was heard, a sort of subterranean chumping—
 Incessant was the noise!
 But though he had a foreman and assistant,
 With all the tools consistent,
 (Besides a wife and two fine chopping boys)
 His means were not yet vast enough
 For chopping fast enough
 To meet the call from streets, and lanes, and passages,
 For first-chop "sassages."

However, Mr. Brain
 Was none of those dull men and slow,
 Who, flying bird-like by a railway train,
 Sigh for the heavy mails of long ago;

166 THE SAUSAGE MAKER'S GHOST.

He did not set his face 'gainst innovations
 For rapid operations,
And therefore in a kind of waking dream
Listen'd to some hot-water sprite that hinted
To have his meat chopp'd, as the Times was printed,
 By steam!

 Accordingly in happy hour,
A bran-new Engine went to work
 Chopping up pounds on pounds of pork
With all the energy of Two-Horse-Power,
 And wonderful celerity—
When lo! when ev'rything to hope responded,
Whether his head was turn'd by his prosperity
Whether he had some sly intrigue, in verity,
 The man absconded!

 His anxious Wife in vain
 Placarded Leather Lane,
And all the suburbs with descriptive bills,
Such as are issued when from homes and tills
Clerks, dogs, cats, lunatics, and children roam;
Besides advertisements in all the journals,
 Or weeklies or diurnals,
 Beginning "LEFT HIS HOME"—
The sausage-maker, spite of white and black,
 Never came back.

REFLECTIONS ON A NEW YEAR'S DAY. 167

Never, alive!—But on the seventh night,
Just when the yawning grave its dead releases,
 Filling his bedded wife with sore affright
 In walk'd his grisly Sprite,
 In fifty thousand pieces!
 “O Mary!” so it seem'd
In hollow melancholy tone to say,
Whilst thro' its airy shape the moonlight gleam'd
 With scarcely dimmer ray,—
“O Mary! let your hopes no longer flatter,
Prepare at once to drink of sorrow's cup—
 It ain't no use to mince the matter—
 The Engine's chopp'd me up!”

REFLECTIONS ON A NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Yes, yes, it's very true, and very clear!
By way of compliment and common chat,
It's very well to wish me a New Year;
But wish me a new hat!

Although not spent in luxury and ease,
In course a longer life I won't refuse;
But while you're wishing, wish me, if you please,
A newer pair of shoes.

Nay, while new things and wishes are afloat,
I own to one that I should not rebut—
Instead of this old rent, to have a coat
With more of the New Cut!

O yes, 'tis very pleasant, though I'm poor,
To hear the steeple make that merry din;
Except I wish one bell was at the door.
To ring new trousers in.

To be alive is very nice indeed,
Although another year at last departs;
Only with twelve new months I rather need
A dozen of new shirts.

Yes, yes, it's very true, and very clear,
By way of compliment and common chat,
It's very well to wish me a New Year,
But wish me a new hat!

A REFLECTION.

WHEN Eve upon the first of Men
The apple press'd with specious cant,
Oh! what a thousand pities then
That Adam was not Adamant!

POMPEY'S GHOST.

"TWAS twelve o'clock, not twelve at night,
But twelve o'clock at noon,
Because the sun was shining bright,
And not the silver moon :
A proper time for friends to call,
Or Pots, or Penny Post ;
When, lo ! as Phœbe sat at work,
She saw her Pompey's Ghost ;

Now when a female has a call
From people that are dead,
Like Paris ladies, she receives
Her visitors in bed :
But Pompey's Spirit could not come
Like spirits that are white,
Because he was a Blackamoor,
And wouldn't show at night !

But of all unexpected things
That happen to us here,
The most unpleasant is a rise
In what is very dear :
So Phœbe scream'd an awful scream,
To prove the seaman's text,
That after black appearances,
White squalls will follow next.

" Oh, Phœbe dear ! oh, Phœbe daer !
Don't go to scream or faint :
You think because I'm black I am
The Devil, but I ain't !
Behind the heels of Lady Lambe
I walk'd whilst I had breath ;
But that is past, and I am now
A-walking after Death !

" No murder, though, I come to tell,
By base and bloody crime ;
So, Phœbe dear, put off your fits
Till some more fitting time ;
No Crowner, like a boatswain's mate,
My body need attack,
With his round dozen to find out
Why I have died so black.

" One Sunday, shortly after tea,
My skin began to burn,
As if I had in my inside
A heater, like the urn.
Delirious in the night I grew,
And as I lay in bed,
They say I gather'd all the woo.
You see upon my head.

“ His Lordship for his doctor sent,
My treatment to begin—
I wish that he had call'd him out,
Before he call'd him in !
For though to physic he was bred,
And passed at Surgeons' Hall,
To make his post a sinecure
He never cured at all !

“ The doctor look'd about my breast,
And then about my back,
And then he shook his head and said,
' Your case looks very black.'
And first he sent me hot cayenne,
And then gamboge to swallow,—
But still my fever would not turn
To Scarlet or to Yellow !

“ With madder and with turmeric
He made his next attack ;
But neither he nor all his drugs
Could stop my dying black.
At last I got so sick of life,
And sick of being dosed,
One Monday morning I gave up
My physic and the ghost !

“ Oh, Phœbe dear, what pain it was
To sever every tie !
You know black beetles feel as much
As giants when they die—
And if there is a bridal bed,
Or bride of little worth,
It's lying in a bed of mould,
Along with Mother Earth.

“ Alas ! some happy, happy day
In church I hoped to stand,
And like a muff of sable skin
Receive your lily hand ;
But sternly with that piebald match
My fate untimely clashes—
For now, like Pompe-double-i,
I'm sleeping in my ashes !

“ And now farewell !—a last farewell !
I'm wanted down below,
And have but time enough to add
One word before I go,—
In mourning crape and bombazine
Ne'er spend your precious pelf—
Don't go in black for me,—for I
Can do it for myself.

“Henceforth within my grave I rest,
But Death who there inherits,
Allow’d my spirit leave to come,
You seem’d so out of spirits;
But do not sigh, and do not cry,
By grief too much engross’d—
Nor, for a ghost of colour, turn
The colour of a ghost !

“Again farewell, my Phœbe dear !
Once more a last adieu !
For I must make myself as scarce
As swans of sable hue.”
From black to grey, from grey to nought,
The Shape began to fade,—
And, like an egg, though not so white,
The Ghost was newly laid !

TO MR. WRENCH AT THE ENGLISH
OPERA HOUSE.

Oh very pleasant Mr. Wrench,—
The first, upon the pit’s first bench,
I’ve scrambled to my place,
To hail thee on these summer boards
With joy, even critic-craft affords,
And watch thy welcome face !

Ere thou art come, how I rejoice
To hear thy free and easy voice,
 Lounging about the slips ;
And then thy figure comes and owns
The voice as careless as the tones
 That saunter from thy lips.

Oh come and cast a quiet glance,
 To glad a nameless friend, askance
 The lamps' ascending glare ;
Better it is than bended knees,
Heart-squeezing, and profound congés—
 That old familiar air.

Even in the street, in that apt face,
Full of gay gravity, I trace
 The soul of native whim ;
A constant, never-failing store
Of quiet mirth, that ne'er runs o'er,
 But aye is near the brim.

Quoth I, There goes a happy wight,
Inimical to spleen and spite,
 And careless of all care ;
Who oils the ruffled waves of strife,
And makes the work-day suit of life
 Of very easy wear.

Lord ! if he had some people's ills
To cope—their hungry bonds and bills,
How faintly they would tease ;
Things that have cost both tears and sighs—
Their foes, as motelings in his eyes—
Their duns, his summer fleas !

The stage, I guess, is not thy school—
Thou dost not antic like the fool
That wept behind his mask ;
Thy playing is thy play—a sport—
A revel, as perform'd at Court,
And not a trade—a task !

Gay *Freeman*, art thou hired for *him* ?
No—'tis thy humour and thy whim
To be that easy guest ;
Whereas whoever plays for pelf,
(Like Bennett) only gives *him*-self,
Or *her*—like Mrs. West !

Nay, thou—to look beyond the stage,
Thy life is but another page
Continued of the play ;
The same companionable sprite—
Thy whim and pleasantry by night
Are with thee in the day !

THE GHOST.

A VERY SERIOUS BALLAD.

“ I'll be your second.”—LISTON.

IN Middle Row, some years ago,
There lived one Mr. Brown ;
And many folks considered him
The stoutest man in town.

But Brown and Stout will both wear out,
One Friday he died hard,
And left a widow'd wife to mourn
At twenty pence a yard.

Now widow B. in two short months
Thought mourning quite a tax ;
And wish'd, like Mr. Wilberforce,
To *manumit* her blacks.

With Mr. Street she soon was sweet ;
The thing thus came about :
She asked him in at home, and then,
At church he asked her out !

Assurance such as this the man
In ashes could not stand ;
So like a Phoenix he rose up
Against the Hand in Hand.

One dreary night the angry sprite
 Appeared before her view ;
It came a little after one,
 But she was after two !

“ Oh Mrs. B., oh Mrs. B. !
 Are these your sorrow's deeds,
Already getting up a flame,
 ' To burn your widow's weeds ?

“ It's not so long since I have left
 For aye the mortal scene ;
My Memory—like Rogers's,
 Should still be bound in green !

“ Yet if my face you still retrace
 I almost have a doubt—
I'm like an old Forget-Me-Not,
 With all the leaves torn out !

“ To think that on that finger joint,
 Another pledge should cling ;
Oh Bess ! upon my very soul,
 It struck like ' Knock and Ring. '

‘ A ton of marble on my breast
 Can't hinder my return ;
Your conduct, Ma'am, has set my blood
 A-boiling in my urn !

“Remember, oh! remember how
The marriage rite did run,—
If ever we one flesh should be,
'Tis now—when I have none!

“And you, Sir,—once a bosom friend—
Of perjured faith convict,
As ghostly toe can give no blow,
Consider you are kick'd.

“A hollow voice is all I have,
But this I tell you plain,
Marry come up!—you marry Ma'am,
And I'll come up again.”

More he had said, but chanticleer
The spritely shade did shock
With sudden crow, and off he went,
Like fowling-piece at cock!

LINES TO MARY.

(AT NO. 1, NEWGATE, FAVOURED BY MR. WONTNER.)

O MARY, I believ'd you true,
And I was blest in so believing;
But till this hour I never knew—
That you were taken up for thieving!

Oh! when I snatch'd a tender kiss,
Or some such trifle when I courted,
You said, indeed, that love was bliss,
But never owned you were transported !

But then to gaze on that fair face—
It would have been an unfair feeling,
To dream that you had pilfered lace—
And Flints had suffer'd from your stealing

Or when my suit I first preferr'd,
To bring your coldness to repentance,
Before I hammer'd out a word,
How could I dream you'd heard a sentence !

Or when with all the warmth of youth
I strove to prove my love no fiction,
How could I guess I urged a truth
On one already past conviction !

How could I dream that ivory part,
Your hand—where I have look'd and linger'd,
Altho' it stole away my heart,
Had been held up as one light-finger'd !

In melting verse your charms I drew,
The charms in which my muse delighted—
Alas! the lay, I thought was new,
Spoke only what had been *indicted* !

Oh! when that form, a lovely one,
Hung on the neck its arms had flown to,
I little thought that you had run
A chance of hanging on your own too.

You said you pick'd me from the world,
My vanity it now must shock it—
And down at once my pride is hurl'd,
You've pick'd me—and you've pick'd a pocket.

Oh! when our love had got so far,
The banns were read by Dr. Daly,
Who asked if there was any *bar*—
Why did not some one shout “Old Bailey!”

But when you rob'd your flesh and bones
In that pure white that angel garb is,
Who could have thought you, Mary Jones,
Among the Joans that link with *Darbies*?

And when the parson came to say,
My goods were yours, if I had got any,
And you should honour and obey,
Who could have thought—“O Bay of Bctany.”

But, oh,—the worst of all your slips
I did not till this day discover—
That down in Deptford's prison ships,
Oh, Mary! you've a hulking lover!

LOVE, WITH A WITNESS.

He has shav'd off his whiskers and blacken'd his brows,
Wears a patch and a wig of false hair,—
But it's him—Oh it's him!—we exchanged lovers' vows,
When I lived up in Cavendish Square.

He had beautiful eyes, and his lips were the same,
And his voice was as soft as a flute—
Like a Lord or a Marquis he look'd when he came,
To make love in his master's best suit.

If I lived for a thousand long years from my birth,
I shall never forget what he told ;
How he lov'd me beyond the rich women of earth,
With their jewels and silver and gold ?

When he kiss'd me and bade me adieu with a sigh,
By the light of the sweetest of moons,
Oh how little I dreamt I was bidding good-bye
To my Missis's tea-pot and spoons !

THE CARELESSE NURSE MAYD.

I SAWE a Mayd sitte on a Bank,
Beguiled by Wooer fayne and fond ;
And whiles His flatteryng Vowes She drank,
Her Nurselynge slipt within a Pond !

All Even Tide they Talkde and Kist,
 For She was fayre and He was Kinde;
 The Sunne went down before She wist
 Another Sonne had sett behinde!

With angrie Hands and frownyng Browe,
 That deemd Her owne the Urchine's Sinne,
 She pluck't Him out, but he was nowe
 Past being Whipt for fallynge in.

She then beginnes to wayle the Ladde
 With Shrikes that Echo answerde round—
 O! foolishe Mayd to be soe sadde
 The Momente that her Care was drown'd!



THE STAGE-STRUCK HERO.



It's very hard! oh, Dick, my boy,
 It's very hard one can't enjoy
 A little private spouting;
 But sure as Lear or Hamlet lives,
 Up comes our master, bounce! and gives
 The tragic muse a routing!

Ay, there he comes again! be quick!
 And hide the book—a playbook, Dick,
 He must not set his eyes on!

It's very hard, the churlish elf
Will never let one stab one's self
Or take a bowl of p'ison.

It's very hard, but when I want
To die—as Cato did—I can't,
Or go *non compos mentis*—
But up he comes, all fire and flame ;—
No doubt he'd do the very same
With Kemble for a 'prentice !

Oh, Dick ! Oh Dick ! it was not so
Some half a dozen years ago !
Melpomene was no sneaker,
When, under Reverend Mister Poole,
Each little boy at Enfield School
Became an Enfield's speaker !

No cruel master-tailor's cane
Then thwarted the theatric vein ;
The tragic soil had tillage.
O dear dramatic days gone by !
You, Dick, were Richard then—and I
Play'd Hamlet to the village,

Or as Macbeth, the dagger clutch'd,
Till all the servant-maids were touch'd—
Macbeth, I think, my pet is ;

Lord, how we spouted Shakespeare's works—
Dick, we had twenty little Burkes,
And fifty Master Betties!

Why, there was Julius Cæsar Dunn,
And Norval, Sandy Philips—one
Of Elocution's champions—
Genteelly taught by his mamma
To say, not father, but papa,
Kept sheep upon the Grampians!

Coriolanus Crumpe—and Fig
In Brutus, with brown-paper wig,
And Huggins great in Cato ;
Only he broke so often off,
To have a fit of whooping-cough,
While reasoning with Plato.

And Zangra too,—but I shall weep,
If longer on this theme I keep,
And let remembrance loose, Dick ;
Now forced to act—it's very hard—
“Measure for Measure” with a yard—
You Richard, with a goose, Dick !

Zounds ! Dick, it's very odd our dads
Should send us there when we were lads
To learn to talk like Tullies ;

And now if one should just break out,
Perchance into a little spout,
A stick about the skull is.

Why should stage-learning form a part
Of schooling for the tailor's art?

Alas! dramatic notes, Dick,
So well record the sad mistake
Of him who tried at once to make
Both *Romeo* and *Coates*, Dick!



ODE TO DR. KITCHENER.



YE Muses nine inspire
And stir up my poetic fire;
Teach my burning soul to speak
With a bubble and a squeak!
Of Dr. Kitchener I fain would sing,
Till pots, and pans, and mighty kettles ring.

O culinary sage!
(I do not mean the herb in use,
That always goes along with goose)
How have I feasted on thy page:
"When like a lobster boil'd the morn
From black to red began to turn,"
Till midnight, when I went so bed,
And clapt my tewah-diddle on my head.

Who is there cannot tell,
Thou ledest a life of living well?
“What baron, or squire, or knight of the shire
Lives half so well as a holy Fry—er?”
In doing well thou must be reckon’d
The first,—and Mrs. Fry the second;
And twice a Job,—for, in thy fev’rish toils,
Thou wast all over roasts—as well as boils.

Thou wast indeed no dunce,
To treat thy subjects and thyself at once:
Many a hungry poet eats
 His brains like thee,
 But few there be
Could live so long on their receipts.
 What living soul or sinner
 Would slight thy invitation to a dinner,
Ought with the Danaïdes to dwell,
 Draw gravy in a cullender, and hear
 For ever in his ear
The pleasant tinkling of thy dinner bell.

Immortal Kitchener! thy fame
 Shall keep itself when Time makes game
Of other men’s—yea, it shall keep, all weathers,
And thou shalt be upheld by thy pen feathers.

Yea, by the sauce of Michael Kelly!
Thy name shall perish never,
But be magnified for ever—
—By all whose eyes are bigger than their belly.

Yea, till the world is done—
—To a turn—and Time puts out the sun,
Shall live the endless echo of thy name.
But, as for thy more fleshy frame,
Ah! Death's carnivorous teeth will tittle
Thee out of breath, and eat it for cold victual;
But still thy fame shall be among the nations
Preserved to the last course of generations.

Ah me, my soul is touch'd with sorrow!
To think how flesh must pass away—
So mutton, that is warm to-day,
Is cold, and turn'd to hashes, on the morrow!
Farewell! I would say more, but I
Have other fish to fry.

STANZAS.

WRITTEN UNDER THE FEAR OF BAILIFFS.

ALAS! of all the noxious things
That wait upon the poor,
Most cruel is that Felon-Fear
That haunts the "Debtor's Door!"

Saint Sepulchre's begins to toll,
The Sheriffs seek the cell :—
So I expect their officers,
And tremble at the bell !

I look for *beer*, and yet I quake
With fright at every *tap* ;
And dread a *double-knock*, for oh !
I've not a *single rap* !

THE SUPPER SUPERSTITION.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

" O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified ! "—MERCUTIO.

'Twas twelve o'clock by Chelsea chimes,
When all in hungry trim,
Good Mister Jupp sat down to sup
With wife, and Kate, and Jim.

Said he, " Upon this dainty cod
How bravely I shall sup,"—
When, whiter than the table-cloth,
A GHOST came rising up !

“O, father dear, O mother dear,
Dear Kate, and brother Jim,—
You know when some one went to sea,—
Don’t cry—but I am him !

“You hope some day with fond embrace
To greet your absent Jack,
But oh, I am come here to say
I’m never coming back !

“From Alexandria we set sail,
With corn, and oil, and figs,
But steering ‘too much Sow,’ we struck
Upon the Sow and Pigs !

“The Ship we pump’d till we could see
Old England from the tops ;
When down she went with all our hands,
Right in the Channel’s Chops.

“Just give a look in Norey’s chart,
The very place it tells ;
I think it says twelve fathom deep,
Clay bottom, mix’d with shells.

“Well there we are till ‘hands aloft.’
We have at last a call ;
The pug I had for brother Jim,
Kate’s parrot too, and all.

“ But oh, my spirit cannot rest,
In Davy Jones’s sod,
Till I’ve appear’d to you and said,—
Don’t sup on that ’ere Cod !

“ You live on land, and little think
What passes in the sea ;
Last Sunday week, at 2 P. M.
That Cod was picking me !

“ Those oysters too, that look so plump,
And seem so nicely done,
They put my corpse in many shells,
Instead of only one.

“ O, do not eat those oysters then,
And do not touch the shrimps ;
When I was in my briny grave,
They suck’d my blood like imps !

“ Don’t eat what brutes would never eat,
The brutes I used to pat,
They’ll know the smell they used to smell,
Just try the dog and cat !”

The Spirit fled—they wept his fate,
And cried, Alack, alack !
At last up started brother Jim,
“ Let’s try if Jack was Jack !”

They call'd the Dog, they call'd the Cat,
And little Kitten too,
And down they put the Cod and sauce,
To see what brutes would do.

Old Tray lick'd all the oysters up,
Puss never stood at crimps,
But munch'd the Cod,—and little Kit
Quite feasted on the shrimps!

The thing was odd, and minus Cod
And sauce, they stood like posts;
O, prudent folks, for fear of hoax,
Put no belief in Ghosts!



LINES

TO A LADY ON HER DEPARTURE FOR INDIA.



Go where the waves run rather Holborn-hilly,
And tempests make a soda-water sea,
Almost as rough as our rough Piccadilly,
And think of me!

Go where the mild Madeira ripens *her* juice,—
A wine more praised than it deserves to be!
Go pass the Cape, just capable of ver-juice,
And think of me!

Go where the Tiger in the darkness prowleth,
Making a midnight meal of he and she ;
Go where the Lion in his hunger howleth,
And think of me !

Go where the Serpent dangerously coileth,
Or lies along at full length like a tree,
Go where the Sutte in her own soot broileth,
And think of me !

Go where with human notes the Parrot dealeth
In mono-*polly*-logue with tongue as free,
And like a woman, all she can revealeth,
And think of me !

Go to the land of muslin and nankeening,
And parasols of straw where hats should be,
Go to the land of slaves and palankeening,
And think of me !

Go to the land of Jungles and of vast hills,
And tall bamboos—may none *bamboozle* thee !
Go gaze upon their Elephants and Castles,
And think of me !

Go where a cook must always be a currier,
And parch the pepper'd palate like a pea,
Go where the fierce musquito is a worrier,
And think of me

Go where the maiden on a marriage plan goes,
Consign'd for wedlock to Calcutta's quay,
Where the woman goes for mart, the same as mangoes,
And think of me !

Go where the sun is very hot and fervent,
Go to the land of pagod and rupee,
Where every black will be your slave and servant,
And think of me !

THE CIGAR.

SOME sigh for this and that ;
My wishes don't go far ;
The world may wag at will,
So I have my cigar.

Some fret themselves to death
With Whig and Tory jar,
I don't care which is in,
So I have my cigar.

Sir John requests my vote,
And so does Mr. Marr ;
I don't care how it goes,
So I have my cigar.

THE CIGAR.

Some want a German row,
Some wish a Russian war •
I care not—I'm at peace,
So I have my cigar.

I never see the Post,
I seldom read the Star;
The Globe I scarcely heed,
So I have my cigar.

They tell me that Bank Stock
Is sunk much under par;
It's all the same to me,
So I have my cigar.

Honours have come to men
My juniors at the Bar;
No matter—I can wait,
So I have my cigar.

Ambition frets me not,
A cab or glory's car
Are just the same to me,
So I have my cigar.

I worship no vain gods,
But serve the household Lar;
I'm sure to be at home,
So I have my cigar.

I do not seek for fame,
A General with a scar ;
A private let me be,
So I have my cigar.

To have my choice among
The toys of life's bazaar,
The deuce may take them all
So I have my cigar.

Some minds are often tost
By tempests like a tar ;
I always seem in port,
So I have my cigar.

The ardent flame of love
My bosom cannot chra,
I smoke, but do not burn,
So I have my cigar.

They tell me Nancy Low
Has married Mr. R. ;
The jilt ! but I can live,
So I have my cigar.



HUGGINS AND DUGGINS.

A PASTORAL AFTER POPE.

Two swains or clowns—but call them swains—
While keeping flocks on Salisbury Plains,
For all that tend on sheep as drovers,
Are turned to songsters, or to lovers,
Each of the lass he call'd his dear,
Began to carol loud and clear.
First Huggins sang, and Duggins then,
In the way of ancient shepherd men ;
Who thus alternate hitch'd in song,
“ All things by turns, and nothing long.”

HUGGINS.

Of all the girls about our place,
There's one beats all in form and face ;
Search through all Great and little Bumpstead,
You'll only find one Peggy Plumstead.

DUGGINS.

To groves and streams I tell my flame
I make the cliffs repeat her name :
When I'm inspired by gills and noggins,
The rocks re-echo Sally Hoggins !

HUGGINS.

When I am walking in the grove,
I think of Peggy as I rove.
I'd carve her name on every tree,
But I don't know my A, B, C.

DUGGINS.

Whether I walk in hill or valley,
I think of nothing else but Sally.
I'd sing her praise, but I can sing
No song, except "God save the King."

HUGGINS.

My Peggy does all nymphs excel,
And all confess she bears the bell,—
Where'er she goes swains flock together,
Like sheep that follow the bellwether.

DUGGINS.

Sally is tall and not too straight,—
Those very poplar shapes I hate ;
But something twisted like an S,—
A crook becomes a shepherdess.

HUGGINS.

When Peggy's dog her arms imprison,
I often wish my lot was his;
How often I should stand and turn,
To get a pat from hands like hers.

DUGGINS.

I tell Sall's lambs how blest they be,
To stand about and stare at she ;
But when I look, she turns and shies,
And won't bear none but their sheep's-eyes !

HUGGINS.

Love goes with Peggy where she goes,—
Beneath her smile the garden grows ;
Potatoes spring, and cabbage starts,
'Tatoes have eyes, and cabbage hearts !

DUGGINS.

Where Sally goes it's always Spring,
Her presence brightens every thing ;
The sun smiles bright, but where her grin is,
It makes brass farthings look like guineas.

HUGGINS.

For Peggy I can have no joy,
She's sometimes kind, and sometimes coy,
And keeps me, by her wayward tricks,
As comfortless as sheep with ticks.

DUGGINS.

Sally is ripe as June or May,
And yet as cold as Christmas day ;
For when she's asked to change her lot,
Lamb's wool,—but Sally, she wool not.

HUGGINS.

Only with Peggy and with health,
 I'd never wish for state or wealth ;
 Talking of having health and more perce,
 I'd drink her health if I had fourpence.

DUGGINS.

Oh, how that day would seem to shine,
 If Sally's banns were read with mine ;
 She cries, when such a wish I carry,
 "Marry come up !" but will not marry.

 ODE TO MISS KELLY.

ON HER OPENING THE STRAND THEATRE.

O BETTY—I beg pardon—Fanny K. !
 (I was just thinking of your Betty Finnikin)—
 Permit me this to say,
 In quite a friendly way—
 I like your theatre, though but a minnikin ;
 For though small stages Kean dislikes to spout on,
 Renounce me if I don't agree with Dowton,
 The Minors are the Passions' proper schools.
 For me, I never can
 Find wisdom in the plan
 That keeps large reservoirs for little Pooles.

I like your boxes where the audience sit
A family circle ; and your little pit ;
I like your little stage, where you discuss
 Your pleasant bill of fare,
And show us passengers so rich and rare,
Your little stage seems quite an omnibus.

I like exceedingly your Parthian dame,
Dimly remembering dramatic codgers,
The ghost of Memory—the shade of Fame !—
Lord ! what a housekeeper for Mr. Rogers !
I like your savage, of a one-horse power ;
And Terence, done in Irish from the Latin ;
And sally—quite a kitchen-garden flower ;
And Mrs. Drake, serene in sky-blue satin !
I like your girl as speechless as a mummy—
 It shows you can play dummy !—
I like your boy, deprived of every gleam
Of light for ever—a benighted being !
And really think—though Irish it may seem—
 Your blindness is worth seeing.

I like your Governess ; and there's a striking
Tale of Two Brothers, that sets tears a-flowing—
 But I'm not going
All through the bill to tell you of my liking.
Suffice it, Fanny Kelly ! with your art
So much in love, like others I have grown,

I really mean myself to take a part
In "Free and Easy"—at my own bespeak—
And shall three times a week
Drop in and make your pretty house my own!

SONNET.—A SOMNAMBULIST.

"A Change came o'er the spirit of my dream."—BYRON.

METHOUGHT—for Fancy is the strangest gadder
When sleep all homely mundane ties hath riven—
Methought that I ascended Jacob's ladder,
With heartfelt hope of getting up to Heaven :
Some bell, I knew not whence, was sounding seven
When I set foot upon that long one-pair ;
And still I climbed when it had chimed eleven,
Nor yet of landing-place became aware ;
Step after step in endless flight seem'd there ;
But on, with steadfast hope, I struggled still,
To gain that blessed haven from all care,
Where tears are wiped, and hearts forget their ill,
When, lo ! I wakened on a sadder stair—
Tramp—tramp—tramp—tramp — upon the Brixton
Mill !

THE SUB-MARINE.

It was a brave and jolly wight,
His cheek was baked and brown,
For he had been in many climes
With captains of renown,
And fought with those who fought so well
At Nile and Camperdown.

His coat it was a soldier coat,
Of red with yellow faced,
But (merman-like) he look'd marine
All downward from the waist ;
His trowsers were so wide and blue,
And quite in sailor taste !

He put the rummer to his lips,
And drank a jolly draught ;
He raised the rummer many times—
And ever as he quaff'd,
The more he drank, the more the ship
Seem'd pitching fore and aft !

The ship seem'd pitching fore and aft,
As in a heavy squall ;
It gave a lurch and down he went,
Head-foremost in his fall !
Three times he did not rise, alas !
He never rose at all !

But down he went, right down at once
Like any stone he dived,
He could not see, or hear, or feel—
Of senses all deprived !
At last he gave a look around
To see where he arrived !

And all that he could see was green,
Sea-green on every hand !
And then he tried to sound beneath,
And all he felt was sand !
There he was fain to lie, for he
Could never sit nor stand !

And lo ! above his head there bent
A strange and staring lass !
One hand was in her yellow hair,
The other held a glass ;
A mermaid she must surely be
If ever mermaid was !

Her fish-like mouth was open'd wide.
Her eyes were blue and pale,
Her dress was of the ocean green,
When ruffled by a gale ;
Thought he "beneath that petticoat
She hides a salmon-tail ! "

She look'd as siren ought to look,
A sharp and bitter shrew,
To sing deceiving lullabies
For mariners to rue,—
But when he saw her lips apart,
It chill'd him through and through!

With either hand he stopp'd his ears
Against her evil cry;
Alas, alas, for all his care,
His doom it seem'd to die,
Her voice went ringing through his head
It was so sharp and high!

He thrust his fingers farther in
At each unwilling ear,
But still, in very spite of all,
The words were plain and clear;
“I can't stand here the whole day long,
To hold your glass of beer!”

With open'd mouth and open'd eyes,
Up rose the Sub-marine,
And gave a stare to find the sands
And deeps where he had been:
There was no siren with her glass
No waters ocean-green!

The wet deception from his eyes
Kept fading more and more,
He only saw the bar-maid stand
With pouting lip before—
The small green parlour of the Ship,
And little sanded floor !

TO MARY HOUSEMAID,

ON VALENTINE'S DAY.

MARY, you know I've no love-nonsense,
And, though I pen on such a day,
I don't mean flirting, on my conscience
Or writing in the courting way.

Though Beauty hasn't formed your feature,
It saves you, p'rhaps, from being vain,
And many a poor unhappy creature
May wish that she was half as plain.

Your virtues would not rise an inch,
Although your shape was two foot taller,
And wisely you let others pinch
Great waists and feet to make them smaller.

You never try to spare your hands
From getting red by household duty
But, doing all that it commands,
Their coarseness is a moral beauty.

Let Susan flourish her fair arms
And at your odd legs sneer and scoff,
But let her laugh, for you have charms
That nobody knows nothing of.



A PUBLIC DINNER.



AT seven you just nick it,
Give card—get wine ticket ;
Walk round through the Babel,
From table to table,
To find—a hard matter—
Your name in a platter ;
Your wish was to sit by
Your friend Mr. Whitby,
But Stewards' assistance
Has placed you at distance,
And thanks to arrangers,
You sit among strangers ;
But too late for mending ;
Twelve sticks come attending

A stick of a chairman,
A little dark spare man,
With bald shining nob,
'Mid Committee swell-mob ,
In short, a short figure,
You thought the duke bigger ;
Then silence is wanted,
Non Nobis is chanted ;
Then Chairman reads letter,
The Duke's a regretter,
A promise to break it,
But chair he can't take it ;
Is grieved to be from us,
But sends friend Sir Thomas,
And what is far better,
A cheque in the letter,
Hear ! hear ! and a clatter,
And there ends the matter.

Now soups come and fish in,
And C*** brings a dish in ;
Then rages the battle,
Knives clatter, forks rattle,
Steel forks with black handles,
Under fifty wax candles ;
Your soup-plate is soon full,
You sip just a spoonful.
Mr. Roe will be grateful
To send him a plateful ;

And then comes the waiter,
"Must trouble for tater;"
And then you drink wine off
With somebody—nine off;
Bucellas made handy,
With Cape and bad Brandy,
Or East India Sherry,
That's very hot—very.
You help Mr. Myrtle,
Then find your mock-turtle
Went off, while you lingered,
With waiter light-fingered.
To make up for gammon,
You order some salmon,
Which comes to your fauces
With boats without sauces.
You then make a cut on
Some Lamb big as Mutton;
And ask for some grass too,
But that you must pass too;
It served the first twenty,
But toast there is plenty.
Then, while lamb gets coldish,
A goose that is oldish—
At carving not clever—
You're begged to disserve,
And when you thus treat it,
Find no one will eat it.

So, hungry as glutton,
You turn to your mutton,
But—no sight for laughter—
The soup it's gone after.
Mr. Green then is very
Disposed to take Sherry,
And then Mr. Nappy
Will feel very happy ;
And then Mr. Conner
Requests the same honour ;
Mr. Clarke, when at leisure,
Will really feel pleasure ;
Then waiter leans over
To take off a cover
From fowls, which all beg of
A wing or a leg of ;
And while they all peck bone.
You take to a neck bone,
But even your hunger
Declares for a younger.
A fresh plate you call for,
But vainly you bawl for :
Now taste disapproves it,
No waiter removes jt.
Still hope, newly budding,
Relies on a pudding ;
But critics each minute
Set fancy agin it—

"That's queer Vermicelli."

"I say, Vizetelly,

There's glue in that jelly."

"Tarts bad altogether ;

That crust's made of leather."

"Some custard, friend Vesey ?"

"No—batter made easy."

"Some cheese, Mr. Foster ?"

"—Don't like single Glo'ster."

Meanwhile, to top table,

Like fox in the fable,

You see silver dishes,

With those little fishes,

The whitebait delicious

Borne past you officious ;

And hear rather plainish

A sound that's champagnish,

And glimpse certain bottles

Made long in the throttles :

And sniff—very pleasant !

Grouse, partridge, and pheasant,

And see mounds of ices

For patrons and vices,

Pine-apple, and bunches

Of grapes for sweet munches,

And fruits of all virtue

That really *desert* you.

You've nuts, but not crack ones,

Half empty, and black ones ;
With oranges sallow—
They can't be called yellow—
Some pippins well wrinkled,
And plums almond-sprinkled,
Some rout cakes and so on ;
Then with business to go on,
Long speeches are stutter'd,
And toasts are well butter'd,
While dames in the gallery,
All dressed in fallallery,
Look on at the mummery :
And listen to flummery.
Hip, hip ! and huzzaing.
And singing and saying,
Glees, catches, orations,
And lists of donations.
Hush ! a song, Mr. Tinney—
“ Mr. Benbow, one guinea ;
Mr. Frederick Manual,
One guinea—and annual.”
Song—Jockey and Jenny—
“ Mr. Markham, one guinea.”
“ Have you all filled your glasses? ”
Here's a health to good lasses.
The subscription still skinny—
“ Mr. Franklin—one guinea.”
Franklin looks like a ninny ;

“ Mr. Boreham, one guinea—
Mr. Blogg, Mr. Finney,
Mr. Tempest—one guinea,
Mr. Merrington—twenty,”
Rough music, in plenty.
Away toddles Chairman,
The little dark spare man,
Not sorry at ending,
With white sticks attending,
And some vain Tomnoddy
Votes in his own body
To fill the void seat up,
And get on his feet up,
To say, with voice squeaking,
“ Unaccustomed to speaking,”
Which sends you off seeking
Your hat, number thirty—
No coach—very dirty.
So, hungry and fever’d,
Wet-footed, spoilt-beaver’d,
Eyes aching in socket,
Ten pounds out of pocket,
To Brook-street the Upper
You haste home to supper.

THE SEA-SPELL.

"Cauld, cauld, he lies beneath the deep."—Old Scotch Ballad.

It was a jolly mariner !
The tallest man of three,—
He loosed his sail against the wind,
And turned his boat to sea :
The ink-black sky told every eye
A storm was soon to be !

But still that jolly mariner
Took in no reef at all,
For, in his pouch, confidently,
He wore a baby's caul ;
A thing, as gossip-nurses know,
That always brings a squall !

His hat was new,—or newly glaz'd
Shone brightly in the sun ;
His jacket, like a mariner's,
True blue as e'er was spun ;
His ample trowsers, like Saint Paul,
Bore forty stripes save one.

And now the fretting foaming tide
He steer'd away to cross ;
The bounding pinnacle play'd a game
Of dreary pitch and toss ;

A game that, on the good dry land,
Is apt to bring a loss !

Good Heaven befriend that little boat.
And guide her on her way !
A boat, they say, has canvas wings,
But cannot fly away,
Though, like a merry singing bird,
She sits upon the spray !

Still east by south the little boat,
With tawny sail, kept beating :
Now out of sight, between two waves,
Now o'er th' horizon fleeting :
Like greedy swine that feed on mast,
The waves her mast seem'd eating !

The sullen sky grew black above,
The waves as black beneath ;
Each roaring billow show'd full soon
A white and foamy wreath ;
Like angry dogs that snarl at first,
And then display their teeth.

The boatman looked against the wind,
The mast began to creak,
The wave, per saltum, came and dried,
In salt upon his check !
The pointed wave against him rear'd,
As if it own'd a pique !

Nor rushing wind, nor gushing wave,
That boatman could alarm,
But still he stood away to sea,
And trusted in his charm ;
He thought by purchase he was safe.
And arm'd against all harm !

Now thick and fast and far aslant,
The stormy rain came pouring,
He heard, upon the sandy bank,
The distant breakers roaring,—
A groaning intermitting sound,
Like Gog and Magog snoring !

The sea-fowl shriek'd around the mast,
Ahead the grampus tumbled,
And far off, from a copper cloud,
The hollow thunder rumbled ;
It would have quail'd another heart,
But his was never humbled.

For why? he had that infant's caul ;
And wherefore should he dread?
Alas! alas! he little thought,
Before the ebb-tide sped,
That like that infant, he should die,
And with a watery head !

The rushing brine flowed in apace ;
His boat had ne'er a deck ;
Fate seem'd to call him on, and he
Attended to her beck ;
And so he went, still trusting on,
Though reckless—to his wreck !

For as he left his helm, to heave
The ballast-bags a-weather,
Three monstrous seas come roaring on,
Like lions leagued together :
The two first waves the little boat
Swam over like a feather.—

The two first waves were past and gone,
And sinking in her wake ;
The hugest still came leaping on,
And hissing like a snake ;
Now helm a-lee ; for through the midst
The monster he must take !

Ah, me ! it was a dreary mount !
Its base as black as night,
Its top of pale and livid green,
Its crest of awful white,
Like Neptune with a leprosy,—
And so it rear'd upright !

With quaking sails, the little boat
Climb'd up the foaming heap ;
With quaking sails it paused awhile,
At balance on the steep ;
Then rushing down the nether slope,
Plunged with a dizzy sweep !

Look, how a horse, made mad with fear,
Disdains his careful guide ;
So now the headlong headstrong boat,
Unmanaged turns aside,
And straight presents her reeling flank
Against the swelling tide !

The gusty wind assaults the sail ;
Her ballast lies a-lee !
The sheet's to windward taut and stiff !
Oh ! the Lively—where is she ?
Her capsiz'd keel is in the foam,
Her pennon's in the sea !

The wild gull, sailing overhead,
Three times beheld emerge
The head of that bold mariner,
And then she screamed his dirge,
For he had sunk within his grave,
Lapp'd in a shroud of surge !

The ensuing wave, with horrid foam,
 Rush'd o'er and covered all,—
 The jolly boatman's drowning scream
 Was smother'd by the squall,—
 Heaven never heard his cry, nor did
 The ocean heed his *caul*.

THE STAG-EYED LADY.

A MOORISH TALE.

Scheherazade immediately began the following story :—

ALI BEN ALI (did you never read

His wondrous acts that chronicles relate,—
 How there was one in pity might exceed
 The sack of Troy?) magnificent he sate
 Upon the throne of greatness—great indeed,
 For those that he had under him were great—
 The horse he rode on, shod with silver nails,
 Was a Bashaw—Bashaws have horses' tails.

Ali was cruel—a most cruel one !

'Tis rumour'd he had strangled his own mother—
 Howbeit such deeds of darkness he had done,
 'Tis thought he would have slain his elder brother

And sister too—but happily that none
Did live within harm's length of one another,
Else he had sent the Sun in all its blaze
To endless night, and shorten'd the Moon's days.

Despotic power, that mars a weak man's wit,
And makes a bad man absolutely bad,
Made Ali wicked—to a fault :—'tis fit
Monarchs should have some check-strings ; but he
had
No curb upon his will—no, not a bit ;
Wherefore he did not reign well, and full glad
His slaves had been to hang him—but they falter'd,
And let him live unhang'd—and still unalter'd.

Until he got a sage bush of a beard,
Wherein an Attic owl might roost—a trail
Of bristly hair—that, honour'd and unshear'd,
Grew downward like old women and cow's tail :
Being a sign of age—some grey appear'd,
Mingling with duskier brown its warnings pale !
But yet not so poetic as when Time
Comes like Jack Frost, and whitens it in rime.

Ben Ali took the hint, and much did vex
His royal bosom that he had no son
No living child of the more noble sex,
To stand in his morocco shoes—not one

To make a negro-pollard—or tread necks
 When he was gone—doom'd, when his days were
 done,
To leave the very city of his fame
Without an Ali to keep up his name.

Therefore he chose a lady for his love,
 Singling from out the herd one stag-eyed dear ;
So called, because her lustrous eyes, above
 All eyes, were dark, and timorous, and clear ;
Then through his Muftis piously he strove,
 And drumm'd with proxy-prayers Mohammed's ear,
Knowing a boy for certain must come of it,
Or else he was not praying to his profit.

Beer will grow motherly, and ladies fair
 Will grow like beer ; so did that stag-eyed dame :
Ben Ali, hoping for a son and heir,
 Boyed up his hopes, and even chose a name
Of mighty hero that his child should bear ;
 He made so certain ere his chicken came :
But oh ! all worldly wit is little worth,
Nor knoweth what to-morrow will bring forth.

To-morrow came, and with to-morrow's sun
 A little daughter to this world of sins.
Miss-fortunes never come alone—so one
 Brought on another, like a pair of twins :

Twins! female twins! it was enough to stun
Their little wits and scare them from their skins,
To hear their father stamp, and curse and swear,
Pulling his beard because he had no heir.

Then strove their stag-eyed mother to calm down
This his paternal rage, and thus address :
“ Oh! Most Serene! why dost thou stamp and frown,
And box the compass of the royal chest?
Ah! thou wilt mar that portly trunk, I own
I love to gaze on!—Pr’ythee, thou hadst best
Pocket thy fists. Nay, love, if you so thin
Your beard, you’ll want a wig upon your chin!”

But not her words, nor e’en her tears, could slack
The quicklime of his rage, that hotter grew.
He called his slaves to bring an ample sack
Wherein a woman might be poked: a few
Dark grimly men felt pity and look’d black
At this sad order; but their slaveships knew
When any dared demur, his sword so bending
Cut off the “ head and front of their offending.”

For Ali had a sword, much like himself,
A crooked blade, guilty of human gore—
The trophies it had lopp’d from many an elf
Were stuck at his head-quarters by the score—

Nor yet in peace he laid it on the shelf,
But jested with it, and his wit cut sore ;
So that (as they of public houses speak)
He often did his dozen butts a week.

Therefore his slaves, with most obedient fears,
Came with the sack the lady to enclose ;
In vain from her stag-eyes " the big round tears
Coursed one another down her innocent nose ;"
In vain her tongue wept sorrow in their ears ;
Though there were some felt willing to oppose,
Yet when their heads came in their heads, that minute,
Though 'twas a piteous case, they put her in it.

And when the sack was tied, some two or three
Of these black undertakers slowly brought her
To a kind of Moorish Serpentine ; for she
Was doom'd to have a winding sheet of water.
Then farewell, earth—farewell to the green tree—
Farewell, the sun—the moon—each little daughter !
She's shot from off the shoulders of a black,
Like bag of Wall's-End from a coalman's back.

The waters oped, and the wide sack full-fill'd
All that the waters oped, as down it fell ;
Then closed the wave, and then the surface rill'd
A ring above her, like a water-knell ;

A moment more, and all its face was still'd,
And not a guilty heave was left to tell
That underneath its calm and blue transparence
A dame lay drown'd in her sack, like Clarence.

But heaven beheld, and awful witness bore,
The moon in black eclipse deceased that night,
Like Desdemona smother'd by the Moor ;
The lady's natal star with pale affright
Fainted and fell—and what were stars before,
Turn'd comets as the tail was brought to light ;
And all look'd downward on the fatal wave,
And made their own reflections on her grave.

Next night, a head—a little lady head,
Push'd through the waters a most glassy face,
With weedy tresses, thrown apart and spread,
Comb'd by live ivory, to show the space
Of a pale forehead, and two eyes that shed
A soft blue mist, breathing a bloomy grace
Over their sleepy lids ;—and so she raised
Her aqua-line nose above the stream, and gazed.

She oped her lips—lips of a gentle blush,
So pale, it seem'd near drown'd to a white,—
She oped her lips, and forth there sprang a gush
Of music bubbling through the surface light ;

The leaves are motionless, the breezes hush
To listen to the air—and through the night
There come these words of a most plaintive ditty,
Sobbing as they would break all hearts with pity :

THE WATER PERI'S SONG.

FAREWELL, farewell to my mother's own daughter,
The child that she wet-nursed is lapp'd in the wave!
The mussel-man coming to fish in this water,
Adds a tear to the flood that weeps over her grave.

This sack is her coffin, this water's her bier,
This greyish Bath cloak is her funeral pall,
And, stranger, O stranger! this song that you hear
Is her epitaph, elegy, dirges, and all !

Farewell, farewell to the child of Al Hassan,
My mother's own daughter—the last of her race—
She's a corpse, the poor body! and lies in this basin,
And sleeps in the water that washes her face.

TIM TURPIN.

TIM TURPIN he was gravel blind,
And ne'er had seen the skies :
For Nature when his head was made,
Forgot to dot his eyes.

So, like a Christmas pedagogue,
 Poor 'Tim was forc'd to do—
Look out for pupils, for he had
 A vacancy for two.

There's some have specs to help their sigh
 Of objects dim and small:
But Tim had *specks* within his eyes,
 And could not see at all.

Now 'Tim he woo'd a servant maid,
 And took her to his arms,
For he, like Pyramus, had cast
 A wall-eye on her charms.

By day she led him up and down
 Where'er he wished to jog,
A happy wife, altho' she led
 The life of any dog.

But just when Tim had liv'd a month
 In honey with his wife,
A surgeon ope'd his Milton eyes,
 Like oysters, with a knife.

But when his eyes were open'd thus,
 He wish'd them dark again:
For when he look'd upon his wife,
 He saw her very plain.

Her face was bad, her figure worse,
He couldn't bear to eat :
For she was anything but like
A Grace before his meat.

Now Tim he was a feeling man :
For when his sight was thick
It made him feel for every thing—
But that was with a stick.

So with a cudgel in his hand—
It was not light or slim—
He knock'd at his wife's head until
It open'd unto him.

And when the corpse was stiff and cold
He took his slaughter'd spouse,
And laid her in a heap with all
The ashes of her house.

But like a wicked murderer,
He liv'd in constant fear
From day to day, and so he cut
His throat from ear to ear.

The neighbours fetch'd a doctor in :
Said he, " This wound I dread
Can hardly be sew'd up—his life
Is hanging on a thread."

But when another week was gone,
He gave him stronger hope,
Instead of hanging on a thread
Of hanging on a rope.

Ah! when he hid his bloody work,
In ashes round about,
How little he supposed the truth,
Would soon be sifted out.

But when the parish dustman came,
His rubbish to withdraw,
He found more dust within the heap,
Than he contracted for!

A dozen men to try the fact,
Were sworn that very day;
But tho' they all were jurors, yet
No conjurors were they.

Said Tim unto those jurymen,
"You need not waste your breath,
For I confess myself at once,
The author of her death.

"And, oh! when I reflect upon
The blood that I have spilt,
Just like a button is my soul,
Inscrib'd with double *guilt*!"

Then turning round his head again,
He saw before his eyes,
A great judge, and a little judge,
The judges of a-size !

The great judge took his judgment cap,
And put it on his head,
And sentenc'd Tim by law to hang,
Till he was three times dead.

So he was tried, and he was hung
(Fit punishment for such)
On Horsham-drop, and none can say
It was a drop too much.

LINES BY A SCHOOL-BOY.

WHEN I was first a scholar, I went to Doctor Monk,
And elephant-like I had, sir, a cake put in my trunk ;
The Rev. Doctor Monk, sir, was very grave and prim,
He stood full six foot high, sir, and we all looked up to
him.

They didn't pinch and starve us, as here they do at
York,
For every boy was ask'd, sir, to bring a knife and fork.
And then I had a chum too, to fag and all of that,
I made him sum up my sums too, and eat up all my fat.

For goodness we had prizes, and birch for doing ill,
But none of the Birch that visits the bottom of Corn-
hill.

And we'd half a dozen ushers to teach us Latin and
Greek,

And all we'd got in our heads, sir, was combed out once
a week.

And then we had a shop, too, for lollipops and squibs,
Where I often had a lick, sir, at Buonaparty's ribs!
Oh! if I was at Clapham, at my old school again,
In the rod I could fancy honey, and sugar in the cane.



THE FORLORN SHEPHERD'S COMPLAINT.



"VELL! Here I am—no Matter how it suits
A-keeping Company with them dumb Brutes,
Old Park vos no bad Judge—confound his vig!
Of vot vood break the Sperrit of a Prig!

"The Like of Me, to come to New South Wales
To go a-tagging arter Vethers' Tails
And valk in Herbage as delights the Flock,
But stinks of Sweet Herbs vorser nor the Deck!

"To go to set this solitary Job
To Von whose Vork vos alway in a Mob!
It's out of all our Lines, for sure I am
Jack Shepherd even never kep a Lamb!

"I arn't ashamed to say I sit and weep
 To think of Seven Year of keepin Sheep,
 The spooniest Beasts in Nater, all to Sticks,
 And not a Votch to take for all their Ticks!

"If I'd fore-seed how Transports would turn out
 To only Baa! and Botanize about,
 I'd quite as leaf have had the t'other Pull,
 And come to Cotton as to all this Vool!

"Von only happy moment I have had
 Since here I come to be a Farmer's Cad,
 And then I cotch'd a vild Beast in a Snooze,
 And pick'd her Pouch of three young Kangaroos!

"Vot chance have I to go to Race or Mill?
 Or show a sneaking Kindness for a Till:
 And as for Vashings, on a hedge to dry,—
 I'd put the Natives' Linen in my Eye!

"If this whole Lot of Mutton I could scrag,
 And find a Fence to turn it into Swag,
 I'd give it all in Lonnon Streets to stand,
 And if I had my pick, I'd say the Strand!

"But ven I goes, as maybe vonce I shall,
 To my old Crib to meet with Jack, and Sal,
 I've been so gallows honest in this Place,
 I shan't not like to show my sheepish Face.

“It’s wery hard for nothing but a Box
Of Irish Blackguard to be keepin’ Flocks,
’Mong naked Blacks, sich Savages to hus
They’ve nayther got a Pocket nor a Pus.

“But Folks may tell their Troubles till they’re sick
To dumb brute Beasts,—and so I’ll cut my Stick!
And vot’s the Use a Feller’s Eyes to pipe
Vere von can’t borrow any Gemman’s Vipe?”

ADDRESS TO MARIA DARLINGTON

ON HER RETURN TO THE STAGE.

“It was Maria!—

And better fate did Maria deserve than to have her banns
forbid—

She had, since that, she told me, strayed as far as Rome, and
walked round St. Peter’s once—and returned back—.”

See the whole story in Sterne and the newspapers.

THOU art come back again to the stage

Quite as blooming as when thou didst leave it;
And ’tis well for this fortunate age

That thou didst not, by going off, grieve it!
It is pleasant to see thee again—

Right pleasant to see thee, by Herclé,
Unmolested by pea-colour’d Hayne!

And free from that thou-and-thee Berkeley!

Thy sweet foot, my Foote, is as light
 (Not *my* Foote—I speak by correction)
 As the snow on some mountain at night,
 Or the snow that has long on thy neck shone.
 The pit is in raptures to free thee,
 The Boxes impatient to greet thee,
 The Galleries quite clam'rous to see thee,
 And thy scenic relations to meet thee !

Ah, where was thy sacred retreat ?
 Maria ! ah, where hast thou been,
 With thy two little wandering Feet,
 Far away from all peace and pea-green !
 Far away from Fitzhardinge the bold,
 Far away from himself and his lot !
 I envy the place thou hast stroll'd,
 If a stroller thou art—which thou'rt not !

Sterne met thee, poor wandering thing,
 Methinks, at the close of the day—
 When thy Billy had just slipp'd his string,
 And thy little dog quite gone astray—
 He bade thee to sorrow no more—
 He wish'd thee to lull thy distress
 In his bosom—he couldn't do more,
 And a Christian could hardly do less !

Ah, me ! for thy small plaintive pipe
 I fear we must look at thine eye—
 That eye—forced so often to wipe
 That the handkerchief never got dry !
 Oh sure 'tis a barbarous deed
 To give pain to the feminine mind—
 But the wooer that left thee to bleed
 Was a creature more killing than kind !

The man that could tread on a worm
 Is a brute—and inhuman to boot ;
 But he merits a much harsher term
 That can wantonly tread on a Foote !
 Soft mercy and gentleness blend
 To make up a Quaker—but he
 That spurn'd thee could scarce be a *Friend*,
 Though he dealt in that Thou-ing of thee !

They that loved thee, Maria, have flown !
 The friends of the midsummer hour !
 But those friends now in anguish atone,
 And mourn o'er thy desolate bow'r.
 Friend Hayne, the Green Man, is quite out,
 Yea, utterly out of his bias ;
 And the faithful Fitzhardinge, no doubt,
 Is counting his Ave Marias !

Ah, where wast thou driven away
To feast on thy desolate woe?
We have witness'd thy weeping in play,
But none saw the earnest tears flow—
Perchance thou wert truly forlorn,—
Though none but the fairies could mark
Where they hung upon some Berkeley thorn,
Or the thistles in Burderop Park !

Ah, perhaps, when old age's white snow
Has silver'd the crown of Hayne's nob—
For even the greenest will grow
As hoary as "White-headed Bob—"
He'll wish, in the days of his prime,
He had been rather kinder to one
He hath left to the malice of Time—
A woman—so weak and undone !

MARY'S GHOST.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

'Twas in the middle of the night,
To sleep young William tried,
When Mary's ghost came stealing in,
And stood at his bed-side.

O William dear ! O William dear !
My rest eternal ceases ;
Alas ! my everlasting peace
Is broken into pieces.

I thought the last of all my cares
Would end with my last minute ;
But tho' I went to my long home,
I didn't stay long in it.

The body-snatchers they have come,
And made a snatch at me ;
It's very hard them kind of men
Won't let a body be !

You thought that I was buried deep,
Quite decent like and chary,
But from her grave in Mary-bone
They've come and boned your Mary.

The arm that used to take your arm
Is took to Dr. Vyse ;
And both my legs are gone to walk
The hospital at Guy's.

I vow'd that you should have my hand,
But fate gives us denial ;
You'll find it there, at Doctor Bell's,
In spirits and a phial.

As for my feet, the little feet
You used to call so pretty,
There's one, I know, in Bedford Row,
The t'other's in the city.

I can't tell where my head is gone,
But Doctor Carpue can:
As for my trunk, it's all pack'd up
To go by Pickford's van.

I wish you'd go to Mr. P.
And save me such a ride!
I don't half like the outside place,
They've took for my inside.

The cock it crows—I must be gone!
My William, we must part!
But I'll be yours in death, altho'
Sir Astley has my heart.

Don't go to weep upon my grave,
And think that there I be;
They haven't left an atom there
Of my anatomy.

EPIGRAM.

CHARM'D with a drink which Highlanders compose,
A German traveller exclaim'd with glee,—
“Potztausend! sare, if dis is Athol! Brose,
How goot dere Athol Boetry must be!”

ODE TO JOSEPH GRIMALDI, SENIOR.

“This fellows's wise enough to play the fool,
And to do that well craves a kind of wit.”
Twelfth Night.

JOSEPH! they say thou'st left the stage,
To toddle down the hill of life,
And taste the flannell'd ease of age,
Apart from pantomimic strife—
“Retired—[for Young would call it so]—
The world shut out”—in Pleasant Row!

And hast thou really wash'd at last
From each white cheek the red half-moon!
And all thy public Clownship cast,
To play the private Pantaloon?
All youth—all ages yet to be
Shall have a heavy miss of thee!

Thou didst not preach to make us wise—
Thou hadst no finger in our schooling—
Thou didst not “lure us to the skies”—
Thy simple, simple trade was—Fooling!

238 ODE TO JOSEPH GRIMALDI, SENIOR.

And yet, Heav'n knows! we could—we can
Much “better spare a better man!”

Oh, had it pleased the gout to take
The reverend Croly from the stage,
Or Southey, for our quiet's sake,
Or Mr. Fletcher, Cupid's sage,
Or, damme! namby pamby Poole,—
Or any other clown or fool!

Go, Dibdin—all that bear the name,
Go Byeway Highway man! go! go!
Go, Skeffy—man of painted fame,
But leave thy partner, painted Joe!
I could bear Kirby on the wane,
Or Signor Paulo with a sprain!

Had Joseph Wilfred Parkins made
His grey hairs scarce in private peace—
Had Waithman sought a rural shade—
Or Cobbett ta'en a turnpike lease—
Or Lisle Bowles gone to *Balaam Hill*—
I think I could be cheerful still!

Had Medwin left off, to his praise,
Dead-lion-kicking, like a—friend!—
Had long, long Irving gone his ways
To muse on death at *Ponder's End*—
Or Lady Morgan taken leave
Of letters—still I might not grieve!

But, Joseph—everybody's Joe!—
Is gone—and grieve I will and must!
As Hamlet did for Yorick, so
Will I for thee (though not yet dust),
And talk as he did when he miss'd
The kissing-crust that he had kiss'd!

Ah, where is now thy rolling head!
Thy winking, reeling, *drunken* eyes,
(As old Catullus would have said,)
Thy oven-mouth, that swallow'd pies—
Enormous hunger—monstrous drouth!—
Thy pockets greedy as thy mouth!

Ah, where thy ears, so often cuff'd!—
Thy funny, flapping, filching hands!—
Thy partridge body, always stuff'd
With waifs, and strays, and contrabands!—
Thy foot—like Berkeley's *Footie*—for why?
'Twas often made to wipe an eye!

Ah, where thy legs—that witty pair!
For “great wits jump”—and so did they!
Lord! how they leap'd in lamplight air!
Caper'd—and bounced—and strode away!—
That years should tame the legs—alack!
I've seen spring through an Almanack!

240 ODE TO JOSEPH GRIMALDI, SENIOR

But bounds will have their bound—the skcohs
Of Time will cramp the nimblest toes ;
And those that frisk'd in silken clocks
May look to limp in fleecy hose—
One only—(Champion of the ring)
Could ever make his Winter—Spring !

And gout, that owns no odds between
The toe of Czar and toe of Clown,
Will visit—but I did not mean
To moralize, though I am grown
Thus sad,—Thy going seem'd to beat
A muffled drum for Fun's retreat !

And, may be—'tis no time to smother
A sigh, when two prime wags of London
Are gone—thou, Joseph one,—the other,
A Joe!—"sic transit gloria *Munden* !"
A third departure some insist on,—
Stage-apoplexy threatens Liston !—

Nay, then, let Sleeping Beauty sleep
With ancient "*Dozey*" to the dregs—
Let Mother Goose wear mourning deep,
And put a hatchment o'er her eggs !
Let Farley weep—for Magic's man
Is gone—his Christmas Caliban !

Let Kemble, Forbes, and Willet rain,
 As though they walk'd behind thy bier,—
 For since thou wilt not play again,
 What matters,—if in heav'n or here!
 Or in thy grave, or in thy bed!—
 There's *Quick* might just as well be dead!

Oh, how will thy departure cloud
 The lamplight of the little breast!
 The Christmas child will grieve aloud
 To miss his broadest friend and best,—
 Poor urchin! what avails to him
 The cold New Monthly's *Ghost of Grimm*?

For who like thee could ever stride!
 Some dozen paces to the mile!
 The motley, medley coach provide—
 Or like Joe Frankenstein compile
 The *vegetable man* complete!—
 A proper *Covent Garden* feat!

Oh, who like thee could ever drink,
 Or eat,—swill—swallow—bolt—and choke!
 Nod, weep, and hiccup—sneeze and wink?—
 Thy very yawn was quite a joke!
 Though Joseph, Junior, acts not ill.
 "There's no Fool like the old Fool" still!

242 ODE TO R. W. ELLISTON, ESQ.

Joseph, farewell ! dear funny Joe !
We met with mirth,—we part in pain !
For many a long, long year must go
Ere Fun can see thy like again—
For Nature does not keep great stores
Of perfect Clowns—that are not *Boors* !

ODE TO R. W. ELLISTON, ESQ.,

THE GREAT LESSEE !

“ROVER. Do you know, you villain, that I am this moment
the greatest man living ?”—*Wild Oats*.

OH ! Great Lessee ! Great Manager ! Great Man !
Oh, Lord High Elliston ! Immortal Pan
Of all the pipes that play in Drury Lane !
Macready's master ! Westminster's high *Dane*
(As Galway Martin, in the House's walls,
Hamlet and Doctor Ireland justly calls)
Friend to the sweet and ever-smiling Spring !
Magician of the lamp and prompter's ring !
Drury's Aladdin ! Whipper-in of actors !
Kicker of rebel preface-malefactors !
Glass-blowers' corrector ! King of the cheque-taker !
At once Great Leamington and Winston-Maker !
Dramatic Bolter of plain Bunns and cakes !
In silken *bosc* the most reform'd of *Rakes* !

Oh, Lord High Elliston ! lend me an ear !
 (Poole is away, and Williams shall keep clear)
 While I, in little slips of prose, not verse,
 Thy splendid course, as pattern-work, rehearse !

Bright was thy youth—thy manhood brighter still—
 The greatest Romeo upon Holborn Hill—
 Lightest comedian of the present day,
 When Jordan threw her sunshine o'er a play !
 But these, though happy, were but subject-times,
 And no man cares for bottom-steps, that climbs—
 Far from my wish it is to stifle down
 The hours that saw thee snatch the Surrey crown !
 Though now thy hand a mightier sceptre wields,
 Fair was thy reign in sweet St. George's Fields.
 Dibdin was *Premier*—and a Golden *Age*
 For a short time enrich'd the subject stage.
 Thou hadst, than other Kings, more peace-and-plenty ;
 Ours but one Bench could boast, but thou hadst twenty ;
 But the times changed—and Booth-acting no more
 Drew Rulers' shillings to the gallery door.
 Thou didst, with bag and baggage, wander thence,
 Repentant, like thy neighbour Magdalens !

Next, the Olympic Games were tried, each feat
 Practised the most bewitching in Wych Street.
 Charles had his royal ribaldry restored,
 And in a downright neighbourhood drank and whored ;

Rochester there in dirty ways again
 Revell'd—and lived once more in Drury Lane :
 But thou, R. W., kept thy moral ways,
 Pit-lecturing 'twixt the farces and the plays,
 A lamplight Irving to the butcher-boys
 That soil'd the benches and that made a noise :—
 “You,—in the back !—can scarcely hear a line !
 Down from those benches—butchers—they are MINE ! ”

Lastly—and thou wert built for it by nature !
 Crown'd was thy head in Drury Lane Théâtre !
 Gentle George Robins saw that it was good,
 And renters cluck'd around thee in a brood.
 King thou wert made of Drury and of Kean !
 Of many a lady and of many a Queen !
 With Poole and Larpent was thy reign begun—
 But now thou turnest from the Dead and Dun,
 Hook's in thine eye, to write thy plays, no doubt,
 And Colman lives to cut the damnlets out !

Oh, worthy of the house ! the King's commission !
 Isn't thy condition “a most bless'd condition ? ”
 Thou reignest over Winstan, Kean, and all
 The very lofty and the very small—
 Showest the plumbless Bunn the way to kick—
 Keepest a Williams for thy veriest stick—
 Seest a Vestris in her sweetest moments,
 Without the danger of newspaper comments—

Tellest Macready, as none dared before,
 Thine open mind from the half-open door!—
 (Alas! I fear he has left Melpomene's crown,
 To be a Boniface in Buxton town!)—
 Thou holdst the watch, as half-price people know,
 And callest to them, to a moment,—“Go!”
 Teachest the sapient Sapio how to sing—
 Hangest a cat most oddly by the wing—
 Hast known the length of a Cubitt-foot—and kiss'd
 The pearly whiteness of a Stephen's wrist—
 Kissing and pitying—tender and humane!
 “By heaven she loves me! Oh, it is too plain!”
 A sigh like this thy trembling passion slips,
 Dimpling the warm Madeira at thy lips!

Go on, Lessee! Go on, and prosper well!
 Fear not, though forty glass-blowers should rebel—
 Show them how thou hast long befriended them,
 And teach Dubois *their* treason to condemn!
 Go on! addressing pits in prose—and worse!
 Be long, be slow, be anything but terse—
 Kiss to the gallery the hand that's gloved—
 Make Bunn the Great, and Winston the Beloved,
 Go on—and but in this reverse the thing,
 Walk backward with wax lights before the King—
 Go on! Spring ever in thine eye! Go on!
 Hope's favourite child! ethereal Elliston!

SHOOTING PAINS.

“The charge is prepared.”—MACHEATE.

IF I shoot any more I'll be shot,
For ill-luck seems determined to star me,
 I have march'd the whole day
 With a gun,—for no pay—
Zounds, I'd better have been in the army !

What matters Sir Christopher's leave ;
To his manor I'm sorry I came yet !
 With confidence fraught,
 My two pointers I brought,
But we are not a point towards game yet !

And that gamekeeper too, with advice,
Of my course he has been a nice chalker,
 Not far, were his words,
 I could go without birds :
If my legs could cry out, they'd cry “Walker !”

Not Hawker could find out a flaw,—
My appointments are modern and Mantony,
 And I've brought my own man,
 To mark down all he can,
But I can't find a mark for my Antony !

The partridges,—where can they lie?
I have promised a leash to Miss Jervas,
 As the least I could do ;
 But without even two
To brace me,—I'm getting quite nervous !

To the pheasants—how well they're preserved !
My sport's not a jot more beholden,
 As the birds are so shy,
 For my friends I must buy ;—
And so send " silver pheasants and golden."

I have tried ev'ry form for a hare,
Every patch, every furze that could shroud her,
 With toil unrelax'd,
 Till my patience is tax'd,
But I cannot be taxed for hare-powder.

I've been roaming for hours in three flats
In the hope of a snipe for a snap at ;
 But still vainly I court
 The percussioning sport,
I find nothing for " setting my cap at !"

A woodcock,—this month is the time,—
Right and left I've made ready my lock for,
 With well-loaded double,
 But spite of my trouble,
Neither barrel can I find a cock for !

A rabbit I should not despise,
But they lurk in their burrows so lowly
 This day's the eleventh,
 It is not the seventh,
But they seem to be keeping it hole-y.

For a mallard I've waded the marsh,
And haunted each pool, and each lake—oh !
 Mine is not the luck,
 To obtain thee, O Duck,
Or to doom thee, O Drake, like a Draco !

For a field-fare I've fared far a-field,
Large or small I am never to sack bird,
 Not a thrush is so kind
 As to fly, and I find
I may whistle myself for a black-bird !

I am angry, I'm hungry, I'm dry,
Disappointed, and sullen, and goaded,
 And so weary an elf,
 I am sick of myself,
And with Number One seem overloaded.

As well one might beat round St. Paul's,
And look out for a cock or a hen there,
 I have search'd round and round
 All the Baronet's ground,
But Sir Christopher hasn't a wren there !

Joyce may talk of his excellent caps,
But for nightcaps they set me desiring,
 And it's really too bad,
 Not a shot I have had
With Hall's Powder, renown'd for "quick firing."

If this is what people call sport,
Oh! of sporting I can't have a high sense,
 And there still remains one
 More mischance on my gun—
"Fined for shooting without any license."

JACK HALL.

'Tis very hard when men forsake
This melancholy world, and make
A bed of turf, they cannot take
 A quiet doze,
But certain rogues will come and break
 Their "bone" repose.

'Tis hard we can't give up our breath,
And to the earth our earth bequeath,
Without Death-Fetches after death,
 Who thus exhume us;
And snatch us from our homes beneath,
 And hearths posthumous.

The tender lover comes to rear
The mournful urn, and shed his tear—
Her glorious dust, he cries, is here !
 Alack ! Alack !
The while his Sacharissa dear
 Is in a sack !

'Tis hard one cannot lie amid
The mould, beneath a coffin-lid,
But thus the Faculty will bid
 Their rogues break through it,
If they don't want us there, why did
 They send us to it ?

One of these sacrilegious knaves,
Who crave as hungry vulture craves,
Behaving as the goul behaves,
 'Neath church-yard wall—
Mayhap because he fed on graves,
 Was nam'd Jack Hall.

By day it was his trade to go
Tending the black coach to and fro ;
And sometimes at the door of woe,
 With emblems suitable,
He stood with brother Mute, to show
 That life is mutable.

But long before they pass'd the ferry,
The dead that he had help'd to bury,
He sack'd—(he had a sack to carry
The bodies off in)
In fact, he let them have a very
Short fit of coffin.

Night after night, with crow and spade,
He drove this dead but thriving trade,
Meanwhile his conscience never weigh'd
A single horsehair ;
On corses of all kinds he prey'd,
A perfect corsair !

At last—it may be, Death took spite,
Or, jesting only, meant to fright—
He sought for Jack night after night
The churchyards round ;
And soon they met, the man and sprite,
In Pancras' ground.

Jack, by the glimpses of the moon,
Perceiv'd the bony knacker soon,
An awful shape to meet at noon
Of night and lonely ;
But Jack's tough courage did but swoon
A minute only.

Anon he gave his spade a swing
Aloft, and kept it brandishing,
Ready for what mishaps might spring
From this conjunction ;
Funking indeed was quite a thing
Beside his function.

“Hollo!” cried Death, “d’ye wish your sands
Run out? the stoutest never stands
A chance with me,—to my commands
The strongest truckles ;
But I’m your friend—so let’s shake hands,
I should say—knuckles.”

Jack, glad to see th’ old sprite so sprightly
And meaning nothing but uprightly,
Shook hands at once, and, bowing slightly,
His mull did proffer :
But Death, who had no nose, politely
Declin’d the offer.

Then sitting down upon a bank,
Leg over leg, shank over shank,
Like friends for conversation frank,
That had no check on:
Quoth Jack unto the Lean and Lank,
“ You’re Death, I reckon.”

The Jaw-bone grinn'd :— " I am that same,
You've hit exactly on my name ;
In truth it has some little fame

Where burial sod is."

Quoth Jack, (and wink'd), " of course ye came
Here after bodies."

Death grinn'd again and shook his head :—

" I've little business with the dead ;

When they are fairly sent to bed

I've done my turn :

Whether or not the worms are fed

Is your concern.

" My errand here, in meeting you,

Is nothing but a ' how-d'ye do ; '

I've done what jobs I had—a few

Along this way ;

If I can serve a crony too,

I beg you'll say."

Quoth Jack, " Your Honour's very kind :

And now I call the thing to mind,

This parish very strict I find ;

But in the next 'un

There lives a very well-inclined

Old sort of sexton."

Death took the hint, and gave a wink
As well as eyelet holes can blink ;
Then stretching out his arm to link
The other's arm,—
“Suppose,” says he, “we have a drink
Of something warm.”

Jack nothing loth, with friendly ease
Spoke up at once:—“Why, what ye please ;
Hard by there is the Cheshire Cheese,
A famous tap.”
But this suggestion seem'd to tease
The bony chap.

“No, no—your mortal drinks are heady,
And only make my hand unsteady ;
I do not even care for Deady,
And loathe your rum ;
But I've some glorious brewage ready,
My drink is—Mum !”

And off they set, each right content—
Who knows the dreary way they went ?
But Jack felt rather faint and spent,
And out of breath ;
At last he saw, quite evident,
The Door of Death.

All other men had been unmann'd
To see a coffin on each hand,
That served a skeleton to stand
By way of sentry ;
In fact, Death has a very grand
And awful entry.

Throughout his dismal sign prevails,
His name is writ in coffin nails ;
The mortal darts make area rails ;
A skull that mocketh,
Grins on the gloomy gate, and quails
Whoever knocketh.

And lo ! on either side, arise
Two monstrous pillars—bones of thighs ;
A monumental slab supplies
The step of stone,
Where waiting for his master lies
A dog of bone.

The dog leapt up, but gave no yell,
The wire was pull'd, but woke no bell,
The ghastly knocker rose and fell,
But caused no riot ;
The ways of Death, we all know well
Are very quiet.

Old Bones stept in ; Jack stepp'd behind
Quoth Death, " I really hope you'll find
The entertainment to your mind,
As I shall treat ye—
A friend or two of goblin kind,
I've asked to meet ye."

And lo! a crowd of spectres tall,
Like jack-a-lanterns on a wall,
Were standing—every ghastly ball—
An eager watcher.
" My friend," says Death—" friends, Mr. Hall,
The body-snatcher."

Lord, what a tumult it produced,
When Mr. Hall was introduced !
Jack even, who had long been used
To frightful things,
Felt just as if his back was sluic'd
With freezing springs !

Each goblin face began to make
Some horrid mouth—ape—gorgon—snake ;
And then a spectre-hag would shake
An airy thigh-bone ;
And cried, (or seem'd to cry,) I'll break
Your bone, with *my* bone!

Some ground their teeth—some seem'd to spit—
(Nothing, but nothing came of it,)
A hundred awful brows were knit
 In dreadful spite.
Thought Jack—"I'm sure I'd better quit
 Without good night."

One skip and hop and he was clear,
And running like a hunted deer,
As fleet as people run by fear
 Well spurr'd and whipp'd,
Death, ghosts, and all in that career
 Were quite outstripp'd.

But those who live by death must die;
Jack's soul at last prepared to fly;
And when his latter end drew nigh,
 Oh! what a swarm
Of doctors came,—but not to try
 To keep him warm.

No ravens ever scented prey
So early where a dead horse lay,
Nor vultures sniff'd so far away
 A last convulse:
A dozen "guests" day after day
 Were "at his pulse."

'Twz strange, altho' they got no fees,
How still they watch'd by twos and threes
But Jack a very little ease
Obtain'd from them ;
In fact he did not find M. D.'s
Worth one D—M.

The passing bell with hollow toll
Was in his thought—the dreary hole !
Jack gave his eyes a horrid roll,
And then a cough :—
“ There's something weighing on my soul
I wish was off ;

“ All night it roves about my brains,
All day it adds to all my pains,
It is concerning my remains
When I am dead : ”
Twelve wigs and twelve gold-headed canes
Drew near his bed.

“ Alas ! ” he sigh'd, “ I'm sore afraid
A dozen pangs my heart invade ;
But when I drove a certain trade
In flesh and bone,
There was a little bargain made
About my own.”

Twelve suits of black began to close,
Twelve pair of sleek and sable hose,
Twelve flowing cambric frills in rows,
At once diew round ;
Twelve noses turn'd against his nose,
Twelve snubs profound.

“ Ten guineas did not quite suffice,
And so I sold my body twice ;
Twice did not do—I sold it thrice,
Forgive my crimes !
In short I have received its price
A dozen times ! ”

Twelve brows got very grim and black,
Twelve wishes stretched him on the rack,
Twelve pair of hands for fierce attack
Took up position,
Ready to share the dying Jack
By long division.

Twelve angry doctors wrangled so,
That twelve had struck an hour ago,
Before they had an eye to throw
On the departed ;
Twelve heads turn'd round at once, and lo !
Twelve doctors started.

Whether some comrade of the dead,
Or Satan took it in his head
To steal the corpse—the corpse had fled !
’Tis only written,
That “ *there was nothing in the bed*
But twelve were bitten ! ”

AN ADDRESS TO THE VERY REVEREND
JOHN IRELAND, D.D.

“ Sure the Guardians of the Temple can never think they get
enough.”

Citizen of the World,

Oh, very reverend Dean and Chapter,
Exhibitors of giant men,
Hail to each surplice-back’d adapter
Of England’s dead, in her stone den !
Ye teach us properly to prize
Two-shilling Grays, and Gays, and Handels,
And, to throw light upon our eyes,
Deal in Wax Queens like old wax candles.

Oh, reverend showmen, rank and file,
Call in your shillings, two and two ;
March with them up the middle aisle,
And cloister them from public view.

Yours surely are the dusty dead,
Gladly ye look from bust to bust,
And set a price on each great head,
And make it come down with the dust.

Oh, as I see you walk along
In ample sleeves and ample back,
A pursy and well-order'd throng,
Thoroughly fed, thoroughly black !
In vain I strive me to be dumb,—
You keep each bard like fatted kid,
Grind bones for bread like Eee-faw-fum !
And drink from skulls as Byron did !

The profitable Abbey is
A sacred 'Change for stony stock,
Not that a speculation 'tis—
The profit's founded on a rock.
Death and the Doctors in each name
Bony investments have inurn'd,
And hard 'twould be to find a grave
From which "no money is return'd !"

Here many a pensive pilgrim, brought
By reverence for those learn'd bones,
Shall often come and walk your short
Two-shilling fare upon the stones.—

262 ADDRESS TO REV. J. IRELAND, D.D.

Ye have that talisman of Wealth
Which puddling chemists sought of old
Till ruin'd out of hope and health—
The Tomb's the stone that turns to gold!

Oh, licensed cannibals, ye eat
Your dinners from your own dead race,
Think Gray, preserved—a “tuneral meat,”
And Dryden, devill'd, after grace,
A relish ;—and you take your meal
From Rare Ben Jonson underdone,
Or, whet your holy knives on Steele,
'To cut away at Addison!

Oh say, of all this famous age,
Whose learn'd bones your hopes expect,
Oh have ye number'd Rydal's sage,
Or Moore among your Ghosts elect?
Lord Byron was not doom'd to make
You richer by his final sleep—
Why don't ye warn the Great to take
Their ashes to no other heap!

Southey's reversion have ye got?
With Coleridge, for his body, made
A bargain?—has Sir Walter Scott,
Like Peter Schlemihl, sold his shade?

Has Rogers haggled hard, or sold
His features for your marble shows,
Or Campbell barter'd, ere he's cold,
All interest in his "*bone* repose?"

Rare is your show, ye righteous men
Priestly Politos,—rare, I ween;
But should ye not outside the Den
Paint up what in it may be seen?
A long green Shakespeare, with a deer
Grasp'd in the many folds it died in,—
A Butler stuff'd from ear to ear,
Wet White Bears weeping o'er a Dryden!

Paint Garrick up like Mr. Paap,
A Giant of some inches high;
Paint Handel up, that organ chap,
With you, as grinders, in his eye;
Depict some plaintive antique thing,
And say th' original may be seen;—
Blind Milton with a dog and string
May be the Beggar o' Bethnal Green!

Put up in Poet's Corner, near
The little door, a platform small;
Get t'ere a monkey—never fear,
You'll catch the gapers, one and all!

Stand, each of ye, a Body Guard,
 A Trumpet under either fin,
 And vell away in Paiaace Yard
 "All dead? All dead! Walk in! Walk in!"

(But when the people are inside,
 Their money paid—I pray you, bid
 The keepers not to mount and ride
 A race around each coffin lid.—
 Poor Mrs. Bodkin thought, last year,
 That it was hard—the woman clacks—
 To have so little in her ear—
 And be so hurried through the Wax!—)

"Walk in! two shillings only! come!
 Be not by country grumblers funk'd!—
 Walk in, and see th' illustrious dumb,
 The Cheapest House for the defunct!"
 Write up, 'twill breed some just reflection,
 And every rude surmise 'twill stop—
 Write up, that you have no connection—
 (In large)—with any other shop!

And still, to catch the Clowns the more,
 With samples of your shows in Wax,
 Set some old Harry near the door
 To answer queries with his *axe*.—

Put up some general begging-trunk—
Since the last broke by some mishap,
You've all a bit of general Monk,
From the respect you bore his Cap!

THE WEE MAN.

A ROMANCE.

It was a merry company,
And they were just afloat,
When lo! a man, of dwarfish span,
Came up and hail'd the boat.

“ Good morrow to ye, gentle folks,
And will you let me in?
A slender space will serve my case,
For I am small and thin.”

They saw he was a dwarfish man,
And very small and thin;
Not seven such would matter much,
And so they took him in.

They laugh'd to see his little hat,
With such a narrow brim;
They laugh'd to note his dapper coat
With skirts so scant and trim.

But barely had they gone a mile,
When, gravely, one and all,
At once began to think 'the man
Was not so very small.

His coat had got a broader skirt,
His hat a broader brim,
His leg grew stout, and soon plump'd out
A very proper limb,

Still on they went, and as they went,
More rough the billows grew,—
And rose and fell, a greater swell,
And he was swelling too !

And lo ! where room had been for seven,
For six there scarce was space !
For five !—for four !—for three !—Not more
Than two could find a place !

There was not even room for one !
They crowded by degrees—
Aye—closer yet, till elbows met,
And knees were jogging knees.

“ Good sir, you must not sit a-stern,
The wave will else come in ! ”
Without a word he gravely stirr'd,
Another seat to win.

“ Good sir, the boat has lost her trim,
You must not sit a-lee ! ”
With smiling face and courteous grace,
The middle seat took he.

But still, by constant quiet growth,
His back became so wide,
Each neighbour wight, to left and right,
Was thrust against the side.

Lord ! how they chided with themselves,
That they had let him in ;
To see him grow so monstrous now,
That came so small and thin.

On every brow a dew-drop stood,
They grew so scared and hot,—
“ I’ the name of all that’s great and tall,
Who are ye, sir, and what ? ”

Loud laugh’d the Gogmagog, a laugh
As loud as giant s roar—
“ When first I came, my proper name
Was Little—now I’m *Moore* ! ”

PLAYING AT SOLDIERS.

“WHO’LL SERVE THE KING?”

AN ILLUSTRATION.

WHAT little urchin is there never
Hath had that early scarlet fever,
Of martial trapp’ings caught?
Trappings well ca’n’d—because they trap
And catch full many a country chap
To go where fields are fought!

What little urchin with a rag
Hath never made a little flag,
(Our plate will show the manner,)
And wooed each tiny neighbour still,
Tommy or Harry, Dick or Will,
To come beneath the banner!

Just like that ancient shape of mist,
In Hamlet, crying, “’List, O ’list!”
Come, who will serve the king,
And strike frog-eating Frenchman dead
And cut off Boneyparty’s head?—
And all that sort of thing.

So used I, when I was a boy,
To march with military toy,
And ape the soldier’s life;—

And with a whistle or a hum,
I thought myself a Duke of Drum
At least, or Earl of Fife.

With gun of tin and sword of lath,
Lord! how I walk'd in glory's path
With regimental mates,
By sound of trump and rub-a-dubs—
To 'siege the washhouse—charge the tubs—
Or storm the garden gates

Ah me! my retrospective soul!
As over memory's muster-roll
I cast my eyes anew.
My former comrades all the while
Rise up before me, rank and file,
And form in dim review.

Ay, there they stand, and dress in line,
Lubbock, and Fenn, and David Vine,
And dark "Jamaeky Forde!"
And limping Wood, and "Cockey Hawes,"
Our captain always made, because
He had a *real* sword!

Long Lawrence, Natty Smart, and Soame,
Who said he had a gun at home,
But that was all a brag;

Ned Ryder, too, that used to sham
A prancing horse, and big Sam Lamb
That *would* hold up the flag !

Tom Anderson, and "Dunny White,"
Who never right-abouted right,
For he was deaf and dumb ;
Jack Pike, Jem Crack, and Sandy Gray,
And Dickey Bird, that wouldn't play
Unless he had the drum.

And Peter Holt, and Charley Jepp.
A chap that never kept the step—
No more did "Surly Hugh ;"
Bob Harrington, and "Fighting Jim"—
We often had to halt for him,
To let him tie his shoe.

"Quarrelsome Scott," and Martin Dick,
That kill'd the bantam cock, to stick
The plumes within his hat ;
Bill Hook, and little Tommy Grout
That got so thump'd for calling out
"Eyes right!" to "Squinting Matt."

Dan Simpson, that, with Peter Dodd,
Was always in the awkward squad,
And those two greedy Blakes,

That took our money to the fair
To buy the corps a trumpet there,
And laid it out in cakes.

Where are they now?—an open war
With open mouth declaring for?—
Or fall'n in bloody fray?
Compell'd to tell the truth I am,
Their fights all ended with the sham,—
'Their soldiership in play.

Brave Soame sends cheeses out in trucks,
And Martin sells the cock he plucks,
And Jepp now deals in wine;
Harrington bears a lawyer's bag,
And warlike Lamb retains his flag,
But on a tavern sign.

They tell me Cocky Hawes's sword
Is seen upon a broker's board:
And as for "Fighting Jim,"
In Bishopsgate, last Whitsuntide.
His unresisting neck I spied
Beneath a quaker brim!

Quarrelsome Scott is in the church,
For Ryder now your eye must search
The marts of silk and lace—

Bird's drums are fill'd with figs, and mute,
 And I—I've got a substitute
 To Soldier in my place!



LOVE.



O Love! what art thou, Love? the ace of hearts,
 Trumping earth's kings and queens, and all its suits;
 A player, masquerading many parts
 In life's odd carnival;—a boy that shoots,
 From ladies' eyes, such mortal woundy darts;
 A gardener, pulling heart's-ease up by the roots;
 The Puck of Passion—partly false—part real—
 A marriageable maiden's "beau ideal."

O Love! what art thou, Love? a wicked thing,
 Making green misses spoil their work at school?
 A melancholy man, cross-gartering?
 Grave ripe-faced wisdom made an April fool?
 A youngster tilting at a wedding-ring?
 A sinner, sitting on a cuttie stool?
 A Ferdinand de Something in a hovel,
 Helping Matilda Rose to make a novel?

O Love! what art thou, Love? one that is bad
 With palpitations of the heart—like mine—
 A poor bewilder'd maid, making so sad
 A necklace of her garters—fell design!

A poet, gone unreasonably mad,
Ending his sonnets with a hempen line?
O Love!—but whither, now? forgive me, pray;
I'm not the first that Love hath led astray.

THE DUEL.

A SERIOUS BALLAD.

“Like the two Kings of Brentford smelling at one nosegay.”

IN Brentford town of old renown,
There lived a Mister Bray,
Who fell in love with Lucy Bell,
And so did Mr. Clay.

To see her ride from Hammersmith,
By all it was allow'd,
Such fair outsides are seldom seen,
Such Angels on a Cloud.

Said Mr. Bray to Mr. Clay,
“You choose to rival me,
And court Miss Bell, but there your court
No thoroughfare shall be.

“ Unless you now give up your suit,
You may repent your love ;
I who have shot a pigeon match,
Can shoot a turtle dove.

“ So pray before you woo her more,
Consider what you do ,
If you pop aught to Lucy Bell,—
I’ll pop it into you.”

Said Mr. Clay to Mr. Bray,
“ Your threats I quite explode ;
One who has been a volunteer,
Knows how to prime and load.

“ And so I say to you unless
Your passion quiet keeps,
I who have shot and hit bulls’ eyes,
May chance to hit a sheep’s.”

Now gold is oft for silver changed,
And that for copper red ;
But these two went away to give
Each other change for lead.

But first they sought a friend a-piece,
This pleasant thought to give—
When they were dead, they thus should have
Two seconds still to live.

To measure out the ground not long
The seconds then forbore,
And having taken one rash step
They took a dozen more.

They next prepared each pistol-pan
Against the deadly strife,
By putting in the prime of death
Against the prime of life.

Now all was ready for the foes,
But when they took their stands,
Fear made them tremble so they found
They both were shaking hands.

Said Mr. C. to Mr. B.,
“Here one of us may fall,
And like St. Paul’s Cathedral now,
Be doom’d to have a ball,

“I do confess I did attach
Misconduct to your name ;
If I withdraw the charge, will then
Your ramrod do the same ?”

Said Mr. B., “I do agree—
But think of Honour’s Courts !
If we go off without a shot,
There will be strange reports.

“But look, the morning now is bright,
Though cloudy it begun;
Why can't we aim above, as if
We had call'd out the sun?”

So up into the harmless air,
Their bullets they did send;
And may all other duels have
That upshot in the end!



MY SON AND HEIR.



My mother bids me bind my heir,
But not the trade where I should bind;
To place a boy—the how and where—
It is the plague of parent-kind!

She does not hint the slightest plan,
Nor what indentures to endorse;
Whether to bind him to a man,—
Or, like Mazeppa, to a horse.

What line to choose of likely rise,
To something in the Stocks at last,—
“Fast bind, fast find,” the proverb cries,
I find I cannot bind so fast!

A Statesman James can never be ;
A Tailor ?—there I only learn
His chief concern is cloth, and he
Is always cutting his concern.

A Seedsman ?—I'd not have him so
A Grocer's plum might disappoint ;
A Butcher ?—no, not that—although
I hear “ the times are out of joint ! ”

Too many of all trades there be,
Like Pedlars, each has such a pack ;
A merchant selling coals ?—we see
The buyer send to cellar back.

A Hardware dealer ?—that might please,
But if his trade's foundation leans
On spikes and nails, he won't have ease
When he retires upon his means.

A Soldier ?—there he has not nerves ;
A Sailor seldom lays up pelf :
A Baker ?—no, a baker serves
His customer before himself.

Dresser of hair ?—that's not the sort ;
A joiner jars with his desire—
A Churchman ?—James is very short,
And cannot to a church aspire.

A Lawyer?—that's a hardish term!
A Publisher might give him ease,
If he could into Longman's firm,
Just plunge at once "in medias Rees."

A shop for pot, and pan, and cup,
Such brittle Stock I can't advise;
A Builder running houses up,
Their gains are stories—may be lies;

A Coppersmith I can't endure—
Nor petty Usher A, B, C-ing;
A Publican? no father, sure,
Would be the author of his being!

A Paper-maker?—come he must
To rags before he sells a sheet—
A Miller?—all his toil is just
To make a meal—he does not eat.

A Currier?—that by favour goes—
A Chandler gives me great misgiving—
An Undertaker?—one of those
That do not hope to get their living.

Three Golden Balls?—I like them not;
An Auctioneer I never did—
The victim of a slavish lot,
Obliged to do as he is bid!

A Broker watching fall and rise
Of Stock?—I'd rather deal in stone,—
A Printer?—there his toils comprise
Another's work beside his own.

A Cooper?—neither I nor Jim
Have any taste or turn for that,—
A Fish-retailer?—but with him,
One part of trade is always flat.

A Painter?—long he would not live,—
An Artist's a precarious craft—
In trade Apothecaries give,
But very seldom take, a draught.

A Glazier?—what if he should smash!
A Crispin he shall not be made—
A Grazier may be losing cash,
Although he drives a "roaring trade."

Well, something must be done! to look
On all my little works around—
James is too big a boy, like book,
To leave upon the shelf unbound.

But what to do?—my temples ache
From evening's dew till morning's pearl,
What course to take my boy to make—
Oh could I make my boy—a girl!

JOHN TROT.

A BALLAD.

JOHN TROT he was as tall a lad
As York did ever rear—
As his dear Granny used to say,
He'd make a grenadier.

A serjeant soon came down to York
With ribbons and a frill :
"My Lads," said he, "let broadcast be,
And come away to drill."

But when he wanted John to 'list,
In war he saw no fun,
Where what is called a raw recruit
Gets often over-done.

"Let others carry guns," said he,
"And go to war's alarms,
But I have got a shoulder-knot
Impos'd upon my arms."

For John he had a footman's place
To wait on Lady Wye—
She was a dumpy woman, tho' .
Her family was high.

Now when two years had past away,
Her Lord took very ill,
And left her to her widowhood,
Of course more dumpy still.

Said John, "I am a proper man,
And very tall to see ;
Who knows, but now her Lord is low,
She may look up to me ?

"A cunning woman told me once,
Such fortune would turn up ;
She was a kind of sorceress,
But studied in a cup !"

So he walk'd up to Lady Wye,
And took her quite amazed,—
She thought, tho' John was tall enough,
He wanted to be raised.

But John—for why ? she was a dame
Of such a dwarfish sort—
Had only come to bid her make
Her mourning very short.

Said he, "Your Lord is dead and cold,
You only cry in vain ;
Not all the Cries of London now,
Could call him back again !

“ You’ll soon have many a noble beau,
To dry your noble tears—
But just consider this, that I
Have follow’d you for years.

“ And tho’ you are above me far,
What matters high degree,
When you are only four foot nine,
And I am six foot three?

“ For tho’ you are of lofty race,
And I’m a low-born elf;
Yet none among your friends could say,
You matched beneath yourself.”

Said she, “ Such insolence as this
Can be no common case;
Tho’ you are in my service, sir,
Your love is out of place.”

“ O Lady Wye! O Lady Wye!
Consider what you do;
How can you be so short with me,
I am not so with you!”

Then ringing for her serving men,
They show’d him to the door;
Said they, “ You turn out better now,
Why didn’t you before?”

They stripp'd his coat, and gave him kicks
For all his wages due ;
And off, instead of green and gold,
He went in black and blue.

No family would take him in,
Because of this discharge ;
So he made up his mind to serve
The country all at large.

Huzza ! the Serjeant cried, and put
The money in his hand,
And with a shilling cut him off
From his paternal land.

For when his regiment went to fight
At Saragossa town,
A Frenchman thought he look'd too tall,
And so he cut him down !

DOG-GREL VERSES, BY A POOR BLIND,

"Hark ! hark ! the dogs do bark,
The beggars are coming . . ."—OLD BALLAD.

OH what shall I do for a dog ?
Of sight I have not got a particle,
Globe, Standard, or Sun,
Times, Chronicle—none
Can give *me* a good leading article,

A Mastiff once led me about,
But people appeared so to fear him—
I might have got pence
Without his defence,
But Charity would not come near him.

A Blood-hound was not much amiss,
But instinct at last got the upper ;
And tracking Bill Soames,
And thieves to their homes,
I never could get home to supper.

A Fox-hound once served me as guide,
A good one at hill and at valley ;
But day after day
He led me astray,
To follow a milk-woman's tally.

A turnspit once did me good turns
At going and crossing, and stopping ;
Till one day his breed
Went off at full speed,
To spit at a great fire in Wapping.

A pointer once pointed my way,
But did not turn out quite so pleasant.
Each hour I 'd a stop
At a Poulterer's shop
To point at a very high pheasant.

A Pug did not suit me at all,
The feature unluckily rose up ;
And folks took offence
When offering pence,
Because of his turning his nose up.

A Butcher once gave me a dog,
That turn'd out the worst one of any ;
A Bull dog's own pup,
I got a toss up,
Before he had brought me a penny.

My next was a Westminster Dog,
From Aistrop the regular cadger ;
But, sightless, I saw
He never would draw
A blind man so well as a badger.

A greyhound I got by a swop,
But, Lord ! we soon came to divorces .
He treated my strip
Of cord like a slip,
And left me to go my own courses.

A poodle once tow'd me along,
But always we came to one harbour ,
To keep his curls smart,
And shave his hind part,
He constantly call'd on a barber.

My next was a Newfoundland brute,
As big as a calf fit for slaughter ;
But my old cataract
So truly he back'd
I always fell into the water.

I once had a sheep-dog for guide,
His worth did not value a button ;
I found it no go,
A Smithfield Ducrow,
To stand on four saddles of mutton.

My next was an Esquimaux dog,
A dog that my bones ache to talk on,
For picking his ways
On cold frosty days
He pick'd out the slides for a walk on.

Bijou was a lady-like dog,
But vex'd me at night not a little,
When tea-time was come
She would not go home,
Her tail had once trail'd a tin kettle.

I once had a sort of a Shock,
And kiss'd a street post like a brother,
And lost every tooth
In learning this truth—
One blind cannot well lead another.

A terrier was far from a trump,
He had one defect, and a thorough,
I never could stir,
'Od rabbit the cur!
Without going into the Borough.

My next was Dalmatian, the dog!
And led me in danger, oh crikey!
By chasing horse heels,
Between carriage wheels,
Till I came upon boards that were spiky.

The next that I had was from Cross,
And once was a favourite spaniel
With Nero, now dead,
And so I was led
Right up to his den like a Daniel.

A mongrel I tried, and he did,
As far as the profit and lossing,
Except that the kind
Endangers the blind,
The breed is so fond of a crossing.

A setter was quite to my taste,
In alleys or streets broad or narrow,
Till one day I met
A very dead set,
At a very dead horse in a barrow.

I once had a dog that went mad,
 And sorry I was that I got him;
 I came to a ruin,
 And a man with a gun
 Pepper'd *me* when he ought to have shot him.

My profits have gone to the dogs.
 My trade has been such a deceiver,
 I fear that my aim
 Is a mere losing game,
 Unless I can find a Retriever.



"THE LAST MAN."



'Twas in the year two thousand and one.
 A pleasant morning of May,
 I sat on the gallows-tree all alone,
 A-chanting a merry lay,—
 To think how the pest had spared my life,
 To sing with the larks that day!—

When up the heath came a jolly knave,
 Like a scarecrow, all in rags:
 It made me crow to see his old duds
 All abroad in the wind, like flags:—
 So up he came to the timbers' foot
 And pitch'd down his greasy bags.—

Good Lord ! how blythe the old beggar was !
 At pulling out his scraps,—
 The very sight of his broken orts
 Made a work in his wrinkled chaps :
 “Come down,” says he, “you Newgate-bird,
 And have a taste of my snaps !”

Then down the rope, like a tar from the mast,
 I slided, and by him stood ;
 But I wish’d myself on the gallows again
 When I smelt that beggar’s food,—
 A foul beef-bone and a mouldy crust ;—
 “Oh !” quoth he, “the heavens are good !”

Then after this grace he cast him down :
 Says I, “You’ll get sweeter air
 A pace or two off, on the windward side,”—
 For the felon’s bones lay there—
 But he only laugh’d at the empty skulls,
 And offer’d them part of his fare.

“I never harm’d *them*, and they won’t harm me ;
 Let the proud and the rich be cravens !”
 I did not like that strange beggar man,
 He look’d so up at the heavens.
 Anon he shook out his empty old poke ;
 “There’s the crumbs,” saith he, “for the ravens !

It made me angry to see his face,
It had such a jesting look ;
But while I made up my mind to speak,
A small case-bottle he took :
Quoth he, “ Though I gather the green water-cress,
My drink is not of the brook ! ”

Full manners-like he tender'd the dram ;
Oh, it came of a dainty cask !
But, whenever it came to his turn to pull,
“ Your leave, good Sir, I must ask ;
But, I always wipe the brim with my sleeve,
When a hangman sups at my flask ! ”

And then he laugh'd so loudly and long,
The churl was quite out of breath ;
I thought the very Old One was come
To mock me before my death,
And wish'd I had buried the dead men's bones
That were lying about the heath !

But the beggar gave me a jolly clap—
“ Come, let us pledge each other,
For all the wide world is dead beside,
And we are brother and brother—
“ I've a yearning for thee in my heart,
As if we had come of one mother.

“I’ve a yearning for thee in my heart
That almost makes me weep,
For as I pass’d from town to town
The folks were all stone-asleep,—
But when I saw thee sitting aloft,
It made me both laugh and leap !”

Now a curse (I thought) be on his love,
And a curse upon his mirth,—
An it were not for that beggar man
I’d be the King of the earth,—
But I promised myself, an hour should come
To make him rue his birth !—

So down we sat and boused again
Till the sun was in mid-sky,
When, just as the gentle west-wind came,
We hearken’d a dismal cry ;
“Up, up, on the tree,” quoth the beggar man,
“Till these horrible dogs go by !”

And, lo ! from the forest’s far-off skirts,
They came all yelling for gore,
A hundred hounds pursuing at once,
And a panting hart before,
Till he sunk adown at the gallows’ foot
And there his haunches they tore !

His haunches they tore, without a horn
To tell when the chase was done ;
And there was not a single scarlet coat
To flaunt it in the sun !—
I turn'd, and look'd at the beggar man,
And his tears dropt one by one !

And with curses sore he chid at the hounds,
Till the last dropt out of sight,
Anon saith he, “ let's down again,
And ramble for our delight,
For the world's all free, and we may choose
A right cozy barn for to-night ! ”

With that, he set up his staff on end,
And it fell with the point due West ;
So we fared that way to a city great,
Where the folks had died of the pest—
It was fine to enter in house and hall,
Wherever it liked me best ;—

For the porters all were stiff and cold,
And could not lift their heads ;
And when we came where their masters lay,
The rats leapt out of the beds :—
The grandest palaces in the land
Were as free as workhouse sheds.

But the beggar man made a mumping face,
And knock'd at every gate :
It made me curse to hear how he whined,
So our fellowship turn'd to hate,
And I bade him walk the world by himself,
For I scorn'd so humble a mate !

So *he* turn'd right and *I* turn'd left,
As if we had never met ;
And I chose a fair stone house for myself,
For the city was all to let ;
And for three brave holidays drank my fill
Of the choicest that I could get,

And because my jerkin was coarse and worn ;
I got me a properer vest ;
It was purple velvet, stitch'd o'er with gold,
And a shining star at the breast,—
'Twas enough to fetch old Joan from her grave
To see me so purely drest !—

But Joan was dead and under the mould,
And every buxom lass ;
In vain I watch'd, at the window pane,
For a Christian soul to pass ;—
But sheep and kine wander'd up the street,
And browsed on the new-come grass.—

When lo ! I spied the old beggar man,
And lustily he did sing !—
His rags were lapp'd in a scarlet cloak,
And a crown he had like a King ;
So he stept right up before my gate
And danced me a saucy fling !

Heaven mend us all !—but, within my mind,
I had kill'd him then and there ;
To see him lording so braggart-like
That was born to his beggar's fare,
And how he had stolen the royal crown
His betters were meant to wear.

But God forbid that a thief should die
Without his share of the laws !
So I nimbly whipt my tackle out,
And soon I tied up his claws,—
I was judge myself, and jury, and all,
And solemnly tried the cause.

But the beggar man would not plead, but cried
Like a babe without its corals,
For he knew how hard it is apt to go
When the law and a thief have quarrels,—
There was not a Christian soul alive
To speak a word for his morals.

Oh, how gaily I doff'd my costly gear,
And put on my work-day clothes ;
I was tired of such a long Sunday life,—
And never was one of the sloths ;
But the beggar man grumbled a weary deal,
And made many crooked mouths.

So I haul'd him off to the gallows' foot,
And blinded him in his bags ;
'Twas a weary job to heave him up,
For a doom'd man always lags ;
But by ten of the clock he was off his legs
In the wind and airing his rags !

So there he hung and there I stood,
The LAST MAN left alive,
To have my own will of all the earth :
Quoth I, “ now I shall thrive ! ”
But when was ever honey made
With one bee in a hive !

My conscience began to gnaw my heart,
Before the day was done,
For the other men's lives had all gone out,
Like candles in the sun !—
But it seem'd as if I had broke, at last,
A thousand necks in one !

So I went and cut his body down,
To bury it decentlie ;—
God send there were any good soul alive
To do the like by me !
But the wild dogs came with terrible speed,
And bay'd me up the tree !

My sight was like a drunkard's sight,
And my head began to swim,
To see their jaws all white with foam,
Like the ravenous ocean-brim ;—
But when the wild dogs trotted away
Their jaws were bloody and grim !

Their jaws were bloody and grim, good Lord !
But the beggar man, where was he ?—
There was nought of him but some ribbons of rags
Below the gallows' tree !—
I know the Devil, when I am dead,
Will send his hounds for me !—

I've buried my babies one by one,
And dug the deep hole for Joan,
And cover'd the faces of kith and kin,
And felt the old churchyard stone
Go cold to my heart, full many a time,
But I never felt so lone !

For the lion and Adam were company,
And the tiger him beguiled ;
But the simple kine are foes to my life,
And the household brutes are wild.
If the veriest cur would lick my hand,
I could love it like a child !

And the beggar man's ghost besets my dream,
At night, to make me madder,—
And my wretched conscience, within my breast,
Is like a stinging adder ;—
I sigh when I pass the gallows' foot,
And look at the rope and ladder !

For hanging looks sweet,—but, alas ! in vain,
My desperate fancy begs,—
I must turn my cup of sorrows quite up,
And drink it to the dregs,—
For there is not another man alive,
In the world, to pull my legs !



“ UP THE RHINE.”



WHY, Tourist, why
With passports have to do ?
Pr'ythee stay at home and pass
The Port and Sherry too

THE BOY AT THE NORE.

Why, Tourist, why
 Embark for Rotterdam?
 Pr'ythee stay at home and take
 Thy Hollands in a dram.

Why, Tourist, why
 To foreign climes repair?
 Pr'ythee take thy German Flute,
 And breathe a German air.

Why, Tourist, why
 The Seven Mountains view?
 Any one at home can tint
 A hill with Prussian Blue.

Why, Tourist, why
 To old Colonia's walls?
 Sure, to see a *Wrenish* Dome,
 One needn't leave St. Paul's.

 THE BOY AT THE NORE.

"Alone I did it!—Boy!"—CORIOLANUS.

I SAY, little Boy at the Nore,
 Do you come from the small Isle of Man?
 Why, your history a mystery must be,—
 Come tell us as much as you can,
 Little Boy at the Nore!

You live it seems wholly on water,
Which your Gambier calls living in clover;—
But how comes it, if that is the case,
You're eternally half seas over,—
Little Boy at the Nore !

While you ride—while you dance—while you float—
Never mind your imperfect orthography ;—
But give us as well as you can,
Your watery auto-biography,
Little Boy at the Nore ?

LITTLE BOY AT THE NORE LOQUITUR.

I'm the tight little Boy at the Nore,
In a sort of sea negus I dwells ;
Half and half 'twixt saltwater and Port,
I'm reckon'd the first of the swells—
I'm the Boy at the Nore !

I lives with my toes to the flounders,
And watches through long days and nights ;
Yet, cruelly eager, men look—
To catch the first glimpse of my lights—
I'm the Boy at the Nore.

I never gets cold in the head,
So my life on salt water is sweet,—
I think I owes much of my health,
To being well used to wet feet—
As the Boy at the Nore.

There's one thing, I'm never in debt :
Nay !—I liquidates more than I *oughter* ;
So the man to beat Cits as goes by,
In keeping the head above water,
Is the Boy at the Nore.

I've seen a good deal of distress,
Lots of Breakers in Ocean's Gazette ;
They should do as I do—rise o'er all ;
Aye, a good floating capital get,
Like the Boy at the Nore !

I'm a'ter the sailor's own heart,
And cheers him, in deep water rolling ;
And the friend of all friends to Jack Junk,
Ben Backstay, Tom Pipes, and Tom Bowling.
Is the Boy at the Nore !

Could I e'er but grow up, I'd be off
For a week to make love with my wheedles ;
If the tight little Boy at the Nore
Could but catch a nice girl at the Needles,
We'd have *two* at the Nore !

They thinks little of sizes on water,
On big waves the tiny one skulks,—
While the river has Men of War on it—
Yes—the Thames is oppress'd with Great Hulks,
And the Boy's at the Nore !

But I've done—for the water is heaving
 Round my body, as though it would sink it !
 And I've been so long pitching and tossing,
 That sea-sick—you'd hardly now think it—
 Is the Boy at the Nore!

THE COMET.

AN ASTRONOMICAL ANECDOTE.

“I cannot fill up a blank better than with a short history of
 this self-same *Starling*.—STERNE'S SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY,

AMONGST professors of astronomy,
 Adepts in the celestial economy,
 The name of H*****'s very often cited ;
 And justly so, for he is hand and glove
 With ev'ry bright intelligence above ;
 Indeed, it was his custom so to stop,
 That once upon a time he got be-knighted
 In his observatory thus coquetting
 With Venus—or with Juno gone astray.
 All sublunary matters quite forgetting
 In his flirtations with the winking stars,
 Acting the spy—it might be upon Mars—
 A new André ;

Or, like a Tom of Coventry, sly peeping,
At Dian sleeping ;
Or ogling thro' his glass
Some heavenly lass
Tripping with pails along the Milky Way ;
Or Looking at that Wain of Charles the Martyr's :—
Thus he was sitting, watchman of the sky,
When lo ! a something with a tail of flame
Made him exclaim,
“ *My* stars ! ”—he always puts that stress on *my*—
“ *My* stars and garters ! ”

“ A comet, sure as I'm alive !
A noble one as I should wish to view ;
It can't be Halley's though, *that* is not due
Till eighteen thirty-five.
Magnificent !—how fine his fiery trail !
Zounds ! 'tis a pity, though he comes unsought—
Unask'd—unreckon'd,—in no human thought—
He ought—he ought—he ought
To have been caught
With scientific salt upon his tail ! ”

“ I look'd no more for it, I do declare,
Than the Great Bear !
As sure as Tycho Brahe is dead,
It really enter'd in my head
No more than Berenice's Hair ! ”

Thus musing, Heaven's Grand Inquisitor
Sat gazing on the uninvited visitor
Till John, the serving-man, came to the upper
Regions, with "Please your Honour, come to supper."

"Supper! good John, to-night I shall not sup
Except on that phenomenon—look up!"
"Not sup!" cried John, thinking with consternation
That supping on a *star* must be *starvation*,
Or ev'n to batten
On Ignes Fatui would never fatten.
His visage seem'd to say, "that very odd is,"
But still his master the same tune ran on,
"I can't come down,—go to the parlour, John
And say I'm supping with the heavenly bodies."

"The heavenly bodies!" echoed John, "Ahem!"
His mind still full of famishing alarms,
"'Zooks, if your Honour sups with *them*,
In helping, somebody must make long arms!"
He thought his master's stomach was in danger,
But still in the same tone replied the Knight,
"Go down, John, go, I have no appetite
Say I'm engaged with a celestial stranger."—
Quoth John, not much au fait in such affairs,
"Wouldn't the stranger take a bit down stairs?"

“No,” said the master, smiling and no wonder,
At such a blunder,
“The stranger is not quite the thing you think,
He wants no meat or drink,
And one may doubt quite reasonably whether
He has a mouth,
Seeing his head and tail are join’d together,
Behold him,—there he is, John, in the South.”

John look’d up with his portentous eyes,
Each rolling like a marble in its socket.
At last the fiery tad-pole spies.
And, full of Vauxhall reminiscence, cries,
“A rare good rocket!”

“A what! A rocket, John! Far from it!
What you behold, John, is a comet,
One of those most eccentric things
That in all ages
Have puzzled sages
And frighten’d kings;
With fear of change that flaming meteor, John
Perplexes sovereigns, througout its range”—
“Do he?” cried John;
“Well, let him flare on,
I haven’t got no sovereigns to change!”

MORE HULLAH-BALOO.

“ Loud as from numbers without number.”—MILTON.

“ You may do it extempore, for it’s nothing but roaring.”

QUINCE.

AMONGST the great inventions of this age,
Which ev’ry other century surpasses,
Is one,—just now the rage,—
Call’d “ Singing for all Classes ”—
That is, for all the British millions,
And billions,
And quadrillions,
Not to name *Quintilians*,
That now, alas ! have no more ear than asses,
To learn to warble like the birds in June,
In time and tune,
Correct as clocks, and musical as glasses !

In fact, a sort of plan,
Including gentleman as well as yokel,
Public or private man,
To call out a militia,—only Vocal
Instead of Local,
And not designed for military follies,
But keeping still within the civil border,
To form with mouths in open order,
And sing in volleys.

Whether this grand harmonic scheme
Will ever get beyond a dream,
And tend to British happiness and glory,
Maybe no, and maybe yes,
Is more than I pretend to guess—
However, here's my story.

In one of those small, quiet streets,
Where business retreats,
To shun the daily bustle and the noise
The shoppy Strand enjoys,
But Law, Joint-Companies, and Life Assurance
Find past endurance—
In one of those back streets, to Peace so dear,
The other day, a ragged wight
Began to sing with all his might,
"I have a silent sorrow here!"

The place was lonely ; not a creature stirr'd
Except some little dingy bird ;
Or vagrant cur that sniff'd along,
Indifferent to the Son of Song ;
No truant errand-boy, or Doctor's lad,
No idle filch or lounging cad,
No Pots encumber'd with diurnal beer,
No printer's devil with an author's proof,
Or housemaid on an errand far aloof,
Linger'd the tatter'd melodist to hear—

Who yet, confound him ! bawl'd as loud
As if he had to charm a London crowd,

Singing beside the public way,
Accompanied—instead of violin,
Flute, or piano, chiming in—

By rumbling cab, and omnibus, and dray,
A van with iron bars to play *staccato*,

Or engine *obligato*—

In short, without one instrument vehicular
(Not ev'n a truck to be particular),

There stood the rogue and roar'd,

Unmasked and unencored,

Enough to split the organs call'd auricular !

Heard in that quiet place,

Devoted to a still and studious race,

The noise was quite appalling !

To seek a fitting simile and spin it.

Appropriate to his calling,

His voice had all Lablache's *body* in it ;

But oh ! the scientific tone it lack'd,

And was, in fact,

Only a forty-boatswain-power of bawling !

'Twas said, indeed, for want of vocal *nous*,

The stage had banish'd him when he attempted it,

For though his voice completely fill'd the house,

It also emptied it.

However, there he stood
Vociferous—a ragged don !
And with his iron pipes laid on
A row to all the neighbourhood.

In vain were sashes closed
And doors against the persevering Stentor,
Though brick, and glass, and solid oak opposed,
Th' intruding voice would enter,
Heedless of ceremonial or decorum,
Den, office, parlour, study, and sanctorum ;
Where clients and attorneys, rogues, and fools,
Ladies, and masters who attended schools,
Clerks, agents, all provided with their tools,
Were sitting upon sofas, chairs, and stools,
With shelves, pianos, tables, desks, before 'em—
How it did bore 'em !

Louder, and louder still,
The fellow sang with horrible goodwill,
Curses both loud and deep his sole gratuities,
From scribes bewilder'd making many a flaw
In deeds of law
They had to draw ;
With dreadful incongruities
In posting ledgers, making up accounts
To large amounts,
On casting up annuities—

Stunn'd by that voice, so loud and hoarse,
Against whose overwhelming force
No in-voice stood a chance, of course !

The Actuary pshaw'd and pish'd,
And knit his calculating brows, and wish'd
The singer "a bad life"—a mental murder !
The Clerk, resentful of a blot and blunder,
Wish'd the musician further,
Poles distant—and no wonder !
For Law and Harmony tend far asunder—
The Lady could not keep her temper calm,
Because the singer did not sing a psalm—
The Fiddler in the very same position
As Hogarth's chafed musician
(Such prints require but cursory reminders)
Came and made faces at the wretch beneath,
And wishing for his foe between his teeth,
(Like all impatient elves
That spite themselves)
Ground his own grinders.

But still with unrelenting note,
Though not a copper came of it, in verity,
The horrid fellow with the ragged coat,
And iron throat,
Heedless of present honour and prosperity,
Sang like a Poet singing for posterity,

In penniless reliance—
And, sure, the most immortal Man of Rhyme
Never set Time
More thoroughly at defiance !

From room to room, from floor to floor,
From Number One to Twenty-four
The Nuisance bellow'd, till all patience lost,
Down came Miss Frost,
Expostulating at her open door—

“Peace, monster, peace !
Where *is* the New Police !

I vow I cannot work, or read, or pray,
Don't stand there bawling, fellow, don't !
You really send my serious thoughts astray,
Do—there's a dear good man—do go away.”
Says he, “I won't !”

The spinster pull'd her door to with a slam,
That sounded like a wooden d—n,
For so some moral people, strictly loth
To swear in words, however up,
Will crash a curse in setting down a cup,
Or through a door post vent a banging oath—
In fact, this sort of physical transgression
Is really no more difficult to trace
Than in a given face
A very bad expression.

However, in she went,
 Leaving the subject of her discontent
 To Mr. Jones's Clerk at Number Ten;
 Who, throwing up the sash,
 With accents rash,
 Thus hail'd the most vociferous of men:
 "Come, come, I say, old feller, stop your chant!
 I cannot write a sentence—no one can't!
 So just pack up your trumps,
 And stir your stumps—"
 Says he, "I shan't!"

Down went the sash
 As if devoted to "eternal smash"
 (Another illustration
 Of acted imprecation),
 While close at hand, uncomfortably near,
 The independent voice, so loud and strong,
 And clanging like a gong,
 Roar'd out again the everlasting song,
 "I have a silent sorrow here!"

The thing was hard to stand!
 'The Music-master could not stand it—
 But rushing forth with fiddle-stick in hand,
 As savage as a bandit,
 Made up directly to the tatter'd man,
 And thus in broken sentences began—

But playing first a prelude of grimace,
Twisting his features to the strangest shapes,
So that to guess his subject from his face,
He meant to give a lecture upon apes—

“ Com—com—I say !
You go away !
Into two parts my head you split—
My fiddle cannot hear himself a bit,
When I do play—
You have no bis’ness in a place so still !
Can you not come another day ?”
Says he—“ I will.”

“ No—no—you scream and bawl !
You must not come at all !
You have no rights, by rights, to beg—
You have not one off-leg—
You ought to work—you have not some complaint—
You are not cripple in your back or bones—
Your voice is strong enough to break some stones”—
Says he—“ It ain’t !”

“ I say you ought to labour !
You are in a young case,
You have not sixty years upon your face,
To come and beg your neighbour,
And discompose his music with a noise

More worse than twenty boys—
 Look what a street it is for quiet !
 No cart to make a riot,
 No coach, no horses, no postilion,
 If you will sing, I say, it is not just,
 To sing so loud."—Says he, "I Must !
 I'M SINGING FOR THE MILLION !"



THE DEMON-SHIP.



'Twas off the Wash the sun went down—the sea look'd
 black and grim.
 For stormy clouds, with murky fleece were mustering at
 the brim ;
 Titanic shades ! enormous gloom !—as if the solid night
 Of Erebus rose suddenly to seize upon the light !
 It was a time for mariners to bear a wary eye,
 With such a dark conspiracy between the sea and sky !

Down went my helm—close reef'd—the tack held freely
 in my hand—
 With ballast snug—I put about, and scudded for the
 land,
 Loud hiss'd the sea beneath her lee—my little boat flew
 fast,
 But faster still the rushing storm came borne upon the
 blast.

Lord! what a roaring hurricane beset the straining sail!
What furious sleet, with level drift, and fierce assaults
of hail!

What darksome caverns yawn'd before! what jagged
steeps behind!

Like battle-steeds, with foamy manes, wild tossing in
the wind.

Each after each sank down astern, exhausted in the
chase,

But where it sank another rose and gallop'd in its place;
As black as night—they turn'd to white, and cast
against the cloud

A snowy sheet, as if each surge upturn'd a sailor's
shroud:—

Still flew my boat; alas! alas! her course was nearly
run!

Behold yon fatal billow rise—ten billows heaped in one!
With fearful speed the dreary mass came rolling, rolling
fast,

As if the scooping sea contain'd one only wave at last;
Still on it came, with horrid roar, a swift pursuing
grave;

It seem'd as though some cloud had turn'd its hugeness
to a wave!

Its briny sleet began to beat beforehand in my face—
I felt the rearward keel begin to climb its swelling base!
I saw its alpine hoary head impending over mine!

Another pulse—and down it rush'd—an avalanche of
brine!

Brief pause had I, on God to cry, or think of wife and home ;

The waters clos'd--and when I shriek'd, I shriek'd below the foam !

Beyond that rush I have no hint of any after-deed—

For I was tossing on the waste, as senseless as a weed.

* * * * *

“Where am I? in the breathing world, or in the world of death?”

With sharp and sudden pang I drew another birth of breath ;

My eyes drank in a doubtful light, my ears a doubtful sound—

And was that ship a *real* ship whose tackle seem'd around ?

A moon, as if the earthly moon, was shining up aloft ,
But were those beams the very beams that I have seen so oft ?

A face that mock'd the human face, before me watch'd alone ;

But were those eyes the eyes of man that look'd against my own ?

Oh! never may the moon again disclose me such a sight

As met my gaze, when first I look'd. on that accursed night!

I've seen a thousand horrid shapes begot of fierce
extremes

Of fever; and most frightful things have haunted in my
dreams—

Hyenas—cats—blood-loving bats—and apes with hate-
ful stare—

Pernicious snakes, and shaggy bulls—the lion, and she-
bear—

Strong enemies, with Judas looks, of treachery and
spite—

Detested features, hardly dimm'd and banish'd by the
light.

Pale-sheeted ghosts, with gory locks, upstarting from
their tombs—

All phantasies and images that flit in midnight glooms—

Hags, goblins, demons, lemures, have made me all
aghast,—

But nothing like that GRIMLY ONE who stood beside the
mast!

His cheek was black—his brow was black—his eyes and
hair as dark;

His hand was black, and where it touch'd, it left a sable
mark;

His throat was black, his vest the same, and when I
look'd beneath,

His breast was black—all, all was black, except his
grinning teeth,

His sooty crew were like in hue, as black as Afric
slaves!

Oh, horror! e'en the ship was black that plough'd the
inky waves!

"Alas!" I cried, "for love of truth and blessed mercy's
sake,

Where am I? in what dreadful ship? upon what dread-
ful lake?

What shape is that, so very grim, and black as any coal?
It is Mahound, the Evil one, and he has gained my soul!
Oh, mother dear! my tender nurse: dear meadows that
beguil'd

My happy days, when I was yet a little sinless child,—
My mother dear—my native fields, I never more shall
see:

I'm sailing in the Devil's Ship, upon the Devil's Sea!"

Loud laugh'd that SABLE MARINER, and loudly in return
His sooty crew sent forth a laugh that rang from stem
to stern—

A dozen pair of grimly cheeks were crumpled on the
nonce—

As many sets of grinning teeth came shining out at
once:

A dozen gloomy shapes at once enjoy'd the merry fit,
With shriek and yell, and oaths as well, like Demons of
the Pit.

They crow'd their fill, and then the Chief made answer
for the whole ;—

“Our skins,” said he, “are black ye see, because we
carry coal;

You'll find your mother sure enough, and see your native
fields—

For this here ship has picked you up—the Mary Ann of
Shields!”

A TALE OF A TRUMPET,

‘ Old woman, old woman, will you go a-shearing?
Speak a little louder for I'm very hard of hearing.”

Old Ballad.

Of all old women hard of hearing,
The deafest, sure, was Dame Eleanor Spearing!
On her head, it is true,
Two flaps there grew,
That served for a pair of gold rings to go through,
But for any purpose of ears in a parley,
They heard no more than ears of barley.

No hint was needed from D. E. F.

You saw in her face that the woman was deaf:
From her twisted mouth to her eyes so peery,
Each queer feature asked a query;

A look that said in a silent way,
“Who? and What? and How? and Eh?
I’d give my ears to know what you say!”

And well she might! for each auricular
Was deaf as a post—and that post in particular
That stands at the corner of Dyott Street now,
And never hears a word of a row!
Ears that might serve her now and then
As extempore racks for an idle pen;
Or to hang with hoops from jeweller’s shops
With coral, ruby, or garnet drops;
Or, provided the owner so inclined,
Ears to stick a blister behind;
But as for hearing wisdom, or wit,
Falsehood, or folly, or tell-tale-tit,
Or politics, whether of Fox or Pitt,
Sermon, lecture, or musical bit,
Harp, piano, fiddle, or kit,
They might as well, for any such wish,
Have been butter’d, done brown, and laid in a dish!

She was deaf as a post,—as said before—
And as deaf as twenty similes more,
Including the adder, that deafest of snakes,
Which never hears the coil it makes.

She was deaf as a house—which modern tricks
Of language would call as deaf as bricks—

For her all human kind were dumb,
Her drum, indeed, was so muffled a drum,
That none could get a sound to come,
Unless the Devil who had Two Sticks!
She was as deaf as a stone—say, one of the stones
Demosthenes suck'd to improve his tones;
And surely deafness no further could reach
Than to be in his mouth without hearing his speech!

She was deaf as a nut—for nuts, no doubt,
Are deaf to the grub that's hollowing out—
As deaf, alas! as the dead and forgotten—
(Gray has noticed the waste of breath,
In addressing the "dull, cold ear of death"),
Or the Felon's ear that is stuff'd with Cotton—
Or Charles the First *in statue quo*;
Or the still-born figures of Madame Tussaud,
With their eyes of glass, and their hair of flax,
That only stare whatever you "ax,"
For their ears, you know, are nothing but wax.

She was deaf as the ducks that swam in the pond,
And wouldn't listen to Mrs. Bond,—
As deaf as any Frenchman appears,
When he puts his shoulders into his ears:
And—whatever the citizen tells his son—
As deaf as Gog and Magog at one!
Or, still to be a simile-seeker,
As deaf as dog's-ears to Enfield's Speaker!

She was deaf as any tradesman's dummy,
Or as Pharaoh's mother's mother's mummy;
Whose organs, for fear of modern sceptics,
Were plugg'd with gums and antiseptics.

She was deaf as a nail—that you cannot hammer
A meaning into for all your clamour—
There never *was* such a deaf old Gammer!
So formed to worry
Both Lindley and Murray,
By having no ear for Music or Grammar.

Deaf to sounds, as a ship out of soundings,
Deaf to verbs, and all their compoundings,
Adjective, noun, and adverb, and particle,
Deaf to even the definite article—
No verbal message was worth a pin,
Though you hired an earwig to carry it in!

In short, she was twice as deaf as Deaf Burke,
Or all the Deafness in Yearsley's work,
Who in spite of his skill in hardness of hearing,
Boring, blasting, and pioneering,
To give the dunny organ a clearing,
Could never have cured Dame Eleanor Spearing.

Of course the loss was a great privation,
For one of her sex—whatever her station—

And none the less that the Dame had a turn
For making all families one concern,
And learning whatever there was to learn
In the prattling, tattling village of Tringham—
As, who wore silk? and who wore gingham?
And what the Atkins's shop might bring 'em?
How the Smiths contrived to live? and whether
The fourteen Murphys all pigg'd together?
The wages per week of the Weavers and Skinners,
And what they boil'd for their Sunday dinners?
What plates the Bugsbys had on the shelf,
Crockery, china, wooden, or delf?
And if the parlour of Mrs. O'Grady
Had a wicked French print, or Death and the Lady?
Did Snip and his wife continue to jangle!
Had Mrs. Wilkiuson sold her mangle?
What liquor was drunk by Jones and Brown?
And the weekly score they ran up at the Crown?
If the Cobbler could read, and believed in the Pope
And how the Grubbs were off for soap?
If the Snobbs had furnish'd their room up-stairs,
And how they managed for tables and chairs,
Beds, and other household affairs,
Iron, wooden, and Staffordshire wares?
And if they could muster a whole pair of bellows?
In fact, she had much of the spirit that lies
Perdu in a notable set of Paul Prys,
By courtesy called Statistical Fellows—

A prying, spying, inquisitive clan,
Who have gone upon much of the self-same plan,
Jotting the Labouring Class's riches ;
And after poking in pot and pan,
Aud routing garments in want of stitches,
Have ascertained that a working man
Wears a pair and a quarter of average breeches !

But this alas ! from her loss of hearing,
Was all a seal'd book to Dame Eleanor Spearing ;
And often her tears would rise to their founts—
Supposing a little scandal at play

'Twixt Mrs. O'Fie and Mrs. Au Fait—

That she couldn't audit the Gossips' accounts.
'Tis true, to her cottage still they came,
And ate her muffins just the same,
And drank the tea of the widow'd Dame,
And never swallow'd a thimble the less
Of something the Reader is left to guess,
For all the deafness of Mrs. S.,

Who *saw* them talk, and chuckle, and cough,
But to *see* and not share in the social flow,
She might as well have lived, you know,
In one of the houses in Owen's Row,
Near the New River Head, with its water cut off !

And yet the almond-oil she had tried,
And fifty infallible things beside,

Hot, and cold, and thick, and thin,
Dabb'd, and dribbled, and squirted in :
But all remedies fail'd ; and though some it was clear,
 Like the brandy and salt
 We now exalt,
Had made a noise in the public ear,
She was just as deaf as ever, poor dear !

At last—one very fine day in June—
 Suppose her sitting,
 Busily knitting,
And humming she didn't quite know what tune ;
 For nothing she heard but a sort of a whizz,
Which, unless the sound of circulation,
Or of Thoughts in the process of fabrication,
By a Spinning-Jennyish operation,
 It's hard to say what buzzing it is.
However, except that ghost of a sound,
She sat in a silence most profound—
The cat was purring about the mat,
But her Mistress heard no more of that
Than if it had been a boatswain's cat ;
And as for the clock the moments nicking,
The Dame only gave it credit for ticking.
The bark of her dog she did not catch ;
Nor yet the click of the lifted latch ;
Nor yet the creak of the opening door ;
Nor yet the fall of a foot on the floor—

But she saw the shadow that crept on her gown
And turn'd its skirt of a darker brown.

And lo ! a man ! a Pedlar ! ay, marry,
With the little back-shop that such tradesman carry,
Stock'd with brooches, ribbons, and rings,
Spectacles, razors, and other odd things,
For lad and lass, as Autolycus sings ;
A chapman for goodness and cheapness of ware,
Held a fair dealer enough at a fair,
But deem'd a piratical sort of invader
By him we dub the "regular trader,"
Who—luring the passengers in as they pass
By lamps, gay panels, and mouldings of brass,
And windows with only one huge pane of glass,
And his name in gilt characters, German or Roman,—
If he isn't a Pedlar, at least he's a Showman !

However, in the stranger came,
And, the moment he met the eyes of the Dame,
Threw her as knowing a nod as though
He had known her fifty long years ago ;
And presto ! before she could utter "Jack"—
Much less "Robinson"—open'd his pack—

And then from amongst his portable gear,
With even more than a Pedlar's tact,—
(Slick himself might have envied the act)—
Before she had time to be deaf, in fact—

Popp'd a Trumpet into her ear.

“There, Ma'am! try it!

You needn't buy it—

The last New Patent—and nothing comes nigh it
For affording the Deaf, at a little expense,
The sense of hearing, and hearing of sense!
A Real Blessing—and no mistake,
Invented for poor Humanity's sake;
For what can be a greater privation
Than playing Dumby to all creation,
And only looking at conversation—
Great Philosophers talking like Platos,
And Members of Parliament moral as Catos,
And your ears as dull as waxy potatoes!
Not to name the mischievous quizzers,
Sharp as knives, but double as scissors,
Who get you to answer quite by guess
Yes for No, and No for Yes.”
 (“That's very true,” says Dame Eleanor S.)

“Try it again! No harm in trying—

I'm sure you'll find it worth your buying,

A little practice—that is all—

And you'll hear a whisper, however small,

Through an Act of Parliament party-wall,—

Every syllable clear as day,

And even what people are going to say—

I wouldn't tell a lie, I wouldn't,

But my Trumpets have heard what Solomon's couldn't;

And as for Scott he promises fine,
But can he warrant his horns like mine
Never to hear what a Lady shouldn't—
Only a guinea—and can't take less."
("That's very dear," says Dame Eleanor S.)

"Dear!—Oh dear, to call it dear!
Why it isn't a horn you buy, but an ear;
Only think, and you'll find on reflection
You're bargaining, Ma'am, for the Voice of Affection;
For the language of Wisdom, and Virtue, and Truth,
And the sweet little innocent prattle of Youth:
Not to mention the striking of clocks—
Cackle of hens—crowing of cocks—
Lowling of cow, and bull, and ox—
Bleating of pretty pastoral flocks—
Murmur of waterfall over the rocks—
Every sound that Echo mocks—
Vocals, fiddles, and musical-box—
And zounds! to call such a concert dear!
But I musn't "swear with my horn in your ear."
Why in buying that Trumpet you buy all those
That Harper, or any trumpeter, blows
At the Queen's Levees or the Lord Mayor's Shows,
At least as far as the music goes,
Including the wonderful lively sound,
Of the Guards' key-bugles all the year round;
Come—suppose we call it a pound!

Come," said the talkative Man of the Pack,
"Before I put my box on my back,
For this elegant, useful Conductor of Sound,
Come—suppose we call it a pound!

"Only a pound! it's only the price
Of hearing a Concert once or twice,
It's only the fee
You might give Mr. C.
And after all not hear his advice,
But common prudence would bid you stump it;
For, not to enlarge,
It's the regular charge
At a Fancy Fair for a penny trumpet.
Lord! what's a pound to the blessing of hearing!"
("A pound's a pound," said Dame Eleanor Spearing.)

"Try it again! no harm in trying!
A pound's a pound there's no denying;
But think what thousands and thousands of pounds
We pay for nothing but hearing sounds:
Sounds of Equity, Justice, and Law,
Parliamentary jabber and jaw,
Pious cant and moral saw,
Hocus-pocus, and Nong-tong-paw,
And empty sounds not worth a straw;
Why it costs a guinea, as I'm a sinner,
To hear the sounds at a Public Dinner!

One pound one thrown into the puddle,
To listen to Fiddle, Faddle, and Fuddle !
Not to forget the sounds we buy
From those who sell their sounds so high,
That, unless the Managers pitch it strong,
To get a Signora to warble a song,
You must fork out the blunt with a haymaker's prong !

"It's not the thing for me—I know it,
To crack my own 'Trumpet up and blow it ;
But it is the best, and time will show it.

There was Mrs. F.

So very deaf,

That she might have worn a percussion-cap,
And been knock'd on the head without hearing it snap,
Well, I sold her a horn, and the very next day
She heard from her husband at Botany Bay !
Come—eighteen shillings—that's very low,
You'll save the money as shillings go,
And I never knew so bad a lot,
By hearing whether they ring or not !

"Eighteen shillings ! it's worth the price,
Supposing you're delicate-minded and nice,
To have the medical man of your choice,
Instead of the one with the strongest voice—
Who comes and asks you, how's your liver,
And where you ache, and whether you shiver,

And as to your nerves, so apt to quiver,
As if he was hailing a boat on the river!
And then, with a shout, like Pat in a riot,
Tells you to keep yourself perfectly quiet!

“Or a tradesman comes—as tradesmen will—
Short and crusty about his bill,

Of patience, indeed, a perfect scorner,
And because you’re deaf and unable to pay,
Shouts whatever he has to say,

In a vulgar voice, that goes over the way,

Down the street and round the corner!
Come—speak your mind—it’s ‘No or Yes’”
(“I’ve half a mind,” said Dame Eleanor S.)

“Try it again—no harm in trying,
Of course you hear me, as easy as lying;
No pain at all, like a surgical trick,
To make you squall, and struggle, and kick,

Like Juno, or Rose,

Whose ear undergoes

Such horrid tugs at membrane and gristle,
For being as deaf as yourself to a whistle!

“You may go to surgical chaps if you choose,
Who will blow up your tubes like copper flues,
Or cut your tonsils right away,
As you’d shell out your almonds for Christmas-day”

And after all a matter of doubt,
Whether you ever would hear the shout
Of the little blackguards that bawl about,
‘There you go with your tonsils out!’

Why I knew a deaf Welshman, who came from
Glamorgan

On purpose to try a surgical spell,
And paid a guinea, and might as well,
Have call’d a monkey into his organ!
For the Aurist only took a mug,
And pour’d in his ear some acoustical drug,
That, instead of curing, deafen’d him rather,
As Hamlet’s uncle served Hamlet’s father!
That’s the way with your surgical gentry!

And happy your luck

If you don’t get stuck

Through your liver and lights at a royal entry,
Because you never answer’d the sentry!

“Try it again, dear Madam, try it!
Many would sell their beds to buy it.
I warrant you often wake up in the night,
Ready to shake to a jelly with fright,
And up you must get to strike a light,
And down you go, in you know what,
Whether the weather is chilly or hot,—
That’s the way a cold is got,—
To see if you heard a noise or not!

“Why, bless you, a woman with organs like yours
Is hardly safe to step out of doors !
Just fancy a horse that comes full pelt,
But as quiet as if he was ‘shod with felt,’
Till he rushes against you with all his force,
And then I needn’t describe of course,
While he kicks you about without remorse,
How awkward it is to be groom’d by a horse !
Or a bullock comes, as mad as King Lear,
And you never dream that the brute is near,
Till he pokes his horn right into your ear,
Whether you like the thing or lump it,—
And all for want of buying a trumpet !

“I’m not a female to fret and vex,
But if I belonged to the sensitive sex,
Exposed to all sorts of indelicate sounds,
I wouldn’t be deaf for a thousand pounds.

Lord ! only think of chucking a copper
To Jack or Bob with a timber limb,
Who looks as if he was singing a hymn,

Instead of a song that’s very improper !
Or just suppose in a public place
You see a great fellow a-pulling a face,
With his staring eyes and his mouth like an O,—
And how is a poor deaf lady to know,—
The lower orders are up to such games—
If he’s calling ‘Green Peas,’ or calling her names ? ”
 (“They’re tenpence a peck !” said the deafest of Dames.)

“ ’Tis strange what very strong advising,
By word of mouth, or advertising,
By chalking on walls, or placarding on vans,
With fifty other different plans,
The very high pressure, in fact, of pressing,
It needs to persuade one to purchase a blessing !
Whether the Soothing American Syrup,
A Safety Hat, or a Safety Stirrup,—
Infallible Pills for the human frame,
Or Rowland’s O-don’t-o (an ominous name) !
A Doudney’s suit which the shape so hits
That it beats all others into *fits* ;
A Mechi’s razor for beards unshorn,
Or a Ghost-of-a-Whisper-Catching Horn !

“ Try it again, Ma’am, only try ! ”
Was still the voluble Pedlar’s cry ;
“ It’s a great privation, there’s no dispute,
To live like the dumb unsociable brute,
And to hear no more of the *pro* and *con*,
And how Society’s going on,
Than Mumbo Jumbo or Prester John,
And all for want of this *sine quâ non* ;
Whereas, with a horn that never offends,
You may join the genteelest party that is,
And enjoy all the scandal, and gossip, aud quiz,
And be certain to hear of your absent friends ;—

Not that elegant ladies, in fact,
In genteel society ever detract,
Or lend a brush when a friend is black'd,—
At least as a mere malicious act,—
But only talk scandal for fear some fool
Should think they were bred at *charity* school.

Or, maybe, you like a little flirtation,
Which even the most Don Juanish rake
Would surely object to undertake

At the same high pitch as an altercation.
It's not for me, of course, to judge
How much a Deaf Lady ought to begrudge ;
But half-a-guinea seems no great matter—
Letting alone more rational patter—
Only to hear a parrot chatter :
Not to mention that feather'd wit,
The Starling, who speaks when his tongue is slit ;
The Pies and Jays that utter words,
And other Dicky Gossips of birds,
That talk with as much good sense and decorum,
As many *Beaks* who belong to the Quorum.

“Try it—buy it—say ten and six,
The lowest price a miser could fix ;
I don't pretend with horns of mine,
Like some in the advertising line,
To '*magnify sounds*' on such marvellous scales,
That the sounds of a cod seem as big as a whale's ;

But popular rumours, right or wrong,—
 Charity sermons, short or long,—
 Lecture, speech, concerto, or song,
 All noises and voices, feeble or strong,
 From the hum of a gnat to the clash of a gong,
 This tube will deliver distinct and clear ;

Or, supposing by chance

You wish to dance,

Why, it's putting a *Horn-pipe* into your ear !

Try it—buy it !

Buy it—try it !

The last New Patent, and nothing comes nigh it,

For guiding sounds to their proper tunnel :

Only try till the end of June,

And if you and the trumpet are out of tune

I'll turn it gratis into a funnel !”

In short, the pedlar so beset her,—

Lord Bacon couldn't have gammon'd her better,—

With flatteries plump and indirect,

And plied his tongue with such effect,—

A tongue that could almost have butter'd a crumpet,—

The deaf old woman bought the Trumpet.

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The pedlar was gone. With the horn's assistance,
 She heard his steps die away in the distance ;

And then she heard the tick of the clock,
The purring of puss, and the snoring of Shock :
And she purposely dropp'd a pin that was little,
And heard it fall as plain as a skittle!

'Twas a wonderful horn, to be but just !
Nor meant to gather dust, must and rust ;
So in half a jiffy, or less than that,
In her scarlet cloak and her steeple-hat,
Like old Dame Trot, but without her cat,
The gossip was hunting all Tringham thorough,
As if she meant to canvass the borough,
Trumpet in hand, or up to the cavity ;—
And, sure, had the horn been one of those
The wild Rhinoceros wears on his nose,
It couldn't have ripped up more depravity !

Depravity ! mercy shield her ears !
'Twas plain enough that her village peers
In the ways of vice were no raw beginners ;
For whenever she raised the tube to her drum
Such sounds were transmitted as only come
From the very Brass Band of human sinners !
Ribald jest and blasphemous curse
(Bunyan never vented worse),
With all those weeds, not flowers, of speech
Which the Seven Dialecticians teach ;
Filthy Conjunctions, and Dissolute Nouns,
And Particles pick'd from the kennels of towns,

With Irregular Verbs for irregular jobs,
Chiefly active in rows and mobs,
Picking Possessive Pronouns' fobs,
And Interjections as bad as a blight,
Or an Eastern blast, to the blood and the sight;
Fanciful phrases for crime and sin,
And smacking of vulgar lips where Gin,
Garlic, Tobacco, and offals go in—
A jargon so truly adapted, in fact,
To each thievish, obscene, and ferocious act,
So fit for the brute with the human shape,
Savage Baboon, or libidinous Ape,
From their ugly mouths it will certainly come
Should they ever get weary of shamming dumb!

Alas! for the Voice of Virtue and Truth,
And the sweet little innocent prattle of Youth!
The smallest urchin whose tongue could tang,
Shock'd the Dame with a volley of slang,
Fit for Fagin's juvenile gang;
 While the charity chap,
 With his muffin cap,
 His crimson coat, and his badge so garish,
Playing at dumps, or pitch in the hole,
Cursed his eyes, limbs, body and soul,
 As if they did not belong to the Parish!

'Twas awful to hear, as she went along,
The wicked words of the popular song;

Or supposing she listen'd—as gossips will—
At a door ajar, or a window agape,
To catch the sounds they allow'd to escape,
Those sounds belonged to Depravity still !
The dark allusion, or bolder brag
Of the dexterous “dodge,” and the lots of “swag,”
The plunder'd house—or the stolen nag—
The blazing rick, or the darker crime,
That quench'd the spark before its time—
The wanton speech of the wife immoral—
The noise of drunken or deadly quarrel,
With savage menace, which threaten'd the life,
Till the heart seem'd merely a strop for the knife ;
The human liver, no better than that,
Which is sliced and thrown to an old woman's cat ;
And the head, so useful for shaking and nodding,
To be punch'd into holes, like “a shocking bad hat,”
That is only fit to be punch'd into wadding !

In short, wherever she turn'd the horn,
To the highly bred, or the lowly born,
The working man, who look'd over the hedge,
Or the mother nursing her infant pledge,
The sober Quaker, averse to quarrels,
Or the Governess pacing the village through,
With her twelve Young Ladies, two and two,
Looking, as such young ladies do,
Truss'd by Decorum and stuff'd with morals—

Whether she listen'd to Hob or Bob.
Nob or Snob,
The Squire on his cob,
Or Trudge and his ass at a tinkering job,
To the "Saint" who expounded at "Little Zion"—
Or the "Sinner" who kept "the Golden Lion"—
The man teetotally wean'd from liquor—
The Beadle, the Clerk, or the Reverend Vicar—
Nay, the very Pie in its cage of wicker—
She gather'd such meanings, double or single,
That like the bell
With muffins to sell,
Her ear was kept in a constant tingle!

But this was nought to the tales of shame,
The constant runnings of evil fame,
Foul, and dirty, and black as ink,
That her ancient cronies, with nod and wink,
Pour'd in her horn like slops in a sink :
While sitting in conclave, as gossips do,
With their Hyson or Howqua, black or green,
And not a little of feline spleen
Lapp'd up in "Catty packages," to
To give a zest to the sipping and supping ;
For still by some invisible tether,
Scandal and 'Tea are link'd together,
As surely as Scarification and Cupping ;
Yet never since Scandal drank Bohea—
Or sloe, or whatever it happen'd to be,

For some grocerly thieves
Turn over new leaves,
Without much amending their lives or their tea—
No, never since cup was fill'd or stirr'd
Were such wild and horrible anecdotes heard,
As blacken'd their neighbours of either gender,
Especially that, which is call'd the Tender,
But, instead of the softness we fancy therewith,
Was harden'd in vice as the vice of a smith.

Women! the wretches! had soil'd and marr'd
Whatever to womanly nature belongs;
For the marriage tie they had no regard,
Nay, sped their mates to the sexton's yard,
(Like Madam Laffarge, who with poisonous pinches
Kept cutting off her L by inches)—
And as for drinking, they drank so hard
That they drank their flat-irons, pokers, and tongs!

The men—they fought and gambled at fairs;
And poach'd—and didn't respect grey hairs—
Stole linen, money, plate, poultry, and corses;
And broke in houses as well as horses;
Unfolded folds to kill their own mutton,—
And would their own mothers and wives for a button:
But not to repeat the deeds they did,
Backsliding in spite of all moral skid,

If all were true that fell from the tongue,
There was not a villager, old or young,
But deserved to be whipp'd, imprison'd or hung,
Or sent on those travels which nobody hurries,
To publish at Colburn's or Longman's, or Murray's.

Meanwhile the Trumpet, *con amore*,
Transmitted each vile diabolical story,
And gave the least whisper of slips and falls,
As that Gallery does in the Dome of St. Paul's,
Which, as all the world knows, by practice or print,
Is famous for making the most of a hint.

Not a murmur of shame,

Or buzz of blame,

Not a flying report that flew at a name,
Not a plausible gloss, or significant note,
Not a word in the scandalous circles afloat,
Of a beam in the eye, or diminutive mote,
But vortex-like that tube of tin
Suck'd the censorious particle in ;

And, truth to tell, for as willing an organ
As ever listen'd to serpent's hiss,
Nor took the viperous sound amiss,

On the snaky head of an ancient Gorgon !

The Dame, it is true, would mutter "shocking!"
And give her head a sorrowful rocking,
And make a clucking with palate and tongue,
Like the call of Partlet to gather her young,

A sound, when human, that always proclaims
At least a thousand pities and shames ;

But still the darker the tale of sin,
Like certain folks, when calamities burst,
Who find a comfort in "hearing the worst,"

The farther she poked the Trumpet in.
Nay, worse, whatever she heard, she spread
East and West, and North and South,
Like the ball which, according to Captain Z.,

Went in at his ear, and came out at his mouth.
What wonder between the Horn and the Dame,
Such mischief was made wherever they came,
That the parish of Tringham was all in a flame ?

For although it required such loud discharges,
Such peals of thunder as rumbled at Lear,
To turn the smallest of table-beer,
A little whisper breathed into the ear

Will sour a temper "as sour as varges."
In fact such very ill blood there grew,

From this private circulation of stories,
That the nearest neighbours the village through,
Look'd at each other as yellow and blue,
As any electioneering crew

Wearing the colours of Whigs and Tories.

Ah! well the Poet said, in sooth,
That "whispering tongues can poison Truth,"—
Yea, like a dose of oxalic acid,
Wrench and convulse poor Peace, the placid,

And rack dear Love with internal fuel,
Like arsenic pastry, or what is as cruel,
Sugar of lead, that sweetens gruel,—
At least such torments began to wring 'em
 From the very morn
 When that mischievous Horn
Caught the whisper of tongues in Tringham.

The Social Clubs dissolved in huffs,
And the Sons of Harmony came to cuffs,
While feuds arose and family quarrels,
That discomposed the mechanics of morals,
For screws were loose between brother and brother,
While sisters fasten'd their nails on each other ;
Such wrangles, and jangles, and miff, and tiff,
And spar, and jar—and breezes as stiff
As ever upset a friendship—or skiff!
The plighted lovers who used to walk,
Refused to meet, and declined to talk :
And wish'd for *two* moons to reflect the sun,
That they mightn't look together on one :
While wedded affection ran so low.
That the oldest John Anderson snubb'd his Jo—
And instead of the toddle adown the hill,
 Hand in hand,
 As the song has planned,
Scratch'd her, penniless, out of his will !

In short, to describe what came to pass

In a true, though somewhat theatrical way,
Instead of "Love in a Village"—alas!

The piece they performed was "The Devil to Pay!"

However, as secrets are brought to light,
And mischief comes home like chickens at night;
And rivers are track'd throughout their course,
And forgeries traced to their proper source,—

And the sow that ought

By the ear is caught,—

And the sin to the sinful door is brought;
And the cat at last escapes from the bag—
And the saddle is placed on the proper nag—
And the fog blows off, and the key is found—
And the faulty scent is pick'd out by the hound—
And the fact turns up like a worm from the ground—
And the matter gets wind to waft it about;
And a hint goes abroad, and the murder is out—
And the riddle is guess'd—and the puzzle is known—
So the Truth was sniff'd, and the Trumpet was *blown!*

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'Tis a day in November—a day of fog—
But the Tringham people are all agog!

Fathers, Mothers, and Mothers' Sons,—

With sticks, and staves, and swords, and guns,—
As if in pursuit of a rabid dog;

But their voices—raised to the highest pitch—
Declare that the game is “a Witch!—a Witch!”

Over the Green and along by The George—
Past the Stocks and the Church, and the Forge,
And round the Pound, and skirting the Pond,
Till they come to the whitewash'd cottage beyond,
And there at the door they muster and cluster,
And thump, and kick, and bellow, and bluster—
Enough to put Old Nick in a fluster!
A noise, indeed, so loud and long,
And mix'd with expressions so very strong,
That supposing, according to popular fame,
“Wise Woman” and Witch to be the same,
No hag with a broom would unwisely stop,
But up and away through the chimney-top;
Whereas, the moment they burst the door,
Planted fast on her sanded floor,
With her Trumpet up to her organ of hearing,
Lo and behold!—Dame Eleanor Spearing!

Oh! then arises the fearful shout—
Bawl'd and scream'd, and bandied about—
“Seize her!—Drag the old Jezebel out!”
While the Beadle—the foremost of all the band,
Snatches the Horn from her trembling hand—
And after a pause of doubt and fear,
Puts it up to his sharpest ear.

“Now silence—silence—one and all!”

For the Clerk is quoting from Holy Paul!

But before he rehearses

A couple of verses,

The Beadle lets the Trumpet fall?

For instead of the words so pious and humble,

He hears a supernatural grumble.

Enough, enough! and more than enough;—

Twenty impatient hands and rough,

By arm, and leg, and neck, and scruff,

Apron, 'kerchief, gown of stuff—

Cap, and pinner, sleeve, and cuff—

Are clutching the Witch wherever they can,

With the spite of Woman and fury of Man;

And then—but first they kill her cat,

And murder her dog on the very mat—

And crush the infernal Trumpet flat;—

And then they hurry her through the door

She never, never will enter more!

Away! away! down the dusty lane

They pull her, and haul her, with might and main;

And happy the hawbuck, 'Tom or Harry,

Dandy, or Sandy, Jerry, or Larry,

Who happens to get “a leg to carry!”

And happy the foot that can give her a kick,

And happy the hand that can find a brick—

And happy the fingers that hold a stick—

Knife to cut, or pin to prick—
And happy the boy who can lend her a lick ;—
Nay, happy the urchin—Charity-bred,—
Who can shy very nigh to her wicked old head !

Alas ! to think how people's creeds
Are contradicted by people's deeds !

But though the wishes that Witches utter
Can play the most diabolical rigs—
Send styes in the eye—and measle the pigs—

Grease horses' heels—and spoil the butter ;
Smut and mildew the corn on the stalk—
And turn new milk to water and chalk,—
Blight apples—and give the chickens the pip—
And cramp the stomach—and cripple the hip—
And waste the body—and addle the eggs—
And give a baby bandy legs ;
Though in common belief a Witch's curse
Involves all these horrible things, and worse—
As ignorant bumpkins all profess,
No bumpkin makes a poke the less
At the back or ribs of old Eleanor S. !

As if she were only a sack of barley !
Or gives her credit for greater might
Than the Powers of Darkness confer at night
On that other old woman, the parish Charley !

Ay, now's the time for a Witch to call
On her Imps and Sucklings one and all—

Newes, Pyewacket, or Peck in the Crown,
(As Matthew Hopkins has handed them down)
Dick, and Willet, and Sugar-and-Sack,
Greedy Grizel, Jarmara the Black,
Vinegar Tom and the rest of the pack—
Ay, now's the nick for her friend Old Harry
To come "with his tail" like the bold Glengarry,
And drive her foes from their savage job
As a mad Black Bullock would scatter a mob :—

But no such matter is down in the bond ;
And spite of her cries that never cease,
But scare the ducks and astonish the geese,
The dame is dragg'd to the fatal pond !

And now they come to the water's brim—
And in they bundle her—sink or swim ;
Though it's twenty to one that the wretch must drown,
With twenty sticks to hold her down ;
Including the help to the self-same end,
Which a travelling Pedlar stops to lend.
A Pedlar !—Yes !—The same !—the same !
Who sold the Horn to the drowning Dame !
And now is foremost amid the stir,
With a token only reveal'd to her ;
A token that makes her shudder and shriek,
And point with her finger, and strive to speak—
But before she can utter the name of the Devil,
Her head is under the water level !

MORAL.

There are folks about town—to name no names—
Who much resemble that deafest of Dames !

And over their tea, and muffins, and crumpets,
Circulate many a scandalous word,
And whisper tales they could only have heard
Through some such Diabolical Trumpets !

SUGGESTIONS BY STEAM.

WHEN Woman is in rags, and poor,
And sorrow, cold, and hunger tease her,
If Man would only listen more
To that small voice that crieth—"Ease her !"

Without the guidance of a friend,
Though legal sharks and screws attack her,
If man would only more attend
To that small voice that crieth—"Back her !"

So oft it would not be his fate
To witness some despairing dropper
In Thames's tide, and run too late
To that small voice that crieth—"Stop her !"

NO !

No sun—no moon !
No morn—no noon—
No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—
No sky—no earthly view—
No distance looking blue—
No road—no street—no “ t’other side the way ”—
No end to any Row—
No indications where the Crescents go—
No top to any steeple—
No recognitions of familiar people—
No courtesies for showing ’em !—
No knowing ’em !—
No travelling at all—no locomotion,
No inkling of the way—no notion—
“ No go ”—by land or ocean—
No mail—no post—
No news from any foreign coast—
No Park—no Ring—no afternoon gentility—
No company—no nobility—
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
No comfortable feel in any member—
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flow’rs, no leaves, no birds,——
November !

THE DOUBLE KNOCK.

RAT-TAT it went upon the lion's chin,
 "That hat, I know it!" cried the joyful girl;
 "Summer's it is, I know him by his knock,
 Comers like him are welcome as the day!
 Lizzy go down and open the street-door,
 Busy I am to any one but *him*.
 Know him you must—he has been often here;
 Show him up stairs, and tell him I'm alone."

Quickly the maid went tripping down the stair;
 Thickly the heart of Rose Matilda beat;
 "Sure he has brought me tickets for the play—
 Drury—or Covent Garden—darling man!—
 Kemble will play—or Kean who makes the soul
 Tremble; in Richard or the Frenzied Moor—
 Farren, the stay and prop of many a farce
 Barren beside—or Liston, Laughter's Child—
 Kelly the natural, to witness whom
 Jelly is nothing to the public's jam
 Cooper, the sensible—and Walter Knowles
 Super, in William Tell—now rightly told.
 Better—perchance, from Andrews, brings a box,
 Letter of boxes for the Italian stage—
 Brocard! Donzelli! Taglioni! Paul!
 No card,—thank heaven—engages me to night!
 Feathers, of course, no turban, and no toque—

Weather's against it, but I'll go in curls.
Dearly I dote on white—my satin dress,
Merely one night—it won't be much the worse—
Cupid—the New Ballet I long to see—
Stupid ! why don't she go and ope the door ! ”

Glisten'd her eye as the impatient girl
Listen'd, low bending o'er the topmost stair.
Vainly, alas ! she listens and she bends
Plainly she hears this question and reply !
“ Axes your pardon, Sir, but what d'ye want ? ”
“ Taxes,” says he, “ and shall not call again ! ”

THE DROWNING DUCKS.

AMONGST the sights that Mrs. Bond
Enjoy'd yet grieved at more than others
Were little ducklings in a pond,
Swimming about beside their mothers—
Small things like living water lilies,
But yellow as the daffo-dillies.

“ It's very hard,” she used to moan,
“ That other people have their ducklings
To grace their waters—mine alone
Have never any pretty chucklings.”

For why!—each little yellow navy
Went down—all downy—to old Davy!

She had a lake—a pond I mean—

Its wave was rather thick than pearly—
She had two ducks, their napes were green—

She had a drake, his tail was curly,—
Yet spite of drake, and ducks, and pond,
No little ducks had Mrs. Bond!

The birds were both the best of mothers—

The nests had eggs—the eggs had luck—
The infant D.'s came forth like others—

But there, alas! the matter stuck!
They might has well have all died addle,
As die when they began to paddle!

For when, as native instinct taught her,

The mother set her brood afloat,
They sank ere long right under water,
Like any over-loaded boat;

They were web-footed too to see,
As ducks and spiders ought to be!

No peccant humour in a gander

Brought havoc on her little folks,—
No poaching cook—a frying pan-der

To appetite,—destroyed their yolks,—
Beneath her very eyes, Od' rot 'em!
They went like plummets, to the bottom.

THE MONKEY-MARTYR.

'Tis strange, what awkward figures and odd capers
 Folks cut, who seek their doctrine from the papers ;
 But there are many shallow politicians.
 Who take their bias from bewilder'd journals—

 Turn state physicians,
 And make themselves fools'-caps of the diurnals,
 One of this kind, not human, but a monkey,
 Had read himself at last to this sour creed—
 That he was nothing but Oppression's flunkey,
 And man a tyrant over all his breed.

 He could not read
 Of niggers whipt, or over-trampled weavers,
 But he applied their wrongs to his own seed,
 And nourish'd thoughts that threw him into fevers.
 His very dreams were full of martial beavers,
 And drilling Pugs, for liberty pugnacious,

 To sever chains vexatious ;
 In fact, he thought that all his injured line
 Should take up pikes in hand, and never drop 'em
 Till they had cleared a road to Freedom's shrine,—
 Unless perchance the turn-pike men should stop 'em.

 Full of this rancour,
 Pacing one day beside St. Clement Danes,

 It came into his brains
 To give a look in at the Crown and Anchor ;

Where certain solemn sages of the nation
Were at that moment in deliberation
How to relieve the wide world of its chains,
 Pluck despots down,
 And thereby crown
Whitee as well as blackee-man-cipation.
Pug heard the speeches with great approbation,
And gaz'd with pride upon the Liberators?
 To see mere coal-heavers
 Such perfect bolivars—
Waiters of inns sublim'd to innovators,
And slaters dignified as legislators—
Small publicans demanding (such their high sense
Of liberty) an universal license—
And patten-makers easing Freedom's clogs—
 The whole thing seem'd
 So fine, he deem'd
The smallest demagogues as great as Gogs!
Pug, with some curious notions in his noddle,
Walk'd out at last, and turn'd into the Strand,
 To the left hand,
Conning some portions of the previous twaddle,
And striding with a step that seem'd design'd
To represent the mighty March of Mind,
 Instead of that slow waddle
Of thought, to which our ancestors inclin'd—
No wonder, then, that he should quickly find
He stood in front of that intrusive pile,

Where Cross keeps many a kind
Of bird confin'd,
And free-born animal, in durance vile—
A thought that stirr'd up all the monkey-bile!
The window stood ajar—
It was not far,
Nor, like Parnassus, very hard to climb—
The hour was verging on the supper time,
And many a growl was sent through many a bar
Meanwhile Pug scrambled upward like a tar,
And soon crept in,
Unnotic'd in the din
Of tuneless throats, that made the attics ring
With all the harshest notes that they could bring;
For, like the Jews,
Wild beasts refuse,
In midst of their captivity—to sing.

Lord! how it made him chafe,
Full of his new emancipating zeal,
To look around upon this brute bastille,
And see the king of creatures in—a safe!
The desert's denizen in one small den,
Swallowing slavery's most bitter pills—
A bear in bars unbearable. And then
The fretful porcupine, with all its quills
Imprison'd in a pen!
A tiger limited to four feet ten;

And, still worse lot,
A leopard to one spot!
An elephant enlarg'd,
But not discharg'd;

(It was before the elephant was shot ;)
A doleful wanderer, that wandered not ;
An ounce much disproportion'd to his pound,
Pug's wrath wax'd hot
To gaze upon these captive creatures round ;
Whose claws—all scratching—gave him full assurance
They found their durance vile of vile endurance.
He went above—a solitary mounter
Up gloomy stairs—and saw a pensive group
Of hapless fowls—
Cranes, vultures, owls,
In fact, it was a sort of Poultry-Compter,
Where feather'd prisoners were doom'd to droop :
Here sat an eagle, forc'd to make a stoop,
Not from the skies, but his impending roof ;
And there aloof,
A pining ostrich, moping in a coop ;
With other samples of the bird creation,
All caged against their powers and their wills,
And cramp'd in such a space, the longest bills
Were plainly bills of least accommodation.
In, truth, it was a very ugly scene
To fall to any liberator's share,
To see those winged fowls, that once had been

Free as the wind, no freer than fix'd air.
His temper little mended,
Pug from this Bird-cage Walk at last descended
Unto the lion and the elephant,
His bosom in a pant
To see all nature's Free List thus suspended,
And beasts depriv'd of what she had intended
They could not even prey
In their own way :
A hardship always reckon'd quite prodigious
Thus he resolv'd—
And soon resolv'd
To give them freedom, civil and religious.

That night there were no country cousins, raw
From Wales, to view the lion and his kin :
The keeper's eyes were fix'd upon a saw ;
The saw was fix'd upon a bullock's shin ;
Meanwhile with stealthy paw,
Pug hastened to withdraw
The bolt that kept the king of brutes within.
Now, monarch of the forest ! thou shalt win
Precious enfranchisement—thy bolts are undone ;
Thou are no longer a degraded creature,
But loose to roam with liberty and nature
And free of all the jungles about London—
All Hampstead's heathy desert lies before thee !
Methinks I see thee bound from Cross's ark,

Full of the native instinct that comes o'er thee,
And turn a ranger
Of Hounslow Forest, and the Regent's Park—
Thin Rhodes's cows—the mail-coach steeds endanger,
And gobble parish watchmen after dark :—
Methinks I see thee, with the early lark,
Stealing to Merlin's cave—(*thy* cave).—Alas!
That such bright visions should not come to pass!
Alas! for freedom, and for freedom's hero!
Alas! for liberty of life and limb!
For Pug had only half unbolted Nero,
When Nero *bolted him!*

A FRIENDLY EPISTLE TO MRS. FRY IN
NEWGATE.

"Out! out! damned spot!"—*Macbeth.*

"Sermons in stones."—*As You Like It.*

I LIKE you, Mrs. Fry! I like your name!
It speaks the very warmth you feel in pressing
In daily act round Charity's great flame—
I like the crisp Browne way you have of dressing,
Good Mrs. Fry! I like the placid claim
You make to Christianity,—professing
Love, and good *works*—of course you buy of Barton,
Besides the young *fry's* bookseller, Friend Darton!

I like, good Mrs. Fry, your brethren mute—
 Those serious, solemn gentlemen that sport—
 I should have said, that *wear*, the sober suit
 Shaped like a court dress—but for heaven's court.
 I like your sisters too,—sweet Rachel's fruit—
 Protestant nuns! I like their stiff support
 Of virtue—and I like to see them clad
 With such a difference—just like good from bad!

I like the sober colours—not the wet ;
 Those gaudy manufactures of the rainbow—
 Green, orange, crimson, purple, violet—
 In which the fair, the flirting, and the vain, go—
 The others are a chaste, severer set,
 In which the good, the pious, and the plain, go—
 They're moral *standards*, to know Christians by—
 In short, they are your *colours*, Mrs. Fry!

As for the naughty tinges of the prism—
 Crimson's the cruel uniform of war—
 Blue—hue of brimstone! minds no catechism!
 And green is young and gay—not noted for
 Goodness, or gravity, or quietism,
 Till it is sadden'd down to tea-green, or
 Olive—and purple's giv'n to wine, I guess ;
 And yellow is a convict by its dress!

They're all the devil's liveries, that men
 And women wear in servitude to sin—
 But how will they come off, poor motleys, when
 Sin's wages are paid down, and they stand in
 The Evil presence? You and I know, then
 How all the party colours will begin
 To part—the *Pittite* hues will sadden there,
 Whereas the *Foxite* shades will all show fair!

Witness their goodly labours one by one!
Russet makes garments for the needy poor—
Dove-colour preaches love to all—and *dun*
 Calls every day at Charity's street-door—
Brown studies Scripture, and bids woman shun
 All gaudy furnishing—*olive* doth pour
 Oil into wounds: and *drab* and *slate* supply
 Scholar and book in Newgate, Mrs. Fry!

Well! Heaven forbid that I should discommend
 The gratis, charitable, jail-endeavour!
 When all persuasions in your praises blend—
 The Methodist's creed and cry are, *Fry* for ever!
 No—I will be your friend—and, like a friend,
 Point out your very worst defect—Nay, never
 Start at that word!—But I *must* ask you why
 You keep your school *in* Newgate, Mrs. Fry?

Too well I know the price our mother Eve
 Paid for *her* schooling: but must all her daughters
 Commit a petty larceny, and thief—
 Pay down a crime for "*entrance*" to your "*quarters?*"
 Your classes may increase, but I must grieve
 Over your pupils at their bread-and-waters!
 Oh, tho' it cost you rent—(and rooms run high!)
 Keep your school *out* of Newgate, Mrs. Fry!

O save the vulgar soul before it's spoil'd!
 Set up your mounted sign *without* the gate—
 And there inform the mind before 'tis soil'd!
 'Tis sorry writing on a greasy slate!
 Nay, if you would not have your labours foil'd,
 Take it *inclining* tow'rds a virtuous state,
 Not prostrate and laid flat—else, woman meek!
 The *upright* pencil will but hop and shriek!

Ah, who can tell how hard it is to drain
 The evil spirit from the heart it preys in,—
 To bring sobriety to life again,
 Choked with the vile Anacreontic raisin,—
 To wash Black Betty when her black's ingrain,—
 To stick a moral lacquer on Moll Brazen,
 Of Suky Tawdry's habits to deprive her;
 To tame the wild-fowl-ways of Jenny Diver!

Ah, who can tell how hard it is to teach
Miss Nancy Dawson on her bed of straw—
To make Long Sal sew up the endless breach
She made in manners—to write heaven's own law
On hearts of granite,—Nay, how hard to preach,
In cells, that are not memory's—to draw
The moral thread, thro' the immoral eye
Of blunt Whitechapel natures, Mrs. Fry!

In vain you teach them baby-work within :
'Tis but a clumsy botchery of crime ;
'Tis but a tedious darning of old sin—
Come out yourself, and stitch up souls in time—
It is too late for scouring to begin
When virtue's ravell'd out, when all the prime
Is worn away, and nothing sound remains ;
You'll fret the fabric out before the stains !

I like your chocolate, good Mistress Fry!
I like your cookery in every way ;
I like your shrove-tide service and supply ;
I like to hear your sweet *Pandeans* play ;
I like the pity in your full-brimm'd eye ;
I like your carriage, and your silken grey,
Your dove-like habits, and your silent preaching
But I don't like your Newgatory teaching.

Come out of Newgate, Mrs. Fry! Repair
 Abroad, and find your pupils in the streets.
 O, come abroad into the wholesome air,
 And take your moral place, before Sin seats
 Her wicked self in the Professor's chair.
 Suppose some morals raw! the true receipt's
 To dress them in the pan, but do not try
 To cook them in the fire, good Mrs. Fry!

Put on your decent bonnet, and come out!
 Good luck! the ancients did not set up schools
 In jail—but at the *Porch!* hinting, no doubt,
 That Vice should have a lesson in the rules
 Before 'twas whipt by law.—O come about,
 Good Mrs. Fry! and set up forms and stools
 All down the Old Bailey, and thro' Newgate-street,
 But not in Mr. Wontner's proper seat!

Teach Lady Barrymore, if, teaching, you
 That peerless Peeress can absolve from dolour;
 Teach her it is not virtue to pursue
 Ruin of blue, or any other colour;
 Teach her it is not Virtue's crown to rue,
 Month after month, the unpaid drunken dollar;
 Teach her that "flooring Charleys" is a game
 Unworthy one that bears a Christian name.

O come and teach our children—that ar'n't *ours*—
That heaven's straight pathway is a narrow way,
Not Broad St. Giles's, where fierce sin devours
Children, like Time—or rather they both prey
On youth together—meanwhile Newgate low'rs
Ev'n like a black cloud at the close of day,
To shut them out from any more blue sky :
Think of these hopeless wretches, Mrs. Fry !

You are not nice—go into their retreats,
And make them Quakers, if you will.—'Twere best
They wore straight collars, and their shirts sans *pleats* ;
That they had hats *with* brims,—that they were drest
In garbs without *lappels*—than shame the streets
With so much raggedness.—You may invest
Much cash this way—but it will cost its price,
To give a good, round, real *cheque* to Vice !

In brief,—Oh teach the child its moral rote,
Not *in* the way from which 'twill not depart,—
But *out*—out—out ! Oh, bid it walk remote !
And if the skies are closed against the smart,
Ev'n let him wear the single-breasted coat,
For that ensureth singleness of heart.—
Do what you will, his every want supply,
Keep him—but *out* of Newgate, Mrs. Fry !

I'M NOT A SINGLE MAN.

“ Double, single, and the rub.”—HOYLE.

“ This, this is Solitude.”—BYRON.

WELL, I confess, I did not guess
A simple marriage vow
Would make me find all womenkind
Such unkind women now!
They need not, sure, as *distant* be
As Java or Japan,—
Yet every Miss reminds me this—
I'm not a single man!

Once they made choice of my bass voice
To share in each duet;
So well I danced, I somehow chanced
To stand in every set:
They now declare I cannot sing,
And dance on Bruin's plan;
Me draw—me paint!—me anything!—
I'm not a single man!

Once I was asked advice, and task'd
What works to buy or not,
And “ would I read that passage out
I so admired in Scott?”

They then could bear to hear one read ;
But if I now began,
How they would snub, "My pretty page,"
I'm not a single man !

One used to stitch a collar then,
Another hemmed a frill ;
I had more purses netted then
Than I could hope to fill.
I once could get a button on,
But now I never can—
My buttons then were Bachelor's,—
I'm not a single man !

Oh how they hated politics
Thrust on me by papa :
But now my chat—they all leave that
To entertain mama.
Mama, who praises her own self,
Instead of Jane or Ann,
And lays "her girls" upon the shelf—
I'm not a single man !

Ah me, how strange it is the change,
In parlour and in hall,
They treat me so, if I but go
To make a morning call.

If they had hair in papers once,
Bolt up the stairs they ran ;
They now sit still in dishabille —
I'm not a single man !

Miss Mary Bond was once so fond
Of Romans and of Greeks ;
She daily sought my cabinet
To study my antiques.
Well, now she doesn't care a dump
For ancient pot or pan,
Her taste at once is modernized—
I'm not a single man !

My spouse is fond of homely life,
And all that sort of thing ;
I go to balls without my wife,
And never wear a ring :
And yet each Miss to whom I come,
As strange as Genghis Khan,
Knows by some sign, I can't divine,—
I'm not a single man !

Go where I will, I but intrude,
I'm left in crowded rooms,
Like Zimmerman on Solitude,
Or Hervey at his Tombs.

From head to heel, they make me feel,
Of quite another clan ;
Compelled to own, though left alone,
I'm not a single man !

Miss Towne the toast, though she can boast
A nose of Roman line,
Will turn up even that in scorn
Of compliments of mine ;
She should have seen that I have been
Her sex's partisan,
And really married all I could—
I'm not a single man !

'Tis hard to see how others fare,
Whilst I rejected stand,—
Will no one take my arm because
They cannot have my hand ?
Miss Parry, that for some would go
A trip to Hindostan,
With me don't care to mount a stair—
I'm not a single man !

Some change of course, should be in force,
But, surely not so much—
There may be hands I may not squeeze,
But must I never touch?—

Must I forbear to hand a chair
 And not pick up a fan?
 But I have been myself picked up—
 I'm not a single man!

Others may hint a lady's tint
 Is purest red and white—
 May say her eyes are like the skies,
 So very blue and bright,—
I must not say that she *has eyes*,
 Or if I so began,
 I have my fears about my ears,—
 I'm not a single man!

I must confess I did not guess
 A simple marriage vow,
 Would make me find all women-kind
 Such unkind women now;—
 I might be hash'd to death, or smash'd,
 By Mr. Pickford's van,
 Without, I fear, a single tear,—
 I'm not a single man!



THERE'S NO ROMANCE IN THAT.



O days of old, O days of Knights,
 Of tourneys and of tilts,
 When love was balk'd and valour stalk'd
 On high heroic tilts—

Where are ye gone?—adventures cease,
The world gets tame and flat,—
We've nothing now but New Police—
There's no Romance in that!

I wish I ne'er had learn'd to read,
Or Radcliffe how to write!
That Scott had been a boor on 'Tweed,
And Lewis cloister'd quite!
Would I had never drunk so deep
Of dear Miss Porter's vat;
I only turn to life, and weep—
There's no Romance in that!

No Bandits lurk—no turban'd Turk
To Tunis bears me off—
I hear no noises in the night
Except my mother's cough,—
No Bleeding Spectre haunts the house,
No shape,—but owl or bat,
Come flitting after moth or mouse,—
There's no Romance in that!

I have not any grief profound,
Or secrets to confess,
My story would not fetch a pound
For A. K. Newman's press;

374 THERE'S NO ROMANCE IN THAT.

Instead of looking thin and pale,
I'm growing red and fat,
As if I lived on beef and ale—
There's no Romance in that!

It's very hard, by land or sea
Some strange event I court,
But nothing ever comes to me
That's worth a pen's report :
It really made my temper chafe,
Each coast that I was at,
I vow'd, and rail'd, and came home safe,—
There's no Romance in that?

The only time I had a chance
At Brighton one fine day,
My chestnut mare began to prance,
Took fright, and ran away ;
Alas ! no Captain of the Tenth
To stop my steed came pat ;
A Butcher caught the rein at length,—
There's no romance in that !

Love—even love—goes smoothly on
A railway sort of track—
No flinty sire, no jealous Don !
No hearts upon the rack ;

No Polydore, no Theodore—
His ugly name is Mat,
Plain Matthew Pratt and nothing more—
There's no romance in that !

He is not dark, he is not tall,—
His forehead's rather low,
He is not pensive—not at all,
But smiles his teeth to show ;
He comes from Wales and yet in size
Is really but a sprat ;
With sandy hair and greyish eyes—
There's no Romance in that !

He wears no plumes or Spanish cloaks,
Or long sword hanging down ;
He dresses much like other folks,
And commonly in brown ;
His collar he will not discard,
Or give up his cravat,
Lord Byron-like—he's not a Bard —
There's no Romance in that !

He's rather bald, his sight is weak
He's deaf in either drum ;
Without a lisp he cannot speak,
But then—he's worth a plum.

376 THERE'S NO ROMANCE IN THAT.

He talks of stocks and three per cents.
By way of private chat,
Of Spanish Bonds, and shares, and rents,—
There's no Romance in that !

I sing—no matter what I sing,
Di Tanti—or Crudel,
Tom Bowling, or God save the King,
Di piacer—All's well ;
He knows no more about a voice
For singing than a gnat—
And as to Music “has no choice,”
There's no Romance in that !

Of light guitar I cannot boast,
He never serenades ;
He writes, and sends it by the post
He doesn't bribe the maids :
No stealth, no hempen ladder—no !
He comes with loud rat-tat,
That startles half of Bedford Row—
There's no Romance in that !

He comes at nine in time to choose
His coffee—just two cups,
And talks with Pa about the news,
Repeats debates, and sups.

John helps him with his coat aright,
And Jenkins hands his hat ;
My lover bows, and says good night—
There's no Romance in that !

I've long had Pa's and Ma's consent,
My aunt she quite approves,
My Brother wishes joy from Kent,
None try to thwart our loves ;
On Tuesday reverend Mr. Mace
Will make me Mrs. Pratt,
Of Number Twenty, Sussex Place—
There's no Romance in that."

GOG AND MAGOG.

A GUILDHALL DUET.

MAGOG.

WHY, Gog, I say, it's after One,
And yet no dinner carved ;
Shall we endure this sort of fun,
And stand here to be starved ?

GOG.

I really think our City Lords
Must be a shabby set ;
I've stood here since King Charles's time,
And had no dinner yet !

MAGOG.

I vow I can no longer stay ;
I say, are we to dine to-day ?

GOG.

My hunger would provoke a saint,
I've waited till I'm sick and faint ;
I'll tell you what, they'll starve us both,
I'll tell you what, they'll stop our growth.

MAGOG.

I wish I had a round of beef
My hungry tooth to charm ;
I've wind enough in my inside
To play the Hundredth Psalm.

GOG.

And yet they feast beneath our eyes
Without the least remorse ;
This very week I saw the Mayor
A-feeding like a horse !

MAGOG.

Such loads of fish, and flesh, and fowl,
To think upon it makes me growl !

GOG.

I wonder where the fools were taught,
'That they should keep a giant short !

They'll stop our growth, they'll stop our growth;
They'll starve us both, they'll starve us both!

MAGOG.

They said a hundred years ago,
That we should dine at One;
Why, Gog, I say, our meat by this
Is rather over-done.

GOG.

I do not want it done at all,
So hungry is my maw,
Give me an Alderman in chains,
And I will eat him raw!

MAGOG.

Of starving weavers they discuss,
And yet they never think of us.
I say, are we to dine to-day;
Are we to dine to-day?

GOG.

Oh dear, the pang it is to feel
So mealy-mouthed without a meal!

MAGOG.

I'll tell you what, they'll stop our growth!

GOG.

I'll tell you what, they'll starve us both!

BOTH.

They'll stop our growth, they'll starve us both!

A BLACK JOB.

“No doubt the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated as to cheat.”—*Hudibras*.

THE history of human-kind to trace,
Since Eve—the first of dupes—our doom unriddled,
A certain portion of the human race
Has certainly a taste for being diddled.

Witness the famous Mississippi dreams !
A rage that time seems only to redouble—
The Banks, Joint-Stocks, and all the flimsy schemes,
For rolling in Pactolian streams,
That cost our modern rogues so little trouble.
No matter what,—to pasture cows on stubble,
To twist sea-sand into a solid rope,
To make French bricks and fancy bread of rubble,
Or light with gas the whole celestial cope—
Only propose to blow a bubble,
And Lord ! what hundreds will subscribe for soap !

Soap !—it reminds me of a little tale,
Tho' not a pig's, the hawbuck's glory,
When rustic games and merriment prevail —
But here's my story :

Once on a time—no matter when—
A knot of very charitable men
Set up a Philanthropical Society,
Professing on a certain plan,
To benefit the race of man,
And in particular that dark variety,
Which some suppose inferior—as in vermin,
The sable is to ermine,
As smut to flour, as coal to alabaster,
As crows to swans, as soot to driven snow,
As blacking, or as ink to “milk below,”
Or yet a better simile, to show,
As ragmen’s dolls to images in plaster!

However, as is usual in our city,
They had a sort of managing Committee,
A board of grave responsible Directors—
A Secretary, good at pen and ink—
A Treasurer, of course, to keep the chink,
And quite an army of Collectors!
Not merely male, but female duns,
Young, old, and middle-aged—of all degrees—
With many of those persevering ones,
Who mite by mite would beg a cheese!

And what might be their aim?
To rescue Afric’s sable sons from fetters
To save their bodies from the burning shame
Of branding with hot letters—

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To rescue Afric’s sable sons from fetters
To save their bodies from the burning shame
Of branding with hot letters—

Their shoulders from the cowhide's bloody strokes,
 Their necks from iron yokes?
To end or mitigate the ills of slavery,
The Planter's avarice, the Driver's knavery?
To school the heathen Negroes and enlighten 'em
 To polish up and brighten 'em,
And make them worthy of eternal bliss?
Why, no—the simple end and aim was this—
Reading a well-known proverb much amiss—
 To wash and whiten 'em!

They look'd so ugly in their sable hides :
 So dark, so dingy, like a grubby lot
Of sooty sweeps, or colliers, and besides,
 However the poor elves
 Might wash themselves,
Nobody knew if they were clean or not—
 On Nature's fairness they were quite a blot!
Not to forget more serious complaints
That even while they joined in pious hymn,
 So black they were and grim,
 In face and limb,
They look'd like Devils, tho' they sang like Saints!
 The thing was undeniable!
They wanted washing! not that slight ablution
 To which the skin of the White Man is liable,
Merely removing transient pollution—
 But good, hard, honest, energetic rubbing
 And scrubbing,

Sousing each sooty frame from heels to head
With stiff, strong, saponaceous lather,
And pails of water—hottish rather,
But not so boiling as to turn 'em red

So spake the philanthropic man
Who laid, and hatch'd, and nursed the plan—
And oh! to view its glorious consummation!
The brooms and mops,
The tubs and slops,
The baths and brushes in full operation!
To see each Crow, or Jim, or John,
Go in a raven and come out a swan!
While fair as Cavendishes, Vanes, and Russels,
Black Venus rises from the soapy surge,
And all the little Niggerlings emerge
As lily-white as mussels.

Sweet was the vision—but alas!
However in prospectus bright and sunny,
To bring such visionary scenes to pass
One thing was requisite, and that was—money!
Money, that pays the laundress and her bills,
For socks and collars, shirts and frills,
Cravats and kerchiefs—money, without which
The negroes must remain as dark as pitch

A thing to make all Christians sad and shivery,
To think of millions of immortal souls
Dwelling in bodies black as coals,
And living—so to speak—in Satan's livery!

Money—the root of evil,—dross, and stuff!
But oh! how happy ought the rich to feel,
Whose means enable them to give enough
To blanch an African from head to heel!
How blessed—yea, thrice blessed—to subscribe
Enough to scour a tribe!

While he whose fortune was at best a brittle one,
Although he gave but pence, how sweet to know
He helped to bleach a Hottentot's great toe,
Or little one!

Moved by this logic (or appall'd)
To persons of a certain turn so proper,
The money came when call'd
In silver, gold, and copper,
Presents from "Friends to blacks," or foes to whites,
"Trifles," and "offerings," and "widow's mites,"
Plump legacies, and yearly benefactions,
With other gifts
And charitable lifts,
Printed in lists and quarterly transactions.
As thus—Elisha Brettel,
An iron kettle.

The Dowager Lady Scannel,
A piece of flannel.
Rebecca Pope,
A bar of soap.
The Misses Howels,
Half-a-dozen towels.
The Master Rush's,
Two scrubbing-brushes.
Mr. T. Groom,
A stable broom,
And Mrs. Grubb,
A tub.

Great were the sums collected !
And great results in consequence expected.
But somehow, in the teeth of all endeavour,
According to reports
At yearly courts,
The blacks, confound them ! were as black as ever !

Yes ! spite of all the water sous'd aloft,
Soap, plain and mottled, hard and soft,
Soda and pearlash, huckaback and sand,
Brooms, brushes, palm of hand,
And scourers in the office strong and clever,
In spite of all the tubbing, rubbing, scrubbing,
The routing and the grubbing,
The blacks, confound them ! were as black as ever !

In fact in his perennial speech,
The Chairman own'd the niggers did not bleach,
 As he had hoped,
 From being washed and soaped,
A circumstance he named with grief and pity ;
 But still he had the happiness to say,
 For self and the Committee,
By persevering in the present way
And scrubbing at the Blacks from day to day,
 Although he could not promise perfect white,
 From certain symptoms that had come to light,
He hoped in time to get them gray !

Lull'd by this vague assurance,
 The friends and patrons of the sable tribe
 Continued to subscribe,
And waited, waited on with much endurance—
Many a frugal sister, thrifty daughter—
Many a stinted widow, pinching mother—
With income by the tax made somewhat shorter,
Still paid implicitly her crown per quarter,
Only to hear as every year came round,
That Mr. Treasurer had spent her pound ;
And as she loved her sable brother,
That Mr. Treasurer must have another !

But, spite of pounds or guineas,
 Instead of giving any hint

Of turning to a neutral tint,
The plaguy negroes and their piccaninnies
Were still the colour of the bird that caws—
Only some very aged souls
Showing a little gray upon their polls,
Like daws !

However, nothing dashed
By such repeated failures, or abashed,
The Court still met ;—the Chairman and Directors,
The Secretary, good at pen and ink,
The worthy Treasurer, who kept the chink,
And all the cash Collectors !
With hundreds of that class, so kindly credulous,
Without whose help, no charlatan alive,
Or Bubble Company could hope to thrive,
Or busy Chevalier, however seculous—
Those good and easy innocents in fact,
Who willingly receiving chaff for corn,
As pointed out by Butler's tact,
Still find a secret pleasure in the act
Of being pluck'd and shorn !

However, in long hundreds there they were,
Thronging the hot, and close, and dusty court,
To hear once more addresses from the Chair,
And regular Report.

Alas! concluding in the usual strain,
That what with everlasting wear and tear,
The scrubbing-brushes hadn't got a hair—
The brooms—mere stumps—would never serve again—
The soap was gone, the flannels all in shreds,
The towels worn to threads,
The tubs and pails too shatter'd to be mended—
And what was added with a deal of pain,
But as accounts correctly would explain,
Tho' thirty thousand pounds had been expended—
The Blackamoors had still been washed in vain

“In fact, the negroes were as black as ink,
Yet, still as the Committee dared to think,
And hoped the proposition was not rash,
A rather free expenditure of cash—”
But ere the prospect could he make more sunny—
Up jump'd a little, lemon-coloured man,
And with an eager stammer, thus began,
In angry earnest, though it sounded funny :
“What! More subscriptions! No—no—no,—not I!
You have had time—time—time enough to try!
They won't come white! then why—why—why—
why—why,
More money?”

“Why!” said the Chairman, with an accent bland,
And gentle waving of his dexter hand,

• Why must we have more dross, and dirt, and dust,
 More filthy lucre, in a word, more gold—
 The why, sir, very easily is told,
 Because Humanity declares we must !
 We've scrubb'd the negroes till we've nearly killed 'em,
 And finding that we cannot wash them white,
 But still their nigritude offends the sight,
We mean to gild 'em !"



SKIPPING.

A MYSTERY.



LITTLE children skip,
 The rope so gaily gripping,
 Tom and Harry,
 Jane and Mary,
 Kate, Diana,
 Susan, Anna,
 All are fond of skipping.

The Grasshoppers all skip,
 The early dew-drop sipping,
 Under, over,
 Bent and clover,
 Daisy, sorrel,
 Without quarrel,
 All are fond of skipping !

The tiny Fairies skip,
At midnight softly tripping,
Puck and Peri,
Never weary,
With an antic,
Quite romantic,
All are fond of skipping !

The little Boats they skip,
Beside the heavy Shipping,
While the squalling
Winds are calling,
Falling, rising,
Rising, falling,
All are fond of skipping !

The pale Diana skips,
The silver billows tipping,
With a dancing
Lustre glancing
To the motion
Of the ocean—
All are fond of skipping !

The little Flounders skip,
When they feel the dripping

Scorching, frying,
Jumping, trying
If there is not
Any shying,
All are fond of skipping!

The very Dogs they skip,
While threatened with a whipping,
Wheeling, prancing,
Learning dancing,
To a measure,
What a pleasure!
All are fond of skipping!

The little Fleas they skip,
And nightly come a-nipping
Lord and Lady,
Jude and Thady,
In the night
So dark and shady—
All are fond of skipping!

The Autumn leaves they skip;
When blasts the trees are stripping;
Bounding, whirling,
Sweeping, twirling,
And in wanton
Mazes curling,
All are fond of skipping!

The Apparitions skip,
 Some mortal grievance ripping,
 Thorough many
 A crack and cranny,
 And the keyhole
 Good as any—
 All are fond of skipping!

But oh! how Readers skip,
 In heavy volumes dipping!

* * * * * and * * * * *

* * * * * and * * * * *

* * * and * * * * *

* * * * * * * *

All are fond of skipping!



THE PAINTER PUZZLED.



“Draw, Sir!”—*Old Play.*



WELL, something must be done for May,
 The time is drawing nigh,
 To figure in the catalogue
 And woo the public eye.

Something I must invent and paint;
But, oh! my wit is not
Like one of those kind substantives
That answer Who and What?

Oh, for some happy hit! to throw
The gazer in a trance;
But *posé là*—there I am posed,
As people say in France.

In vain I sit and strive to think,
I find my head, alack!
Painfully empty, still, just like
A bottle "on the rack."

In vain I task my barren brain
Some new idea to catch,
And tease my hair—ideas are shy
Of "coming to the scratch."

In vain I stare upon the air,
No mental visions dawn;
A blank my canvas still remains,
And worse—a blank undrawn:

An "aching void" that mars my rest
With one eternal hint,
For, like the little goblin page,
It still keeps crying "Tint!"

But what to tint? ay, there's the rub,
That plagues me all the while,
As, Selkirk-like, I sit without
A subject for my *i'le*.

"Invention's seventh heaven" the bard
Has written—but my case
Persuades me that the creature dwells
In quite another place.

Sniffing the lamp, the ancients thought,
Demosthenes *must* toil;
But works of art are works indeed,
And always "smell of oil."

Yet painting pictures some folks think,
Is merely play and fun;
That what is on an easel set
Must easily be done.

But, zounds! if they could sit in this
Uneasy easy-chair,
They'd very soon be glad enough
To cut the camel's hair.

Oh! who can tell the pang it is
To sit as I this day—
With all my canvas spread, and yet
Without an inch of way.

Till, mad at last to find I am
Amongst such empty skullers,
I feel that I could strike myself,
But no—I'll "strike my colours."

PAIN IN A PLEASURE-BOAT

A SEA ECLOGUE.

"I apprehend you!"—SCHOOL OF REFORM.

BOATMAN.

SHOVE off there!—ship the rudder, Bill—cast off! she's
under way!

MRS. F.

She's under what?—I hope she's not! good gracious,
what a spray!

BOATMAN.

Run out the jib, and rig the boom! keep clear of those
two brigs!

MRS. F.

I hope they don't intend some joke by running of their
rigs!

BOATMAN.

Bill, shift them bags of ballast aft—she's rather out of trim!

Mrs. F.

Great bags of stones! they're pretty things to help a boat to swim!

BOATMAN.

The wind is fresh—if she don't scud, it's not the breeze's fault!

Mrs. F.

Wind, fresh, indeed, I never felt the air so full of salt!

BOATMAN.

That schooner, Bill, harn't left the roads, with oranges and nuts!

Mrs. F.

If seas have roads, they're very rough—I never felt such ruts!

BOATMAN.

It's neap, ye see, she's heavy lade, and couldn't pass the bar.

Mrs. F.

The bar! what, roads with turnpikes too? I wonder where they are!

BOATMAN.

Ho! brig ahoy! hard up! hard up! that lubber cannot steer!

MRS. F.

Yes, yes,—hard up upon a rock! I know some danger's near!

Lord, there's a wave! it's coming in; and roaring like a bull!

BOATMAN.

Nothing, Ma'am, but a little slop! go large, Bill! keep her full!

MRS. F.

What, keep her full! what daring work! when full, she must go down!

BOATMAN.

Why Bill, it lulls! ease off a bit—it's coming off the town!

Steady your helm! we'll clear the *Pint*! lay right for yonder pink!

MRS. F.

Be steady—well, I hope they can! they've got a pint of drink!

BOATMAN.

Bill, give that sheet another haul—she'll fetch it up this reach.

Mrs. F.

I'm getting rather pale, I know, and they see it by that speech!

I wonder what it is, now, but—I never felt so queer!

BOATMAN.

Bill, mind your luff—why Bill, I say, she's yawing—keep her near!

Mrs. F.

Keep near! we're going further off; the land's behind our backs.

BOATMAN

Be easy, Ma'am, it's all correct, that's only 'cause we tacks:

We shall have to beat about a bit,—Bill, keep her out to sea.

Mrs. F.

Beat who about? keep who at sea?—how black they look at me!

BOATMAN.

It's veering round, I knew it would! off with her head! stand by!

Mrs. F.

Off with her head! whose? where? what with?—an axe I seem to spy!

BOATMAN.

She can't not keep her own, you see ; we shall have to pull her in !

MRS. F.

They'll drown me, and take all I have ! my life's not worth a pin !

BOATMAN.

Look out you know, be ready, Bill—just when she takes the sand !

MRS. F.

The sand—O Lord ! to stop my mouth ! how every thing is plann'd !

BOATMAN.

The handspike, Bill—quick, bear a hand ! now Ma'am, just step ashore !

MRS. F.

What ! an't I going to be kill'd—and welter'd in my gore ?

Well, Heaven be praised ! but I'll not go a-sailing any more !



THE TURTLES.

A FABLE.

“The rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle.”—BYRON.

ONE day, it was before a civic dinner,
Two London Aldermen, no matter which,
Cordwainer, Girdler, Patten-maker, Skinner—
But both were florid, corpulent, and rich;
And both right fond of festive demolition,
Set forth upon a secret expedition,
Yet not, as might be fancied from the token,
To Pudding Lane, Pie Corner, or the Street
Of Bread, or Grub, or anything to eat,
Or drink, as Milk, or Vintry, or Portsoken,
But eastward to that more aquatic quarter,
Where folks take water,
Or bound on voyages, secure a berth
For Antwerp or Ostend, Dundee or Perth,
Calais, Boulogne, or any Port on earth!
Jostled and jostling, through the mud,
Peculiar to the 'Town of Lud,
Down narrow streets and crooked lanes they dived,
Past many a gusty avenue, through which
Came yellow fog, and smell of pitch,
From barge, and boat, and dusky wharf derived

With darker fumes, brought eddying by the draught.
From loco-smoko-motive craft ;
Mingling with scents of butter, cheese, and gammons,
Tea, coffee, sugar, pickles, rosin, wax,
Hides, tallow, Russia-matting, hemp and flax,
Salt-cod, red herrings, sprats, and kipper'd salmons,
Nuts, oranges, and lemons,
Each pungent spice, and aromatic gum,
Gas, pepper, soaples, brandy, gin, and rum ;
Alamode-beef and greens—the London soil—
Glue, coal, tobacco, turpentine, and oil,
Bark, assafœtida, squills, vitriol, hops,
In short, all whiffs, and sniffs, and puffs, and snuffs,
From metals, minerals, and dyewood stuffs,
Fruits, victual, drink, solidities, or slops—
In flasks, casks, bales, trucks, waggons, taverns, shops,
Boats, lighters, cellars, wharfs, and warehouse-tops,
That, as we walk upon the river's ridge,
Assault the nose—below the bridge.

A walk, however, as tradition tells,
That once a poor blind Tobit used to choose,
Because, incapable of other views,
He met with “such a sight of smells.”

But on, and on, and on,
In spite of all unsavoury shocks,

Progress the stout Sir Peter and Sir John,
Steadily steering ship-like for the docks—
And now they reach a place the Muse, unwilling,
Recalls for female slang and vulgar doing,
 The famous Gate of Billing
 That does not lead to cooing—
And now they pass that House that is so ugly
A Customer to people looking “smuggley”—
And now along that fatal Hill they pass
Where centuries ago an Oxford bled,
And proved—to late to save his life, alas!—
 That *he* was “off his head.”

At last before a lofty brick-built pile
Sir Peter stopp'd, and with mysterious smile
Tingled a bell that served to bring
The wire-drawn genius of the ring,
A species of commercial Samuel Weller—
To whom Sir Peter—tipping him a wink,
 And something else to drink—
 “Show us the cellar.”

Obsequious bow'd the man, and led the way
Down sundry flights of stairs, where windows small,
Dappled with mud, let in a dingy ray—
A dirty tax, if they were tax'd at all.

At length they came into a cellar damp,
With venerable cobwebs fringed around,
 A cellar of that stamp
Which often harbours vintages renown'd,
The feudal Hock, or Burgundy the courtly,
 With sherry, brown or golden,
 Or port, so olden,
Bereft of body 'tis no longer portly—
But old or otherwise—to be veracious—
That cobwebb'd cellar, damp, and dim, and spacious,
 Held nothing crusty—but crustaceous.

Prone, on the chilly floor,
Five splendid Turtles—such a five!
Natives of some West Indian shore,
 Were flapping all alive,
Late landed from the Jolly Planter's yawl—
A sight whereon the dignitaries fix'd
Their eager eyes, with ecstasy unmix'd,
Like fathers that behold their infants crawl,
 Enjoying every little kick and sprawl.
Nay—far from fatherly the thoughts they bred,
Poor loggerheads from far Ascension ferried!
The Alderman too plainly wish'd them dead
 And Aldermanbury'd!

“There!” cried Sir Peter, with an air
Triumphant as an ancient victor's,

And pointing to the creatures rich and rare,
 " There's picters !

" Talk of Olympic Games ! They're not worth mention ;
The real prize for wrestling is when Jack,
 In Providence or Ascension,
Can throw a lively turtle on its back ! "

" Aye ! " cried Sir John, and with a score of nods,
Thoughtful of classical symposium,
 " There's food for Gods !
There's nectar ! there's ambrosium !
There's food for Roman Emperors to eat—
 Oh, there had been a treat
(Those ancient names will sometimes hobble us)
 For Helio-gobble-us !

" There were a feast for Alexander's Feast !
The real sort—none of your mock or spurious ! "
And then he mention'd Aldermen deceased,
 And " Epicurius,"
And how Tertullian had enjoy'd such foison ;
And speculated on that *verdigrease*
 That isn't poison.

" Talk of your Spring, and verdure, and all that !
 Give *me* green fat !

As for your poets with their groves of myrtles
And billing turtles,
Give me for poetry, them Turtles there,
A-billing in a bill of fare !

“ Of all the things I ever swallow—
Good, well-dressed turtle beats them hollow—
It almost makes me wish, I vow,
To have *two* stomachs like a cow !”
And lo ! as with the cud, an inward thrill
Upheaved his waistcoat and disturb'd his frill,
His mouth was oozing and he work'd his jaw—
“ I almost think that I could eat one raw !”

And thus, as “ inward love breeds outward talk,”
The portly pair continued to discourse ;
And then—as Gray describes of life's divorce,—
With “ longing lingering look ” prepared to walk, —
Having thro' one delighted sense, at least,
Enjoy'd a sort of Barmecidal feast,
And with prophetic gestures, strange to see,
Forestall'd the civic Banquet yet to be,
Its callipash and calipee !

A pleasant prospect—but alack !
Scarcely each Alderman had turn'd his back,
When seizing on the moment so propitious,
And having learned that they were so delicious

To bite and sup,
From praises so high flown and injudicious,—
And nothing could be more pernicious !
The turtles fell to work, and ate each other up !

MORAL.

Never, from folly or urbanity,
Praise people thus profusely to their faces,
Till quite in love with their own graces,
They're eaten up by vanity !



A TRUE STORY.



OF all our pains since man was curst,
I mean of body, not the mental,
To name the worst, among the worst,
'The dental sure is transcendental ;
Some bit of masticating bone,
That ought to help to clear a shelf,
But lets its proper work alone,
And only seems to gnaw itself ;
In fact, of any grave attack
On victuals there is little danger,
'Tis so like coming to the *rack*,
As well as going to the manger.

Old Hunks—it seem'd a fit retort
Of justice on his grinding ways—
Possessed a grinder of the sort,
That troubled all his latter days.
The best of friends fall out, and so
His teeth had done some years ago,
Save some old stumps with ragged root,
And they took turn about to shoot ;
If he drank any chilly liquor,
They made it quite a point to throb ;
But if he warm'd it on the hob,
Why then they only twitch'd the quicker.

One tooth—I wonder such a tooth
Had never kill'd him in his youth—
One tooth he had with many fangs,
That shot at once as many pangs,
It had an universal sting ;
One touch of that ecstatic stump
Could jerk his limbs, and make him jump
Just like a puppet on a string ;
And what was worse than all, it had
A way of making others bad.
There is, as many know, a knack
With certain farming-undertakers,
And this same tooth pursued their track,
By adding *achers* still to *achers* !

One way there is, that has been judged
A certain cure, but Hunks was loth
To pay the fee, and quite begrudged
To lose nis tooth and money both ;
In fact, a dentist and the wheel
Of Fortune are a kindred cast,
For after all is drawn, you feel
It's paying for a blank at last :
So Hunks went on from week to week,
And kept his torment in his cheek.
Oh ! how it sometimes set him rocking,
With that perpetual gnaw—gnaw—gnaw,
His moans and groans were truly shocking
And loud—although he held his jaw.
Many a tug he gave his gum,
And tooth, but still it would not come ;
Though tied by string to some firm thing,
He could not draw it, do his best
By draw'rs, although he tried a chest.

At last, but after much debating,
He join'd a score of mouths in waiting,
Like his, to have their troubles out.
Sad sight it was to look about
At twenty faces making faces,
With many a rampant trick and antic,
For all were very horrid cases,
And made their owners nearly frantic.

A little wicket now and then
Took one of these unhappy men,
And out again the victim rush'd,
While eyes and mouth together gush'd ;
At last arrived our hero's turn,
Who plunged his hands in both his pockets,
And down he sat prepared to learn
How teeth are charm'd to quit their sockets.

Those who have felt such operations
Alone can guess the sort of ache
When his old tooth began to break
The thread of old associations ;
It touched a string in every part,
It had so many tender ties ;
One chord seem'd wrenching at his heart,
And two were tugging at his eyes :
“ Bone of his bone,” he felt of course,
As husbands do in such divorce.
At last the fangs gave way a little,
Hunks gave his head a backward jerk,
And lo ! the cause of all this work
Went—where it used to send his victual !

The monstrous pain of this proceeding
Had not so numb'd his miser-wit,
But in this slip he saw a hit
To save, at least, his purse from bleeding ;

So when the dentist sought his fees,
Quoth Hunks, "Let's finish, if you please."—
"How, finish! why it's out!"—"Oh! no—
I'm none of your beforehand tippers,
'Tis you are out, to argue so ;
My tooth is in my head no doubt,
But as you say you pulled it out,
Of course it's there—between your nippers."
"Zounds! sir, d'ye think I'd sell the truth
To get a fee? no, wretch, I scorn it."
But Hunks still ask'd to see the tooth,
And swore by gum! he had not drawn it.
His end obtain'd, he took his leave,
A secret chuckle in his sleeve ;
The joke was worthy to produce one,
To think, by favour of his wit,
How well a dentist had been bit
By one whole stump, and that a loose one !

The thing was worth a laugh, but mirth
Is still the frailest thing on earth :
Alas ! how often when a joke
Seems in our sleeve, and safe enough,
There comes some unexpected stroke,
And hangs a weeper on the cuff!
Hunks had not whistled half a mile
When, planted right against the stile,

There stood his foeman, Mike Maloney,
A vagrant reaper, Irish-born,
That help'd to reap our miser's corn,
But had not help'd to reap his money,
A fact that Hunks remember'd quickly ;
His whistle all at once was quell'd,
And when he saw how Michael held
His sickle, he felt rather sickly.

Nine souls in ten, with half his fright,
Would soon have paid the bill at sight,
But misers (let observers watch it)
Will never part with their delight
Till well demanded by a hatchet—
They live hard—and they die to match it.
Thus Hunks, prepared for Mike's attacking,
Resolved not yet to pay the debt,
But let him take it out in hacking.
However, Mike began to stickle
In word before he used the sickle ;
But mercy was not long attendant :
From words at last he took to blows
And aim'd a cut at Hunks's nose,
That made it what some folks are not—
A Member very independent.

Heaven knows how far this cruel trick
Might still have led, but for a tramper

That came in danger's very nick,
To put Maloney to the scamper.
But still compassion met a damper ;
There lay the sever'd nose, alas !
Beside the daisies on the grass,
" Wee, crimson-tipt " as well as they,
According to the poet's lay :
And there stood Hunks, no sight for laughter !
Away ran Hodge to get assistance,
With nose in hand, which Hunks ran after,
But somewhat at unusual distance,

In many a little country place
It is a very common case
To have but one residing doctor,
Whose practice rather seems to be
No practice, but a rule of three,
Physician—surgeon—drug-decocter ;
Thus Hunks was forced to go once more
Where he had ta'en his tooth before.
His mere name made the learn'd man hot,—
" What ! Hunks again within my door !
I'll pull his nose ; " quoth Hunks, " You cannot."

The doctor look'd and saw the case
Plain as the nose *not* on his face.

“O ! hum—ha—yes—I understand.”
But then arose a long demur,
For not a finger would he stir
Till he was paid his fee in hand ;
That matter settled, there they were,
With Hunks well strapp’d upon his chair.

The opening of a surgeon’s job,
His tools, a chestful, or a drawerful,
Are always something very awful,
And give the heart the strangest throb ;
But never patient in his funks
Look’d half so like a ghost as Hunks,
Or surgeon half so like a devil
Prepared for some infernal revel :
His huge black eye kept rolling, rolling,
Just like a bolus in a box,
His fury seem’d above controlling,
He bellow’d like a hunted ox :
“ Now, swindling wretch I’ll show thee how
We treat such cheating knaves as thou ;
Oh ! sweet is this revenge to sup ;
I have thee by the nose—it’s now
My turn—and I will turn it up.”

Guess how the miser liked the scurvy
And cruel way of venting passion ;
The snubbing folks in this new fashion
Seem’d quite to turn him topsy turvy ;

He utter'd prayers, and groans, and curses,
For things had often gone amiss
And wrong with him before, but this
Would be the worst of all *reverses* !
In fancy he beheld his snout
'Turn'd upward like a pitcher's spout ;
There was another grievance yet,
And fancy did not fail to show it,
That he must throw a summerset,
Or stand upon his head to blow it.
And was there then no argument
To change the doctor's vile intent,
And move his pity ?—yes, in truth,
And that was—paying for the tooth,
“Zounds ! pay for such a stump ! I'd rather—”
But here the menace went no farther,
For with his other ways of pinching,
Hunks had a miser's love of snuff,
A recollection strong enough
To cause a very serious flinching ;
In short, he paid and had the feature
Replaced as it was meant by nature ;
For though by this 'twas cold to handle,
(No corpse's could have felt more horrid,)
And white just like an end of candle,
The doctor deem'd and proved it too,
That noses from the nose will do
As well as noses from the forehead ;

So, fix'd by dint of rag and lint,
The part was bandaged up and muffled.
The chair unfasten'd, Hunks arose,
And shuffled out, for once unshuffled ;
And as he went these words he snuffled—
“ Well, this *is* ‘ paying through the nose. ’ ”

JARVIS AND MRS. COPE.

A DECIDEDLY SERIOUS BALLAD.

IN Bunhill Row, some years ago,
There lived one Mrs, Cope ;
A pious woman she was call'd,
As Pius as a Pope.

Not pious in its proper sense,
But chatt'ring like a bird
Of sin and grace—in such a case
Mag-piety's the word.

Cries she, “ The Reverend Mr Trigg
This day a text will broach,
And much I long to hear him preach
So, Betty, call a coach.”

A bargain though she wish'd to make,
Ere they began to jog—
“Now, Coachman, what d'ye take me for?”
Says Coachman, “for a hog.”

But Jarvis, when he set her down,
A second *hog* did lack—
Whereas she only offered him
One shilling and “a track”

Said he, “There ain't no tracks in Quaife,
You and your tracks be both—”
And, affidavit-like, he clench'd
Her shilling with an oath.

Said she, “I'll have you fined for this,
And soon it shall be done,
I'll have you up at Worship Street
You wicked one, naught, one !”

And sure enough at Worship Street
That Friday week they stood;
She said *bad* language he had used,
And thus she “*made it good.*”

“He said two shillings was his fare,
And wouldn't take no less—
I said one shilling was enough,—
And he said C—U—S !

“And when I raised my eyes at that,
He swore again at them,
I said he was a wicked man,
And he said D—A—M.”

Now Jarvy's turn was come to speak,
So he stroked down his hair,
“All what she says is false—cause why?
I'll swear I never swear!

“There's old Joe Hatch, the waterman,
Can tell you what I am;
I'm one of seven children, all
Brought up without a Dam!

“He'll say from two year old and less
Since ever I were nust,
If ever I said C—U—S,
I wish I may be cust!

“At Sion Cottage I takes up,
And raining all the while,
To go to New Jerusalem,
A wery long two mile.

“Well, when I axes for my far
She rows me in the street,
And uses words as is not fit
For coachmen to repeat!

418 A SAILOR'S APOLOGY FOR BOW-LEGS.

" Says she,—I know where you will go,
You sinner! I know well,—
Your worship, it's the P—I—T
Of E and double L ; "

Now here his worship stopp'd the case—
Said he—" I'll fine you both!
And of the two—why Mrs. Cope's
I think the biggest oath? "

A SAILOR'S APOLOGY FOR BOW-LEGS.

THERE's some is born with their straight legs by natur—
And some is born with bow-legs from the first—
And some that should have grow'd a good deal
straighter,

But they were badly nursed,
And set, you see, like Bacchus, with their pegs
Astride of casks and kegs :

I've got myself a sort of bow to larboard,
And starboard,

And this is what it was that warp'd my legs.—

'Twas all along of Poll, as I may say,
That foul'd my cable when I ought to slip ;

But on the tenth of May,
When I gets under weigh,
Down there in Hertfordshire, to join my ship,

A SAILOR'S APOLOGY FOR BOW-LEGS. 419

I sees the mail
Get under sail,
The only one there was to make the trip.
Well—I gives chase,
But as she run
Two knots to one,
There warn't no use in keeping on the race!

Well—casting round about, what next to try on,
And how to spin,
I spies an ensign with a Bloody Lion,
And bears away to leeward for the inn,
Beats round the gable,
And fetches up before the coach-horse stable:
Well—there they stand, four kickers in a row,
And so
I just makes free to cut a brown 'un's cable.
But riding isn't in a seaman's natur—
So I whips out a toughish end of yarn,
And gets a kind of sort of a land-waiter
To splice me, heel to heel
Under the she-mare's keel,
And off I goes, and leaves the inn a-starn
My eyes! how she did pitch!
And wouldn't keep her own to go in no line,
Though I kept bowsing, bowsing at her bow-line,
But always making lee-way to the ditch,

420 A SAILOR'S APOLOGY FOR BOW-LEGS.

And yaw'd her head about all sorts of ways.

The devil sink the craft!

And wasn't she trimendous slack in stays!

We couldn't, no how, keep the inn abaft!

Well—I suppose

We hadn't run a knot—or much beyond—

(What will you have on it?)—but off she goes,

Up to her bends in a fresh-water pond!

There I am!—all a-back!

So I looks forward for her bridal gears,

To heave her head round on the t'other tack;

But when I starts,

The leather parts,

And goes away right over by the ears!

What could a fellow do

Whose legs, like mine, you know, were in the bilboes,

But trim myself upright for bringing-to,

And square his yard-arms, and brace up his elbows,

In rig all snug and clever,

Just while his craft was taking in her water?

I didn't like my berth though howsomdever,

Because the yarn, you see, kept getting tauter,—

Says I—I wish this job was rather shorter!

The chase had gain'd a mile

A-head, and still the she-mare stood a-drinking:

Now, all the while

Her body didn't take of course to shrinking.

Says I, she's letting out her reefs, I'm thinking—
 And so she swell'd, and swell'd,
 And yet the tackle held,
 Till both my legs began to bend like winkin'.
 My eyes! but she took in enough to founder!
 And there's my timbers straining every bit,
 Ready to split,
 And her tarnation hull a-growing rounder?

Well, there off—Hartford Ness,
 We lay both lash'd and water-logg'd together,
 And can't contrive a signal of distress;
 Thinks I, we must ride out this here foul weather,
 Though sick of riding out—and nothing less;
 When, looking round, I sees a man a-starn:—
 "Hollo!" says I, "come underneath her quarter!"—
 And hands him out my knife to cut the yarn.
 So I gets off, and lands upon the road,
 And leaves the she-mare to her own consarn,
 A-standing by the water.
 If I get on another, I'll be blow'd!—
 And that's the way, you see, my legs got bow'd!

LINES FROM A LADY'S ALBUM.

If I were used to writing verse,
 And had a Muse not so preverse,

But prompt at Fancy's call to spring
And carol like a bird in Spring ;
Or like a Bee, in summer time,
That hums about a bed of thyme,
And gathers honey and delights
From ev'ry blossom where it 'lights ;
If I, alas ! had such a Muse,
'To touch the Reader or amuse,
And breathe the true poetic vein.
This page should not be fill'd in vain '
But ah ! the power was never mine
To dig for gems in Fancy's mine :
Or wander over land and main
To seek the Faries' old domain—
To watch Apollo while he climbs
His throne in oriental climes ;
Or mark the " gradual dusky veil "
Drawn over Tempé's tuneful vale,
In classic lays, remembered long—
Such flights to bolder wings belong ;
To Bards who on that glorious height
Of sun and song, Parnassus hight,
Partake the fire divine that burns,
In Milton, Fope, and Scottish Burns,
Who sang his native braes and burns.

For me, a novice strange and new,
Who ne'er such inspiration knew,

But weave a verse with travail sore,
Ordain'd to creep and not to soar,
A few poor lines alone I write,
Fulfilling thus a friendly rite,
Not meant to meet the Critic's eye,
For oh ! to hope from such as I,
For any thing that's fit to read,
Were trusting to a broken reed !

THE LOGICIANS.

AN ILLUSTRATION.

"Metaphysics were a large field in which to exercise the
weapons logic had put into their hands."—SCRIBLERUS.

SEE here two cavillers,
Would-be unravellers
Of abstruse theory and questions mystical
In tête-à-tête,
And deep debate,
Wrangling according to form syllogistical.

Glowing and ruddy
The light streams in upon their deep brown study,
And settles on our bald logician's skull :

But still his meditative eye looks dull
And muddy,
For he is gazing inwardly, like Plato ;
But to the world without
And things about,
His eye is blind as that of a potato :
In fact, logicians
See but by syllogisms—taste and smell
By propositions ;
And never let the common dray-horse senses
Draw inferences.
How wise his brow ! how eloquent his nose !
The feature of itself is a negation !
How gravely double is his chin, that shows
Double deliberation ;
His scornful lip forestalls the confutation !
O this is he that wisely with a major
And minor proves a greengage is no gauger!—
By help of ergo,
That cheese of sage will make no mite the sager,
And Taurus is no bull to toss up Virgo !
O this is he that logically tore his
Dog into dogmas—following Aristotle—
Cut up his cap into ten categories,
And cork'd an abstract conjuror in a bottle !
O this is he that disembodied matter,
And proved that incorporeal corporations
Put nothing in no platter,
And for mock turtle only supp'd sensations !

O this is he that palpably decided,
With grave and mathematical precision
How often atoms may be subdivided
By long division ;
O this is he that show'd I is not I,
And made a ghost of personal identity ;
Proved " Ipse " absent by an alibi,
And frisking in some other person's entity ;
He sounded all philosophies in truth,
Whether old schemes or only supplemental :—
And had, by virtue of his wisdom-tooth,
A dental knowledge of the transcendental !

The other is a shrewd severer wight,
Sharp argument hath worn him nigh the bone :
For why ? he never let dispute alone,
A logical knight-errant,
That wrangled ever—morning, noon, and night,
From night to morn : he had no wife apparent
But Barbara Celarent !
Woe unto him he caught in a dilemma,
For on the point of his two fingers full
He took the luckless wight, and gave with them a
Most deadly toss, like any baited bull.
Woe unto him that ever dared to breathe
A sophism in his angry ear ! for *that*
He took ferociously between his teeth,
And shook it—like a terrier with a rat !—

In fact old Controversy ne'er begat
One half so cruel
And dangerous as he, in verbal duel !
No one had ever so complete a fame
As a debater ;
And for art logical his name was greater
Than Dr. Watts's name !—

Look how they sit together !
Two bitter desperate antagonists,
Licking each other with their tongues, like fists,
Merely to settle whether
This world of ours had ever a beginning—
Whether created,
Vaguely undated,
Or time had any finger in its spinning :
When, lo !—for they are sitting at the basement—
A hand, like that upon Belshazzar's wall,
Lets fall
A written paper through the open casement.

“O foolish wits ! (thus runs the document)
To twist your brains into a double knot
On such a barren question ! Be content
That there is such a fair and pleasant spot
For your enjoyment as this verdant earth.

Go eat and drink, and give your hearts to mirth,
For vainly ye contend;
Before you can decide about its birth,
The world will have an end!”

“NAPOLEON’S MIDNIGHT REVIEW.”

A NEW VERSION.

In his bed, bolt upright,
In the dead of the night,
The French Emperor starts like a ghost!
By a dream held in charm,
He uplifts his right arm,
For he dreams of reviewing his host.

To the stable he glides,
For the charger he rides;
And he mounts him, still under the spell;
Then, with echoing tramp,
They proceed through the camp,
All intent on a task he loves well.

Such a sight soon alarms,
And the guards present arms,
As he glides to the posts that they keep;
Then he gives the brief word,
And the bugle is heard,
Like a hound giving tongue in its sleep.

Next the drums they arouse,
 But with dull row-de-dows,
 And they give but a somnolent sound ;
 Whilst the foot and horse, both,
 Very slowly and loth,
 Begin drowsily mustering round.

To the right and left hand,
 They fall in, by command,
 In a line that might better be dress'd ;
 Whilst the steeds blink and nod,
 And the lancers think odd
 To be rous'd like the spears from their rest.

With their mouths of wide shape,
 Mortars seem all agape,
 Heavy guns look more heavy with sleep ;
 And, whatever their bore,
 Seem to think it one more
 In the night such a field day to keep.

Then the arms, christened small,
 Fire no volley at all,
 But go off, like the rest, in a doze ;
 And the eagles, poor things,
 Tuck their heads 'neath their wings,
 And the band ends in tunes through the nose.

Till each pupil of Mars
Takes a wink like the stars—
Open order no eye can obey :
If the plumes in their heads
Were the feathers of beds,
Never top could be sounder than they !

So, just wishing good night,
Bows Napoleon, polite ;
But instead of a loyal endeavour
To reply with a cheer ;
Not a sound met his ear,
Though each face seem'd to say, "*Nap* for ever ! "

THE LARK AND THE ROOK.

A FABLE.

Lo ! hear the gentle lark !"—SHAKESPEARE.

ONCE on a time—no matter where—
A Lark took such a fancy to the air,
That though he often gaz'd beneath,
Watching the breezy down, or heath,
Yet very, very seldom he was found
To perch upon the ground.

Hour after hour,
Through ev'ry change of weather hard or soft,
Through sun and shade, and wind and show'r,
Still fluttering aloft ;
In silence now, and now in song,
Up, up in cloudland all day long,
On weary wing, yet with unceasing flight,
Like to those Birds of Paradise, so rare,
Fabled to live and love, and feed in air,
But never to alight.

It caus'd of course, much speculation
Among the feather'd generation ;
Who tried to guess the riddle that was in it—
The robin puzzled at it, and the wren,
The swallows, cock and hen,
The wagtail, and the linnet,
The yellowhammer, and the finch as well—
The sparrow ask'd the tit, who couldn't tell,
The jay, the pie—but all were in the dark,
Till out of patience with the common doubt,
The Rook at last resolv'd to worm it out,
And thus accosted the mysterious Lark :—

“ Friend, prithee, tell me why
You keep this constant hovering so high,
As if you had some castle in the air,
That you are always poising there,
A speck against the sky—

Neglectful of each old familiar feature
Of Earth that nurs'd you in your callow state—
You think you're only soaring at heaven's gate,
Whereas you're flying in the face of Nature ! ”

“ Friend,” said the Lark, with melancholy tone,
And in each little eye a dewdrop shone,
“ No creature of my kind was ever fonder
Of that dear spot of earth
Which gave it birth—
And I was nestled in the furrow yonder ?
Sweet is the twinkle of the dewy heath,
And sweet that thymy down I watch beneath,
Saluted often with a living sonnet ;
But Men, vile Men, have spread so thick a scurf
Of dirt and infamy about the Turf,
I do not like to settle on it ! ”

MORAL.

Alas ! how Nobles of another race
Appointed to the bright and lofty way,
'Too willingly descend to haunt a place
Polluted by the deeds of Birds of Prey !

BACKING THE FAVOURITE.

Oh a pistol, or a knife !
For I'm weary of my life,—
My cup has nothing sweet left to flavour it ;

My estate is out at nurse,
And my heart is like my purse—
And all through backing of the Favourite!

At dear O'Neil's first start,
I sported all my heart,—
Oh, Beecher, he never marr'd a braver hit!
For he cross'd her in her race,
And made her lose her place,
And there was an end of that Favourite!

Anon, to mend my chance,
For the Goddess of the Dance
I pin'd and told my enslaver it;
But she wedded in a canter,
And made me a Levanter,
In foreign lands to sigh for the Favourite!

Then next Miss M. A. Tree
I adored, so sweetly she
Could warble like a nightingale and quaver it;
But she left that course of life
To be Mr. Bradshaw's wife,
And all the world lost on the Favourite!

But out of sorrow's surf
Soon I leap'd upon the turf,
Where fortune loves to wanton it and waver it;

But standing on the pet,

“ Oh my bonny, bonny Bet ! ”

Black and yellow pull'd short up with the Favourite !

Thus flung by all the crack,

I resolv'd to cut the pack,—

The second-raters seem'd then a safer hit

So I laid my little odds

Against Memnon ! Oh, ye Gods !

Am I always to be floored by the Favourite !



LITTLE O'P.—AN AFRICAN FACT.



It was July the First, and the great hill of Howth
Was bearing by compass sow-west and by south.
And the name of the ship was the Peggy of Cork,
Well freighted with bacon and butter and pork.
Now, this ship had a captain, Macmorris by name,
And little O'Patrick was mate of the same ;
For Bristol they sail'd, but by nautical scope,
They contrived to be lost by the Cape of Good Hope.
Of all the Cork boys that the vessel could boast,
Only little O'P. made a swim to the coast ;
And when he revived from a sort of a trance,
He saw a big Black with a very long lance.
Says the savage, says he, in some Hottentot tongue,
“ Bash Kuku my gimmel bo gumborry bung ! ”

Then blew a long shell, to the fright of our elf,
 And down came a hundred as black as himself.
 They brought with them *guattul*, and pieces of *klam*,
 The first was like beef, and the second like lamb ;
 "Don't I know," said O'P., "what the wretches are at?
 'They're intending to eat me as soon as I'm fat!"
 In terror of coming to pan, spit, or pot,
 His rations of *jarbul* he suffer'd to rot ;
 He would not touch *purry* or *doolberry-lik*,
 But kept himself *growing* as thin as a stick.
 Though broiling the climate, and parching with brouth,
 He would not let *chobbery* enter his mouth,
 But kick'd down the *krug* shell, tho' sweetened with
natt.—

"I an't to be pison'd the likes of a rat!"
 At last the great *Joddry* got quite in a rage,
 And cried, "O my pitticum dambally nage!
 The *chobbery* take, and put back on the shelf,
 Or give me the *krug* shell, I'll drink it myself!
 The *doolberry-lik* is the best to be had,
 And the *purry* (I chew'd it myself) is not bad ;
 The *jarbul* is fresh, for I saw it cut out,
 And the *Bok* that it came from is grazing about.
 My *jumbo*! but run off to Billery Nang,
 And tell her to put on her *jigger* and *tang*,
 And go with the *Bloss* to the man of the sea,
 And say that she comes as his *Wulwul* from me."
 Now Billery Nang was as Black as a sweep,
 With thick curly hair like the wool of a sheep.

And the moment he spied her, said little O'P.,
"Sure the Divil is dead, and his Widow's at me!"
But when, in the blaze of her Hottentot charms,
She came to accept him for life in her arms,
And stretch'd her thick lips to a broad grin of love,
A Raven preparing to bill like a Dove,
With a soul full of dread he declined the grim bliss,
Stopped her Molyneux arms, and eluded her kiss;
At last, fairly foiled, she gave up the attack,
And *Joddry* began to look blacker than black:
"By Mumbo! by Jumbo!—why here is a man,
That won't be made happy do all that I can;
He will not be married, lodged, clad, and well fed,
Let the *Rham* sake his *shangwang* and chop off his
head!"

THE CAPTAIN'S COW.

A NAUTICAL ROMANCE.

"Water, water, everywhere,
But not a drop to drink."—COLERIDGE.

It is a jolly Mariner
As ever knew the billows' stir,
Or battled with the gale;
His face is brown, his hair is black,
And down his broad gigantic back
There hangs a platted tail.

In cluster, as he rolls along,
His tarry mates around him throng,
Who know his budget well ;
Betwixt Canton and Trinidad
No Sea-Romancer ever had
Such wondrous tales to tell !

Against the mast he leans a-slope,
And thence upon a coil of rope
Slides down his pitchy "starn ;"
Heaves up a lusty hem or two,
And then at once without ado
Begins to spin his yarn :—

"As from Jamaica we did come,
Laden with sugar, fruit, and rum,
It blew a heavy gale :
A storm that scar'd the oldest men
For three long days and nights, and then
The wind began to fail.

"Still less and less, till on the mast
The sails began to flap at last,
The breezes blew so soft ;
Just only now and then a puff,
Till soon there was not wind enough
To stir the vane aloft.

“ No, not a cat's paw anywhere :
Hold up your finger in the air
 You couldn't feel a breath ;
For why, in yonder storm that burst,
The wind that blew so hard at first
 Had blown itself to death.

“ No cloud aloft to throw a shade ;
No distant breezy ripple made
 The ocean dark below,
No cheering sign of any kind ;
The more we whistled for the wind
 The more it did not blow.

“ The hands were idle, one and all ;
No sail to reef against a squall ;
 No wheel, no steering now !
Nothing to do for man or mate,
But chew their cud and ruminate,
 Just like the Captain's Cow.

“ Day after day, day after day.
Becalm'd the Jolly Planter lay,
 As if she had been moor'd :
The sea below, the sky a-top
Fierce blazing down, and not a drop
 Of water left aboard !

“ Day after day, day after day,
Becalm'd the Jolly Planter lay,
As still as any log ;
The parching seamen stood about,
Each with his tongue a-lolling out,
And panting like a dog—

“ A dog half mad with summer heat
And running up and down the street,
By thirst quite overcome ;
And not a drop in all the ship
To moisten cracking tongue and lip,
Except Jamaica rum !

“ The very poultry in the coop
Began to pine away and droop—
The cock was first to go !
And glad we were on all our parts,
He used to damp our very hearts
With such a ropy crow.

“ But worst it was, we did allow,
To look upon the Captain's Cow,
That daily seem'd to shrink :
Depriv'd of water, hard or soft,
For, though we tried her oft and oft,
The brine she wouldn't drink ;

“ But only turn'd her bloodshot eye
And muzzle up towards the sky,

And gave a moan of pain,
A sort of hollow moan and sad.
As if some brutish thought she had
To pray to heav'n for rain :

“ And sometimes with a steabfast stare
Kept looking at the empty air,

As if she saw, beyond,
Some meadow in her native land,
Where formerly she used to stand
A-cooling in the pond.

“ If I had only had a drink
Of water then, I almost think

She would have had the half;
But as for John the Carpenter,
He couldn't more have pitied her
If he had been her calf.

“ So soft of heart he was and kind
To any creature lame, or blind,

Unfortunate, or dumb :
Whereby he made a sort of vow,
In sympathising with the Cow,
To give her half his rum;—

“ An oath from which he never swerv'd
For surely as the rum was serv'd
He shared the cheering dram ;
And kindly gave one half at least,
Or more, to the complaining beast,
Who took it like a lamb.

“ At last with overclouding skies
A breeze again began to rise,
That stiffen'd to a gale :
Steady, steady, and strong it blew ;
And were not we a joyous crew,
As on the Jolly Planter flew
Beneath a press of sail !

“ Swiftly the Jolly Planter flew,
And were not we a joyous crew,
At last to sight the land !
A glee there was on every brow,
That like a Christian soul the Cow
Appear'd to understand.

“ And was not she a mad-like thing
To land again and taste the spring,
Instead of fiery glass :
About the verdant meads to scour,
And snuff the honey'd cowslip flower
And crop the juicy grass !

THE ASSISTANT DRAPER'S PETITION. 441

“ Whereby she grew as plump and hale
As any beast that wears a tail,
Her skin as sleek as silk ;
And through all parts of England now
Is grown a very famous Cow,
By giving Rum-and-Milk ! ”

THE ASSISTANT DRAPERS' PETITION.

PITY the sorrows of a class of men,
Who, though they bow to fashion and frivolity ;
No fancied claims or woes fictitious pen,
But wrongs ell-wide, and of a lasting quality.

Opress'd and discontented with our lot,
Amongst the clamorous we take our station ;
A host of Ribbon Men—yet is there not
One piece of Irish in our agitation.

We do revere Her Majesty the Queen ;
We venerate our Glorious Constitution :
We joy King William's advent should have been,
And only want a Counter Resolution.

'Tis not Lord Russell and his final measure,
'Tis not Lord Melbourne's counsel to the throne,
'Tis not this Bill, or that, gives us displeasure,
The measures we dislike are all our own.

442 THE ASSISTANT DRAPER'S PETITION.

The Cash Law the "Great Western" loves to name.

The tone our foreign policy pervading ;

The Corn Laws—none of these we care to blame. —

Our evils we refer to over-trading.

By Tax or Tithe our murmurs are not drawn ;

We reverence the Church—but hang the cloth !

We love her ministers—but curse the lawn !

We have, alas ! too much to do with both !

We love the sex :—to serve them is a bliss !

We trust they find us civil, never surly ;

All that we hope of female friends is this,

That their last linen may be wanted early.

Ah ! who can tell the miseries of men

That serve the very cheapest shops in town ?

Till faint and weary, they leave off at ten,

Knock'd up by ladies beating of 'em down !

But has not Hamlet his opinion given—

O Hamlet had a heart for Drapers' servants !

"That custom is"—say custom after seven—

"More honour'd in the breach than the observance."

O come then, gentle ladies, come in time,

O'erwhelm our counters, and unload our selves ;

Torment us all until the seventh chime,

But let us have the remnant to ourselves !

We wish of knowledge to lay in a stock,
 And not remain in ignorance incurable ;—
 To study Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Locke,
 And other fabrics that have proved so durable.

We long for thoughts of intellectual kind,
 And not to go bewilder'd to our beds ;
 With stuff and fustian taking up the mind,
 And pins and needles running in our heads !

For oh ! the brain gets very dull and dry,
 Selling from morn till night for cash or credit ;
 Or with a vacant face and vacant eye,
 Watching cheap prints that Knight did never edit.

Till sick with toil, and lassitude extreme,
 We often think when we are dull and vapoury,
 The bliss of Paradise was so supreme,
 Because that Adam did not deal in drapery.



COCKLE v. CACKLE.



THOSE who much read advertisements and bills,
 Must have seen puffs of Cockle's Pills,
 Call'd Anti-bilious—
 Which some Physicians sneer at, supercilious,
 But which we are assured, if timely taken,
 May save your liver and bacon ;

Whether or not they really give one ease,

I, who have never tried,

Will not decide ;

But no two things in union go like these—

Viz.—Quacks and Pills—save Ducks and Pease.

Now Mrs. W. was getting sallow,

Her lilies not of the white kind, but yellow,

And—friends portended—was preparing for

A human Pâté Périgord ;

She was, indeed, so very far from well,

Her Son in filial fear, procured a box

Of those said pellets to resist Bile's shocks,

And—tho' upon the ear it strangely knocks—

To save her by a Cockle from a shell!

But Mrs. W., just like Macbeth,

Who very vehemently bids us “ throw

Bark to the Bow-wows,” hated physic so,

It seem'd to share “ the bitterness of Death : ”

Rhubarb—Magnesia—Jalap, and the kind—

Senna—Steel—Assa-fœtida, and Squills—

Powder or Draught—but least her throat inclined

To give a course to Boluses or Pills ;

No—not to save her life, in lung or lobe,

For all her lights' or all her liver's sake.

Would her convulsive thorax undertake,

Only one little uncelestial globe!

'Tis not to wonder at, in such a case,

If she put by the pill-box in a place

For linen rather than for drugs intended—
Yet for the credit of the pills let's say
 After they thus were stow'd away,
 Some of the linen mended ;
But Mrs. W. by disease's dint,
Kept getting still more yellow in her tint,
When lo ! her second son, like elder brother,
Marking the hue on the parental gills,
Brought a new charge of Anti-turmeric Pills,
To bleach the jaundiced visage of his Mother—
Who took them—in her cupboard—like the other.

 “Deeper and deeper, still,” of course,
 The fatal colour daily grew in force ;
Till daughter W. newly come from Rome,
Acting the self-same filial, pillial, part,
To cure Mamma another dose brought home
Of Cockles ;—not the Cockles of her heart !
 These going where the others went before,
 Of course she had a very pretty store ;
And then—some hue of health her cheek adorning,
 The Medicine so good must be,
 They brought her dose on dose, which she
Gave to the up-stairs cupboard, “night and morning.”
Till wanting room at last, for other stocks,
Out of the window one fine day she pitch'd
The pillage of each box, and quite enrich'd
The feed of Mister Burrel's hens and cocks,—

A little Barber of a by-gone day,
Over the way
Whose stock in trade, to keep the least of shops,
Was one great head of Kemble,—that is, John.
Staring in plaster, with a *Brutus* on,
And twenty little Bantam fowls—with *crops*.

Little Dame W. thought when through the sash
She gave the physic wings,
To find the very things
So good for bile, so bad for chicken rash,
For thoughtless cock, and unreflecting pullet!
But while they gathered up the nauseous nubbles,
Each peck'd itself into a peck of troubles,
And brought the hand of Death upon its gullet.
They might as well have addled been, or ratted,
For long before the night—ah woe betide
The Pills! each suicidal Bantam died
Unfatted!

Think of poor Burrel's shock,
Of Nature's debt to see his hens all payers,
And laid in death as Everlasting Layers,
With Bantam's small Ex-Emperor, the Cock,
In ruffled plumage and funereal hackle,
Giving undone, by Cockle, a last Cackle
To see as stiff as stone, his un'live stock,
It really was enough to move his block.

Down on the floor he dash'd, with horror big,
Mr. Bell's third wife's mother's coachman's wig;
And with a tragic stare like his own Kemble,
Burst out with natural emphasis enough,

And voice that grief made tremble,
Into that very speech of sad Macduff—
“What!—all my pretty chickens and their dam.

At one fell swoop!

Just when I'd bought a coop
To see the poor lamented creatures cram!”

After a little of this mood,
And brooding over the departed brood,
With razor he began to ope each crow,
Already turning black, as black as coals;
When lo! the undigested cause he saw—
“Pison'd by goles!”

To Mrs. W.'s luck a contradiction,
Her window still stood open to conviction!
And by short course of circumstantial labour,
He fix'd the guilt upon his adverse neighbour;—
Lord! how he rail'd at her: declaring now
He'd bring an action ere next Term of Hilary,
Then, in another moment, swore a vow,
He'd make her do pill-penance in the pillory!
She, meanwhile, distant from the dimmest dream
Of combating with guilt, yard-arm or arm-yard,
Lapp'd in a paradise of tea and cream

When up ran Betty with a dismal scream—
 “Here’s Mr. Burrel, ma’am, with all his farm-yard!”
 Straight in he came, unbowing and unbending,
 With all the warmth that iron and a barber
 Can harbour;
 To dress the head and front of her offending,
 The fuming phial of his wrath uncorking;
 In short, he made her pay him altogether,
 In hard cash, very *hard*, for ev’ry feather,
 Charging of course, each Bantam as a Dorking;
 Nothing could move him, nothing make him supple,
 So the sad dame unpocketing her loss,
 Had nothing left but to sit hands across,
 And see her poultry “going down ten couple.”

Now birds by poison slain.
 As venom’d dart from Indian’s hollow cane,
 Are edible; and Mrs. W.’s thrift,—
 She had a thrifty vein,—
 Destined one pair for supper to make shift,—
 Supper as usual at the hour of ten:
 But ten o’clock arrived and quickly pass’d,
 Eleven—twelve—and one o’clock at last,
 Without a sign of supper even then!
 At length, the speed of cookery to quicken,
 Betty was called, and with reluctant feet,
 Came up at a white heat—
 “Well, never I see chicken like them chicken!

My saucepans, they have been a pretty while in 'em !
Enough to stew them, if it comes to that,
To flesh and bones, and perfect rags ; but drat
Those Anti-biling Pills ! there is no bile-in 'em ! ”

A RISE AT THE FATHER OF ANGLING.

MR. WALTON, it's harsh to say it, but as a Parent I can't
help wishing
You'd been hung before you publish'd your book, to set
all the young people a-fishing !
There's my Robert, the trouble I've had with him it
surpasses a mortal's bearing,
And all thro' those devilish angling works—the Lord
forgive me for swearing !
I thought he were took with the Morbus one day, I did
with his nasty angle !
For “oh dear,” says he, and burst out in a cry, “oh my
gut is all got of a tangle ! ”
It's a shame to teach a young boy such words—whose
blood wouldn't chill in their veins
To hear him, as I overheard him one day, a-talking of
blowing out brains ?
And didn' I quarrel with Sally the cook, and a precious
scolding I give her,
“How dare you,” says I, “for to stench the whole
house by keeping that stinking liver ? ”

'Twas enough to breed a fever, it was! they smelt it
next door at the Bagots',—

But it wasn't breeding no fever—not it! 'twas my son
a-breeding of maggots!

I declare that I couldn't touch meat for a week, for it all
seemed tainting and going,

And after turning my stomach so, they turned to blue-
flies, all buzzing and blowing;

Boys are nasty enough, goodness knows, of themselves,
without putting live things in their craniums;

Well, what next? but he pots a whole cargo of worms
along with my choice geraniums.

And another fine trick, tho' it wasn't found out, till the
housemaid had given us warning,

He fished at the golden fish in the bowl, before we were
up and down in the morning.

I'm sure it was lucky for Ellen, poor thing, that she'd
got so attentive a lover,

As bring her fresh fish when the others deceas'd, which
they did a dozen times over!

Then a whole new loaf was short! for I know, of course
when our bread goes faster,—

And I made a stir with the bill in my hand, and the
man was sent off by his master;

But, oh dear, I thought I should sink thro' the earth,
with the weight of my own reproaches,

For my own pretty son had made away with the loaf
to make pastry to feed the roaches!

I vow I've suffered a matryrdom—with all sorts of frights
and terrors surrounded !

For I never saw him go out of the doors but I thought
he'd come home to me drowned.

And, sure enough, I set out one fine Monday to visit my
married daughter,

And there he was standing at Sadler's Wells, a-perform-
ing with real water.

It's well he was off on the further side, for I'd have
brain'd him else with my patten,

For I thought he was safe at school, the young wretch !
a-studying Greek and Latin,

And my ridicule basket he had got on his back, to carry
his fishes and gentles ;

With a belt I knew he'd made from the belt of his
father's regimentals—

Well, I poked his rods and lines in the fire, and his
father gave him a birching,

But he'd gone too far to be easy cured of his love for
chubbing and perching.

One night he never came home to tea, and altho' it was
dark and dripping,

His father set off to Wapping, poor man ! for the boy
had a turn for shipping ;

As for me I set up, and I sobbed and I cried for all the
world like a babby,

Till at twelve o'clock he rewards my fears with two
gudgeon from Waltham Abbey !

And a pretty sore throat and fever he caught, that
brought me a fortnight's hard nussing,
Till I thought I should go to my grey-hair'd grave, worn
out with the fretting and fussing ;
But at last he was cur'd, and we did have hopes, that the
fishing was cured as well,
But no such luck ! not a week went by, before we'd
have another such spell.
Tho' he never had got a penny to spend, for such was
our strict intentions,
Yet he was soon set up in tackle agin, for all boys have
such quick inventions :
And I lost my Lady's Own Pocket Book, in spite of all
my hunting and poking,
Till I found it chuck-full of tackles and hooks, and
besides it had had a good soaking.
Then one Friday morning, I gets a summoning note
from a sort of a law attorney,
For the boy had been trespassing on people's grounds
while his father was gone a journey,
And I had to go and hush it all up by myself, in an
office at Hatton Garden ;
And to pay for the damage he'd done, to boot, and to
beg some strange gentleman's pardon.
And wasn't he once fish'd out himself, and a man had to
dive to find him,
And I saw him brought home with my motherly eyes
and a mob of people behind him ?

Yes, it took a full hour to rub him to life—whilst I was
a-screaming and raving,

And a couple of guineas it cost us besides, to reward the
humane man for his saving,

And didn't Miss Crump leave us out of her will, all
along of her taking dudgeon

At her favourite cat being chok'd, poor Puss, with a
hook sow'd up in a gudgeon?

And old Brown complain'd that he pluck'd his live
fowls, and not without show of reason,

For the cocks looked naked about necks and tails, and
it wasn't their moulting season ;

And sure and surely, when we came to inquire, there
was cause for their screeching and cackles,

For the mischief confess'd he had picked them a bit, for
I think he call'd them the hackles.

A pretty tussle we had about that ! but as if it warn't
picking enough,

When the winter comes on, to the muff-box I goes, just
to shake out my sable muff—

“ O mercy ! ” thinks I, “ there's the moth in the house ! ”
for the fur was all gone in patches ;

And then at Ellen's chinchilly I look, and its state of
destruction just matches—

But it wasn't no moth, Mr. Walton, but flies—sham
flies to go trolling and trouting,

For his father's great coat was all safe and sound, and
that first set me a-doubting.

A plague, say I, on all rods and lines, and on young or
old water dangles !

And after all, that you'll talk of such stuff as no harm
in the world about anglers !

And when all is done, all our worry and fuss, why,
we've never had nothing worth dishing ;

So you see, Mister Walton, no good comes at last of
your famous book about fishing,

As for Robert's, I burnt it a twelvemonth ago ; but it
turn'd up too late to be lucky,

For he'd got it by heart, as I found to the cost of

Your servant,

JANE ELIZABETH STUCKEY.

SYMPTOMS OF OSSIFICATION.

“An indifference to tears, and blood, and human suffering,
that could only belong to a *Boney-parte*.—*Life of Napoleon*.
—

TIME was, I always had a drop

For any tale of sigh or sorrow ;

My handkerchief I used to sop

Till often I was forced to borrow ;

I don't now how it is, but now

My eyelids seldom want a drying ;

The doctor, p'rhaps, could tell me how—

I fear my heart is ossifying !

O'er Goethe how I used to weep,
With turnip cheeks and nose of scarlet,
When Werter put himself to sleep
With pistols kiss'd and clean'd by Charlotte,
Self-murder is an awful sin,
No joke there is in bullets flying,
But now at such a tale I grin—
I fear my heart is ossifying!

The Drama once could shake and thrill
My nerves, and set my tears a-stealing,
The Siddons then could turn at will
Each plug upon the main of feeling;
At Belvidera now I smile,
And laugh while Mrs. Haller's crying;
'Tis odd, so great a change of style—
I fear my heart is ossifying!

That heart was such—some years ago,
To see a beggar quite would shock it,
And in his hat I used to throw
The quarter's savings of my pocket:
I never wish—as I did *then*!—
The means from my own purse supplying,
To turn them all to gentlemen—
I fear my heart is ossifying!

We've had some serious things of late,
Our sympathies to beg or borrow,
New melo-drames, of tragic fate,
And acts, and songs, and tales of sorrow;
Miss Zouch's case, our eyes to melt,
And sundry actors sad good-bye-ing,
But Lord!—so little have I felt,
I'm sure my heart is ossifying!

THE LOST HEIR.

“ Oh where, and oh where
Is my bonnie laddie gone?”—OLD SONG.

ONE day, as I was going by
That part of Holborn christened High,
I heard a loud and sudden cry
That chill'd my very blood;
And lo! from out a dirty alley,
Where pigs and Irish wont to rally,
I saw a crazy woman sally,
Bedaub'd with grease and mud.
She turn'd her East, she turn'd her West,
Staring like Pythoness possess'd,
With streaming hair and heaving breast,

As one stark mad with grief,
This way and that she wildly ran,
Jostling with woman and with man—
Her right hand held a frying pan,
The left a lump of beef.
At last her frenzy seem'd to reach
A point just capable of speech,
And with a tone almost a screech,
As wild as ocean birds,
Or female Ranter mov'd to preach,
She gave her "sorrow words."

"O Lord! O dear, my heart will break, I shall go stick
stark staring wild!

Has ever a one seen any thing about the streets like a
crying lost-looking child?

Lawk help me, I don't know where to look, or to run,
if I only knew which way—

A Child as is lost about London streets, and especially
Seven Dials, is a needle in a bottle of hay.

I am all in a quiver—get out of my sight, do you
wretch, you little Kitty M'Nab!

You promised to have half an eye to him, you know you
did, you dirty deceitful young drab.

The last time as ever I see him, poor thing, was with
my own blessed Motherly eyes,

Sitting as good as gold in the gutter, a-playing at
making little dirt pies.

I wonder he left the court where he was better off than
all the other young boys,
With two bricks, an old shoe, nine oyster-shells, and a
dead kitten by way of toys.
When his Father comes home, and he always comes
home as sure as ever the clock strikes one,
He'll be rampant, he will, at his child being lost; and
the beef and the inguns not done!
La bless you, good folks, mind your own consarns, and
don't be making a mob in the street;
O searjeant M'Farlane! you have not come across my
poor little boy, have you, in your beat?
Do, good people, move on! don't stand staring at me
like a parcel of stupid stuck pigs;
Saints forbid! but he's p'r'aps been inviggled away up
a court for the sake of his clothes by the prigs;
He'd a very good jacket, for certain, for I bought it
myself for a shilling one day in Rag Fair;
And his trowsers considering not very much patch'd,
and red plush, they was once his Father's best pair.
His shirt, it's very lucky I'd got washing in the tub, or
that might have gone with the rest;
But he'd got on a very good pinafore with only two slits
and a burn on the breast.
He'd a goodish sort of hat, if the crown was sew'd in,
and not quite so much jagg'd at the brim.
With one shoe on, and the other shoe is a boot, and not
a fit, and you'll know by that if it's him.

Except being so well dress'd, my mind would misgive,
some old beggar woman in want of an orphan,
Had borrow'd the child to go a begging with, but I'd
rather see him laid out in his coffin !
Do, good people, move on, such a rabble of boys ! I'll
break every bone of 'em I come near,
Go home—you're spilling the porter—go home—
Tommy Jones, go along home with your beer,
This day is the sorrowfullest day of my life, ever since
my name was Betty Morgan,
Them vile Savoyards ! they lost him once before all
along of following a Monkey and an Organ ;
O my Billy—my head will turn right round—if he's got
kiddynapp'd with them Italians,
They'll make him a plaster parish image boy, they will,
the outlandish tatterdemalions.
Billy—where are you, Billy ?—I'm as hoarse as a crow,
with screaming for ye, you young sorrow !
And shan't have half a voice, no more I shan't, for crying
fresh herrings to-morrow.
O Billy, you're bursting my heart in two, and my life
won't be of no more vally,
If I'm to see other folks darlins, and none of mine,
playing like angels in our alley,
And what shall I do but cry out my eyes, when I looks
at the old three-legged chair
As Billy used to make coach and horses of, and there
a'n't no Billy there !

I would run all the wide world over to find him, if I
only know'd where to run,
Little Murphy, now I remember, was once lost for a
month through stealing a penny bun,—
The Lord forbid of any child of mine ! I think it would
kill me raily,
To find my Bill holdin' up his little innocent hand at
the Old Bailey.
For though I say it as oughtn't, yet I will say, you may
search for miles and mileses
And not find one better brought up, and more pretty
behaved, from one end to t'other of St. Giles's.
And if I called him a beauty, it's no lie, but only as a
Mother ought to speak ;
You never set eyes on a more handsomer face, only it
hasn't been washed for a week ;
As for hair, tho' its red, its the most nicest hair when
I've time to just show it the comb ;
I'll owe 'em five pounds, and a blessing besides, as will
only bring him safe and sound home.
He's blue eyes, and not to be call'd a squint, though a
little cast he's certainly got ;
And his nose is still a good un, tho' the bridge is broke,
by his falling on a pewter pint pot ;
He's got the most elegant wide mouth in the world,
and very large teeth for his age ;
And quite as fit as Mrs. Murdockson's child to play
Cupid on the Drury Lane Stage.

And then he has got such dear winning ways—but O
I never shall see him no more!

O dear! to think of losing him just after nussing him
back from death's door!

Only the very last month when the windfalls, hang 'em,
was at twenty a penny!

And the threepence he'd got by grottoing was spent in
plums, and sixty for a child is too many.

And the Cholera man came and whitewash'd us all and,
drat him, made a seize of our hog.—

It's no use to send the Cryer to cry him about, he's such
a blunderin' drunken old dog;

The last time he was fetched to find a lost child, he was
guzzling with his bell at the Crown,

And went and cried a boy instead of a girl, for a
distracted Mother and Father about Town.

Billy—where are you, Billy, I say? come Billy, come
home, to your best of Mothers!

I'm scared when I think of them Cabroleys, they drive
so, they'd run over their own Sisters and Brothers.

Or may be he's stole by some chimbly sweeping wretch,
to stick fast in narrow flues and what not,

And be poked up behind with a picked pointed pole,
when the soot has ketch'd, and the chimbly's red hot.

Oh I'd give the whole wide world, if the world was
mine, to clap my two longin' eyes on his face.

For he's my darlin of darlins, and if he don't come back,
you'll see me drop stone dead on the place.

I only wish I'd got him safe in these two Motherly
arms, and wouldn't I hug him and kiss him !
Lauk ! I never knew what a precious he was—but a
child don't not feel like a child till you miss him.
Why there he is ! Punch and Judy hunting, the young
wretch, it's that Billy as sartin as sin !
But let me get him home, with a good grip of his hair,
and I'm blest if he shall have a whole bone in his skin !

A TALE OF TEMPER.

Of all cross breeds of human sinners,
The crabbedest are those who dress our dinners ;
Whether the ardent fires at which they roast
And broil and bake themselves like Smithfield martyrs,
Are apt to make them crusty, like a toast,
Or drams, encouraged by so hot a post ;
However, cooks are generally Tartars ;
And altogether might be safely cluster'd
In scientific catalogues
Under two names, like Dinmont's dogs,
Pepper and Mustard.

The case thus being very common,
It followed, quite of course, when Mr. Jervis
Engaged a clever culinary woman,
He took a mere Xantippe in his service—

In fact—her metal not to burnish,
As vile a shrew as Shrewsbury could furnish—
One who in temper, language, manners, looks,
In every respect
Might just have come direct
From him, who is supposed to send us cooks.

The very day she came into her place
She slapp'd the scullion's face ;
The next, the housemaid being rather pert,
Snatching the broom, she "treated her like dirt"—
The third, a quarrel with the groom she hit on—
Cyrus, the page, had half-a-dozen knocks ;
And John, the coachman, got a box
He couldn't sit on.

Meanwhile, her strength to rally,
Brandy, and rum, and shrub she drank by stealth,
Besides the Cream of some mysterious Valley
That may, or may not, be the Vale of Health :
At least while credit lasted, or her wealth—
For finding that her blows came only thicker,
Invectives and foul names but flew the quicker,
The more she drank, the more inclined to bicker,
The other servants, one and all,
Took Bible oaths whatever might befall,
Neither to lend her cash, nor fetch her liquor !

This caused, of course, a dreadful schism,
And what was worse, in spite of all endeavour,
After a fortnight of Tea-totalism,
The Plague broke out more virulent than ever !
The life she led her fellows down the stairs !
The life she led her betters in the parlour !
No parrot ever gave herself such airs,
No pug-dog cynical was such a snarler !
At woman, man, and child, she flew and snapp'd,
No rattlesnake on earth so fierce and rancorous—
No household cat that ever lapp'd
To swear and spit was half so apt—
No bear, sore-headed, could be more cantankerous—
No fretful porcupine more sharp and crabbed—
No wolverine
More full of spleen—
In short, the woman was completely rabid !

The least offence of look or phrase,
The slightest verbal joke, the merest frolic,
Like a snap-dragon set her in a blaze,
Her spirit was so alcoholic !
And woe to him who felt her tongue !
It burnt like caustic—like a nettle stung,
Her speech was scalding—scorching—vitriolic !
And larded, not with bacon fat,
Or anything so mild as that,
But curses so intensely diabolic,

So broiling hot, that he, at whom she levell'd,
Felt in his very gizzard he was devill'd !

Often and often Mr. Jervis
Long'd and yet feared, to turn her from his service ;
For why ? Of all his philosophic loads
Of reptiles loathsome, spiteful, and pernicious,
Stuff'd Lizards, bottled Snakes, and pickled Toads,
Potted Tarantulas, and Asps malicious,
And Scorpions cured by scientific modes,
He had not any creature half so vicious !

At last one morning
The coachman had already given warning,
And little Cyrus
Was gravely thinking of a new cockade,
For open War's rough sanguinary trade,
Or any other service, quite desirous,
Instead of quarrelling with such a jade—
When accident explain'd the coil she made,
And whence her Temper had derived the virus !

Struck with the fever, called the scarlet,
The Termagant was lying sick in bed—
And little Cyrus, that precocious varlet,
Was just declaring her "as good as dead."
When down the attic stairs the housemaid, Charlotte,
Came running from the chamber overhead,
Like one demented ;

Flapping her hands, and casting up her eyes,
And giving gasps of horror and surprise,

Which thus she vented—

“O Lord! I wonder that she didn’t bite us!

Or sting us like a Tantalizer,*

(The note will make the Reader wiser,)

And set us all a-dancing like St. Witus!

“Temper! No wonder that the creatur had

A temper so uncommon bad!

She’s just confess’d to Doctor Griper

That being out of Rum, and like denials,—

Which always was prodigious trials,—

Because she couldn’t pay the piper,

She went one day, she did, to Master’s wials,

And drunk the spirit as preserved the Wiper!”



THE SURPLICE QUESTION.

BY A BENEDICT.



A very pretty public stir

Is making, down at Exeter.

About the surplice fashion :

And many bitter words, and rude

Have been bestowed upon the feud,

And much unchristian passion.

* Tarantula.

For me, I neither know nor care
Whether a Parson ought to wear
A black dress or a white dress ;
Fill'd with a trouble of my own,—
A Wife who preaches in her gown,
And lectures in her night-dress !

A FAIRY TALE.

ON HOUNSLOW HEATH—and close beside the road,
As western travellers may oft have seen,—
A little house some years ago there stood,
A minikin abode ;
And built like Mr. Birkbeck's, all of wood ;
The walls of white, the window-shutters green ;—
Four wheels it had at North, South, East, and West,
(Tho' now at rest)
On which it used to wander to and fro,
Because its master ne'er maintained a rider,
Like those who trade in Paternoster Row ;
But made his business travel for itself,
Till he had made his pelf,
And then retired—if one may call it so
Of a roadsider.

Perchance, the very race and constant riot
Of stages, long and short, which thereby ran,
Made him more relish the repose and quiet
 Of his now sedentary caravan ;
Perchance, he loved the ground because 'twas common,
 And so he might impale a strip of soil,
 That furnish'd, by his toil,
Some dusty greens, for him and his old woman ;—
And five tall hollyhocks, in dingy flower.
Howbeit, the thoroughfare did no ways spoil
His peace,—unless, in some unlucky hour,
A stray horse came and gobbled up his bow'r !

But, tired of always looking at the coaches,
The same to come,—when they had seen them one day !
 And, used to brisker life, both man and wife
Began to suffer N—U—E's approaches,
And feel retirement like a long wet Sunday,—
So, having had some quarters of school-breeding,
They turn'd themselves, like other folks, to reading,
But setting out where others nigh have done,
 And being ripen'd in the seventh stage,
 The childhood of old age,
Began, as other children have begun.—
Not with the pastorals of Mr. Pope,
 Or Bard of Hope,
Or Paley ethical, or learned Porson,—
But spelt, on Sabbaths, in St. Mark, or John,

And then relax'd themselves with Whittington,
Or Valentine and Orson—
But chiefly fairy tales they loved to con,
And being easily melted, in their dotage,
Slobber'd,—and kept
Reading,—and wept
Over the White Cat, in their wooden cottage.

Thus reading on—the longer
They read, of course, their childish faith grew stronger
In Gnomes, and Hags, and Elves, and Giants grim,—
If talking Trees and Birds reveal'd to him,
She saw the flight of Fairyland's fly-waggon,
And magic-fishes swim
In puddle ponds, and took old crows for dragons,—
Both were quite drunk from the enchanted flagons ;
When, as it fell upon a summer's day,
As the old man sat a-feeding
On the old babe-reading,
Beside his open street-and-parlour-door,
A hideous roar
Proclaim'd a drove of beasts was coming by the way.

Long-horn'd, and short, of many a different breed,
Tall, tawny brutes, from famous Lincoln-levels,
Or Durham feed,
With some of those unquiet black dwarf devils
From nether side of Tweed,
Or Firth of Forth !

Looking half wild with joy to leave the North,—
With dusty hides, all mobbing on together,—
When,—whether from a fly's malicious comment
Upon his tender flank, from which he shrank ;

Or whether

Only in some enthusiastic moment,—
However, one brown monster, in a frisk,
Giving his tail a perpendicular whisk,
Kick'd out a passage thro' the beastly rabble :
And after a *pas seul*,—or, if you will, a
Horn-pipe—before the Basket-maker's villa,

Leapt o'er the tiny pale,—

Back'd his beef-steaks against the wooden gable,
And thrust his brawny bell-rope of a tail

Right o'er the page,

Wherein the sage

Just then was spelling some romantic fable.

The old man, half a scholar, half a dunce,
Could not peruse,—who could ?—two tales at once,

And being huff'd

At what he knew was none of Riquet's 'Tuft,

Bang'd-to the door,

But most unluckily enclosed a morsel
Of the intruding tail, and all the tassel :—

The monster gave a roar,

And bolting off with speed, increased by pain,

The little house became a coach once more,

And, like Macheath, “ took to the road ” again !

Just then, by fortune's whimsical decree,
The ancient woman stooping with her crupper
Towards sweet home, or where sweet home should be,
Was getting up some household herbs for supper :
Thoughtful of Cinderella, in the tale,
And quaintly wondering—if magic shifts
Could o'er a common pumpkin so prevail,
To turn it to a coach,—what pretty gifts
Might come of cabbages, and curiy kale ;
Meanwhile she never heard her old man's wail,
Nor turn'd, till home had turn'd a corner, quite
Gone out of sight !

At last, conceive her, rising from the ground,
Weary of sitting on her russet clothing ;
And looking round
Where rest was to be found,
There was no house—no villa there—no nothing!
No house !

The change was quite amazing ;
It made her senses stagger for a minute,
The riddle's explication seem'd to harden ;
But soon her superannuated *nous*
Explain'd the horrid mystery ;—and raising
Her hand to heaven, with the cabbage in it,
On which she meant to sup,—
“ Well ! this *is* Fairy Work ! I'll bet a farden,
Little Prince Silverwings has ketch'd me up,
And set me down in some one else's garden ! ”

A CUSTOM-HOUSE BREEZE.

ONE day—no matter for the month or year,
A Calais packet, just come over,
And safely moor'd within the pier,
Began to land her passengers at Dover ;
All glad to end a voyage long and rough,
And during which,
Through roll and pitch,
The Ocean-King had *sickophants* enough !

Away, as fast as they could walk or run,
Eager for steady rooms and quiet meals,
With bundles, bags, and boxes at their heels,
Away the passengers all went but one,
A female, who from some mysterious check,
Still linger'd on the steamer's deck,
As if she did not care for land a tittle,
For horizontal rooms, and cleanly victual—
Or nervously afraid to put
Her foot
Into an Isle described as “tight and little.”

In vain commissioner and touter,
Porter and waiter throng'd about her ;
Boring, as such officials only bore—

In spite of rope and barrow, knot and truck,
Of plank and ladder, there she stuck,
She couldn't, no, she wouldn't go on shore.

“But, ma'am,” the steward interfered,
“The wessel must be cleared.
You mustn't stay aboard, ma'am, no one don't!
It's quite agin the orders so to do—
And all the passengers is gone but you.”
Says she, “I cannot go ashore and won't!”
“You ought to!”
“But I can't!”
“You must!”
“I shan't!”

At last, attracted by the racket,
'Twixt gown and jacket,
The captain came himself, and cap in hand,
Begg'd very civilly to understand
Wherefore the lady could not leave the packet.

“Why then,” the lady whispered with a shiver,
'That made the accents quiver,
“I've got some foreign silks about me pinn'd,
In short so many things, all contraband,
To tell the truth I am afraid to land,
In such a *searching* wind!”

SONNET.

"Sweets to the sweet—farewell."—*Hamlet*.

TIME was I liked a cheesecake well enough—
All human children have a sweetish taste ;
I used to revel in a pie, or puff,
Or tart—we all were *Tartars* in our youth ;
To meet with jam or jelly was good luck,
All candies most complacently I crumped,
A stick of liquorice was good to suck,
And sugar was as often liked as lumped !
On treacle's "linkéd sweetness long drawn out,"
Or honey I could feast like any fly ;
I thrilled when lollipops were hawked about ;
How pleased to compass hard-bake or bull's-eye ;
How charmed if Fortune in my power cast
Elecampane—but that campaign is past.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

AN ODE.

O ! WELL may poets make a fuss
In summer time, and sigh "*O rus !*"
Of London pleasures sick :
My heart is all at pant to rest
In greenwood shades—my eyes detest
This endless meal of brick !

What joy have I in June's return ?
My feet are parch'd, my eyeballs burn,
I scent no flowery gust :
But faint the flagging zephyr springs,
With dry Macadam on its wings,
And turns me "dust to dust."

My sun his daily course renews
Due East, but with no Eastern dews ;
The path is dry and hot ;
His setting shows more tamely still,
He sinks behind no purple hill,
But down a chimney's pot !

O ! but to hear the milkmaid blithe,
Or early mower wet his scythe
The dewy meads among !—
My grass is of that sort, alas !
That makes no hay—called sparrow-grass
By folks of vulgar tongue !

O ! but to smell the woodbines sweet
I think of cowslip cups—but meet
With very vile rebuffs !
For meadow-buds I get a whiff
Of Cheshire cheese,—or only sniff
The turtle made at Cuff's.

How tenderly Rousseau reviewed
His periwinkles !—mine are stewed !
My rose blooms on a gown !—
I hunt in vain for eglantine,
And find my blue-bell on the sign
That marks the Bell and Crown :

Where are ye, birds ! that blithely wing
From tree to tree, and gaily sing
Or mourn in thickets deep ?
My cuckoo has some ware to sell,
The watchman is my Philomel,
My blackbird is a sweep !

Where are ye, linnet, lark, and thrush !
That perch on leafy bough and bush,
And tune the various song ?
Two hurdygurdists, and a poor
Street-Handel grinding at my door.
Are all my "tuneful throng."

Where are ye, early-purling streams,
Whose waves reflect the morning beams,
And colours of the skies ?
My rills are only puddle-drains
From shambles, or reflect the stains
Of calimanco-dyes !

Sweet are the little brooks that run
O'er pebbles glancing in the sun,
Singing in soothing tones :—
Not thus the city streamlets flow ;
They make no music as they go,
Though, never "off the stones."

Where are ye, pastoral pretty sheep,
That wont to bleat, and frisk, and leap
Beside your woolly dams ?
Alas ! instead of harmless crooks,
My Corydons use iron hooks,
And skin—not shear—the lambs.

The pipe whereon, in olden day,
The Arcadian herdsman used to play
 Sweetly, here soundeth not ;
But merely breathes unwholesome fumes,
Meanwhile the city boor consumes
 The rank weed—"piping hot."

All rural things are vile! mocked,
On every hand the sense is shocked,
 With objects hard to bear :
Shades—vernal shades!—where wine is sold!
And, for a turfy bank, behold
 An Ingram's rustic chair!

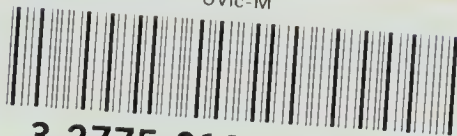
Where are ye, London meads and bowers,
And gardens redolent of flowers
 Wherein the zephyr wons?
Alas! Moor Fields are fields no more.
See Hatton's Garden bricked all o'er,
 And that bare wood—St. John's.

No pastoral scenes procure me peace;
I hold no Leasowes in my lease,
 No cot set round with trees :
No sheep-white hill my dwelling flanks ;
And Omnium furnishes my banks
 With brokers—not with bees.

O! well may poets make a fuss
In summer time, and sigh "*O rus!*"
Of city pleasures sick :
My heart is all at pant to rest
In greenwood shades—my eyes detest
That endless meal of brick.

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C6 Hood, Thomas

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The comic poems of Thomas
Hood.

